



DAYBREAK IN:
LIVINGSTONIA
BY JAMES W. JACKMAN

WITH INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER
BY ROBERT LAWS M.D.D.D.

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Daybreak in Livingstonia







DR LIVINGSTONE.

From the Frontispiece to "The Personal Life of David Livingstone,"
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DAYBREAK IN LIVINGSTONIA

THE STORY
OF THE LIVINGSTONIA MISSION
BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

BY
JAMES W. JACK, M.A.

REVISED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY
ROBERT LAWS, M.D., D.D.
F.R.S.E. & Hon. F.R.S.G.S.
LIVINGSTONIA

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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“*Among the Wild Ngoni.*”

Being some Chapters in the History of the Livingstonia Mission in British Central Africa.

By

W. A. ELMSLIE, M.B., C.M., F.R.G.S.,
Medical Missionary.

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Affectionately Dedicated
TO THE
LIVINGSTONIA MISSIONARIES
AT PRESENT LABOURING
IN BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA
AND TO THE MEMORY
OF THE NOBLE BAND WHO HAVE
FALLEN IN WHOLE-HEARTED DEVOTION TO CHRIST

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PREFACE

THE writer has not the honour of being a missionary in Central Africa, or even a traveller in any of those interesting regions. But he has had a long and intimate acquaintance with the Livingstonia Mission, first induced by a study of the great explorer's life and work. Lately also, when writing some historical sketches of the Mission, under the auspices of the Perth Free Church Presbytery, he has had access to the letters and documents, both private and official, which are in the possession of the Livingstonia Committee in Glasgow, or are preserved at the Free Church Offices, Edinburgh. These facts, together with the deep and ever-growing popular interest in Foreign Missions, must be his apology for offering the following chapters to public notice.

From what he has been privileged to read, he feels sure that too much cannot be said in praise of the magnificent, self-sacrificing work of Dr Laws, the direct missionary successor of David Livingstone and the oldest living pioneer in British Central Africa, as well as of his devoted colleagues, many of whom are medical men with full British qualifications. But he hopes that he has said sufficient to imbue the reader with the same profound admiration for their work that he has himself.

If these pages should be the means of diffusing more light and knowledge regarding this most interesting Mission, and of giving it a larger place in the hearts of some, he will feel satisfied and will consider his efforts more than rewarded.

GLENFARG, *November* 1900.

INTRODUCTION

It is with pleasure that I accede to the request, that I should write a few words of introduction to the work of the Rev. Mr Jack. No one can read the following pages without seeing God's guiding hand in the Livingstonia Mission, as its story is thus gradually unfolded. Alike in the time and circumstances of its inception, through the years of preparation and seed sowing, on to the whitening of the fields and the beginning of a harvest full of bountiful promise, the goodness and mercy of the Lord have been manifested. So to Him we ascribe all the honour, glory, dominion and power, acknowledging Him as the source of all the blessing in which we now rejoice, while with humble gratitude we praise Him for the redemption He has brought to many and is still bringing to other tribes of that so long benighted land. God's abundant blessings, on work already done, are but His challenge to His people to attempt greater things for Him, that He may give larger answers to unrestrained prayer, and crown increased endeavour for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom by the ingathering of multitudes to the Saviour's fold.

With regard to Mr Jack's work itself, the most striking feature of it to me, is the surprising accuracy displayed in his statement of the facts of the Mission history. That he should have been able to set these before his readers in the way he has done, tells of an immense amount of patient toil on his part, in his effort to become master of the details of which he writes, and of equal care and trouble in their presentation. In every such account of Mission work, truth as to facts and their setting is of paramount importance. For one who has never been in Africa, nor been engaged in the actual work of the Mission, the success with which,

INTRODUCTION

by patient, persevering labour he has been able to do so, is indeed wonderful. Love to the Master and the Master's cause has been the motive guiding the writer's pen. I trust that by God's blessing the circulation of this book may awaken many to the great need, not only of the field occupied by the Livingstonia Mission, but of the whole of the Dark Continent, and that this may lead to more earnest intercession, greater effort, and renewed consecration of person and property for the Master's use in His service at home and abroad. Such results would be the author's best reward, and also redound to the Glory of God.

ROBERT LAWS.

EDINBURGH, *October 1900.*

DAYBREAK IN LIVINGSTONIA



CHAPTER I

ORIGIN OF THE MISSION

FROM the dawn of history the Dark Continent of Africa has been the scene of perilous adventure and persevering research. Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Portuguese, Christian missionaries, and others have all explored the unknown interior in some part or another, bringing back tales of the deadly malaria and the savage condition of the tribes.

Many centuries ago, the Arabs, eager for war and commerce, penetrated inland. They traversed the Sahara, settled down in the region of the Niger, and even found their way to the Senegal and Gambia rivers on the west coast. Later on the Portuguese explored the Continent with indomitable ardour. Under the superintendence of Don Henry, they prosecuted the work unceasingly for forty years. In after years Bartholomew Diaz, Vasco de Gama, and other Portuguese travellers sailed along its coasts, each one pushing beyond the point reached by his predecessor. But little more was done in the matter until the end of the eighteenth century, when Bruce, our own countryman, went forth to discover the source of the Nile, and the African Association sent out Mungo Park to the Niger. From that time onward the zeal to explore the unknown interior steadily increased until it became a vehement passion. Scores of travellers, not only British, but of various nationalities, undertook the arduous task, most of them perishing in the attempt, and all of them leaving behind them a sorrowful record of their sufferings. "Africa," one of them said, "is a bourne from which few travellers return, a path of glory that leads but to the grave." Some of these explorers have done little good, and their names are almost unknown to the ordinary reader; others, for their high resolve, invincible courage,

noble self-sacrifice, and Christian conduct, are now numbered among the world's heroes.

But by far the most conspicuous explorer was David Livingstone, whose life was a sublime consecration to the good of Africa. Of all the long and noble succession, he stands out the most illustrious, the most heroic, and the most Christlike. Until he appeared on the scene no one knew what secrets the folded darkness of that land contained. In spite of centuries of arduous research, little information had been obtained regarding the interior. It was still a Dark Continent—to a great extent regarded as a vast wilderness of sand, with a fringe of settlements round the coast. The borders of the country were known tolerably well. Mankind had been made familiar with the northern part—Egypt, the Red Sea, and the Nile; and with the southern part—the Cape of Good Hope and the adjacent territory. Something was known of a few places on the eastern coast, such as Zanzibar, Kilimane, the mouths of the Zambesi and Rovuma rivers; and on the western coast, such as Loanda, the Cameroons, the mouths of the Niger and Congo rivers. But the world was still in ignorance of the great interior. The most of the Continent was a blank, a matter of speculation, until Livingstone set himself to the opening up of it.

He reached South Africa in 1840, and after being settled for some time at Kuruman, to the south of the Kalahari Desert, he ventured northward and westward, discovering Lake Ngami, and striking the river Zambesi in the very centre of the Continent, where its existence had never been suspected. Continuing his travels, he passed through rich, fertile, and populous regions, and came out on the west coast at St Paul de Loanda. He then recrossed the Continent, following the course of the Zambesi, and arrived at Kilimane, on the east coast. One of the most remarkable sights which he beheld on this return journey was the great waterfall on the Zambesi, called by him the Victoria Falls, fully a mile wide, and with a chasm twice as deep as Niagara.

When he returned home for the first time, in 1856, and wrote his book called "Missionary Travels," which filled up such a great space in the map of Africa, the people of Britain and of the whole civilised world came to have quite a new conception of this dark land, and to know something of its woes and sorrows.

Livingstone's travels gave them accurate information regarding an enormous area. The central part was now found to be a rich tropical region, with broad, flowing rivers, and wide, spreading lakes, gigantic mountains covered to the summit with the finest timber, fertile plains whose soil would well repay cultivation, and with a teeming mass of people sunk in wretchedness and ignorance. Many people remember yet how deeply his audiences were affected by the glowing pictures which he gave of African life, how he would make their flesh creep by his tales of the murder and devastation carried on by Arabs and Portuguese, and how earnestly he appealed to the Christians of Britain for help.

He left for Africa again—for the Zambesi district, in 1858. This time it was the British Government that sent him there, as Consul-General, to suppress slavery and develop the country. But as the cost of the undertaking proved to be immense, he was at last recalled, and returned to Britain in 1864. The subsequent appearance of his book, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," showed what valuable work he had accomplished for Christendom during this second expedition. In addition to indirect missionary labour, he had discovered the Shiré tributary of the Zambesi, Lakes Nyasa and Shirwa, and important regions to the north. The thrilling descriptions which the book gave of the country, especially of the Nyasa district, caused no small amount of sensation. No country at the time seemed to be more interesting to the world than Africa; and when people now came to realise more than ever the noble simplicity of the man, his unaffected devotion to the cause of Africa, his undaunted courage in the midst of manifold sufferings, and the deep interest with which he looked forward to a third and still greater expedition, all Christendom regarded him with the deepest affection, and loaded him with the highest honours.

Perhaps the thing which thrilled the hearts of all Christian people more than anything else was his descriptions of the dreadful, devastating, demoralising traffic in slaves, which had been introduced into the country by Mohammedan Arabs, and was continued in various parts by Portuguese officials. "Blood, blood, everywhere blood," he exclaimed in agony of soul. Skeletons covered the paths. Bodies, too numerous for the crocodiles to devour, floated down the streams. Men, women, and children were sold

for less than cattle—the price of a boy being only two yards of calico! Desolation was everywhere spread. He traversed regions in which fragments of pottery were strewn around. He saw ridges upon ridges where sorghum, cassava, and other native products had once been raised in great abundance. He passed by many native smelting works, in good condition, but all abandoned. Almost everywhere there were indications of a large population having existed shortly before; but now all was desolation through the withering curse of slavery. People felt that he had rendered invaluable service to humanity, if it were for nothing else than his exposure of this hideous evil, wrung out of the groans of Africa's sons and daughters. He declared it to be the great "open sore of the world," which, so long as it was unhealed, would prevent the spread of civilisation and Christianity in Africa. His earnest and continuous prayer, as he wrote at the end of his life, was that "Heaven's rich blessing" would come down on every one who would help to heal it.

By all these remarkable discoveries of Dr Livingstone, and by these two visits home in 1856 and 1864, the missionary cause, especially in Africa, was immensely strengthened. Few can listen to any great missionary revelations without having their hearts turned out of their own narrow circle, and having their spirits lifted upwards. Some influence—heavenly and miraculous—acts upon their sympathies, and constrains them to think of the woes and miseries of the dark places of the earth, full of abomination and cruelty. So was it on the return home of this illustrious missionary. Men and women, all over the kingdom, had their minds opened and their spirits enlarged. They were led to take a genuine and practical interest in missionary effort. His living voice and peerless testimony did more good in this matter than scores of eloquent sermons. Every speech he uttered sounded an alarm, loud as a trumpet peal, startling the sleeping churches into a consciousness of their duty. African missions, especially, received a remarkable impulse. As Christians listened to his tales of Africa's barbarism and ignorance, their souls were stirred within them—stirred with enthusiasm for the cause of Christ, and with pity for miserable men in that land of darkness. The story of his travels did for Africa what Cook's voyages and discoveries did for the Sandwich and other islands.

Many countries were moved by this wave of missionary en-

thusiasm produced by Livingstone's labours; but Scotland in particular felt the power of it. Livingstone was a son of Scotland, born and bred amid her rugged scenes, and she felt more profoundly impressed by his labours than any other civilised country. She awoke to a new missionary life. She became specially interested in Africa, and manifested a profound desire for the highest welfare of the African people. She had always taken an interest in this mysterious Continent. From the time of Bruce of Kinnaird, she had been in the forefront in African research; and ever since 1796, when the Scottish Missionary Society and the Glasgow Missionary Society were formed, she had taken a leading part in the evangelisation of Africa. She had founded important missions among the Kafirs and Zulus, and had given most distinguished men to the services of these dark races. But now her interest in Africa became intense. As Livingstone endeavoured to open it up from circumference to centre, to establish pathways for legitimate commerce, and to bring the whole Continent with its teeming millions into sight and sympathy with Christendom, she felt something of his eager enthusiasm, rejoicing that one of her own sons, so magnanimous and self-denying, was spending his life for Africa's salvation.

Among the earnest Scottish spirits who came under the influence of this missionary spell, and whose deepest sympathies went out to ignorant and enslaved Africa, was a young Edinburgh graduate and student of the Free Church of Scotland, Rev. James Stewart, better known now as Dr Stewart, F.R.G.S., of Lovedale, South Africa. He it is who was the original promoter of this Livingstone Mission in British Central Africa, and who was ultimately the means of its establishment. With him, therefore, begins the history of it. Under the inspiration of David Livingstone's life and labours, he resolved to do something to alleviate the woes of Africa, and plant the banner of the Cross among its dark-skinned races. The idea was first entertained by him as early as 1860, shortly after Dr Livingstone's first visit home. His desire was to commence an effective mission without delay, to be opened somewhere in the districts of Central Africa explored by this renowned Scotsman, and to embrace the ordinary evangelistic, medical, and other modes of operation. He saw that, if recent discoveries in Africa were not used for missionary effort, evil rather than good might result; and so he was prepared to undertake the enterprise

along with others, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. It was a great, magnificent, sublime idea, more like the dream of a visionary enthusiast than the conception of a calm, thoughtful mind. But God was in it, as truly as in every great missionary undertaking.

When the matter had been well considered and discussed by himself and a few private friends, they proposed it to the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church of Scotland—at this time under the indefatigable Convener'ship of Dr Tweedie. But here they met their first difficulty. The Free Church was already taking a great share in the evangelisation of Africa. The hands of her Committee were already full with important engagements in India, and in Kafraria, South Africa. The Kafrarian Mission, with its stations at Lovedale, Pirie, and Macfarlan, and its seven Free Church missionaries, required an annual expenditure of about £2000, and there was an urgent necessity for further progress and expansion in this southern part of Africa. For some time, therefore, the Committee would scarcely consider this new proposal. They held that it was impracticable, unless funds were raised for such a mission apart from and independent of the existing revenue. But as the enthusiasm and courage of this young graduate and his supporters showed no signs of abating, and as a few liberal friends of Africa came forward and volunteered to help, so that there might be little or no encroaching on the funds of the Church, they at last considered the question carefully and seriously. Their decision, however, was unfavourable. They intimated that they could not entertain the idea. But they suggested to Dr Stewart that he should, on his own account, communicate with Dr Livingstone, who was at this time on his great Zambesi expedition, and send out enquiries to him regarding the possibility and success of such a mission. Evidently, they were anxious, perhaps for financial reasons, not to have too much responsibility in the matter.

Dr Stewart accordingly drafted a list of twenty enquiries, relating to many essential points, but especially to the possibility of a suitable locality for the mission, with healthy position, sufficient population, and easy access. These enquiries he transmitted to the great explorer through the Foreign Office, on 2nd November, 1860. He also formed a most influential committee of eighteen members, with Mr James Cunningham, of Edinburgh,

as Convener, and including the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr Murray Dunlop, M.P., Professors Cunningham and Smeaton, Drs Candlish, Roxburgh, and Tweedie, Messrs Robert A. Macfie, of Liverpool, Nathaniel Stevenson, of Glasgow, and other well-known men. This new Committee did not wait on Dr Livingstone's reply. At their second meeting, in April 1861, they resolved to send out Dr Stewart to meet this intrepid explorer, with the view of interviewing him personally, and gathering information on the spot as to the best locality. Three months later, Dr Stewart sailed for Africa, along with Mrs Livingstone, who wished to join her husband.

Dr Livingstone, who at this time was encountering innumerable difficulties and disappointments on the Zambesi, was greatly cheered by the arrival of Dr Stewart. He gave him all needful information, and recommended Lake Nyasa as a most suitable sphere for the proposed mission. He was anxious that the banner of the Gospel should be planted in this slave market of Central Africa, to check the dreadful evil, and bring the kindly light of heaven to Nyasa's children. He wrote earnestly to Drs Tweedie and Candlish on the subject. He was even willing to hand over his small steamer, the *Lady Nyasa*, and many other things to aid the undertaking—so great was his confidence in the Free Church, and so deep his desire for the welfare of Africa.

Dr Stewart remained with the heroic missionary for a long time, and then started by himself on a reconnaissance of the Zambesi and Shiré districts, exploring the Zambesi as far as the Kebrabasa Rapids, visiting the Shiré Highlands, and remaining some time at Chibisa's on the Lower Shiré, where the Universities' Mission, planted by Livingstone in 1861, was settled. But after many months' experience of the country, he concluded that it would be impracticable to carry out such a project as that proposed. In the first place, the condition of the country had almost suddenly changed, being now worse than ever, utterly desolated and filled with slaving wars. "The country is completely disorganised," wrote Dr Livingstone from the Shiré river to him, "and a new system must be introduced with a strong hand. We have counted thirty-two dead bodies floating down the stream, and scarcely a soul is to be seen in the Lower Shiré valley. Where last year, or 1861, we could purchase any amount of provisions at the cheapest rates, we could see but a

few starving wretches, fishing and collecting the seeds of grass. I never witnessed such a change. It is a desert, and dead bodies lie everywhere. I fear that your friends may find, in the deaths and disorders, reason for declining all share in the work of renovation, but it will be done by those who are to do it, and the devil's reign must cease." In addition, the Universities' Mission came to a disastrous failure, the Bishop and others being cut off by fever. For these reasons, Dr Stewart considered that no decisive action could be taken at that time. No mission, he thought, could really be planted and supported in Central Africa under the circumstances.

Dr Livingstone would have preferred that Dr Stewart had arrived at a different decision. In spite of adverse circumstances, this heroic soul was anxious for the mission to go on. He was certainly not over-sanguine, but he thought that the project was feasible, and was somewhat disappointed afterwards, when he heard of Dr Stewart's decision. Perhaps his love for Africa carried him away, but his opinion on the matter is a striking testimony to his unbounded energy and perseverance.

Dr Stewart returned to Scotland in November 1863, after an absence of over two years, his stay having been prolonged for several months by a visit to the various stations in Kafraria, which he undertook at the request of the Foreign Missions Committee. We need not enter into the details of the long report which he gave to the new Committee. We need only say that while Nyasaland was found to be the most suitable sphere, it was resolved after all, in accordance with the report, not to do anything—for some time at least. The Committee was dissolved; and instead of opening up a mission beside this "Lake of the Stars," Dr Stewart was appointed by the Free Church as a missionary to Lovedale, and along with his wife, left Britain in November 1866, to take charge of the Institution there. With that Institution—now an immense missionary centre—he has been ever since connected as its energetic and successful leader. Thus ended the first endeavour to plant a mission on the shores of Lake Nyasa.

But the matter was not dead. David Livingstone was still to the front. In 1866, about the same time that Dr Stewart left for Lovedale, that unwearied Christian traveller set out on his third and last journey, on the greatest of all his expeditions, with the object of discovering where the northern streams of Central Africa



RUMPI RIVER.

flowed to. Twice during this remarkable journey he was thought to be dead or lost. On the first occasion, while he was in the wilds of the interior, a number of his men deserted him, and spread the report that he was dead. A young Christian officer, Mr E. D. Young, who afterwards became one of the first Livingstonia Mission party, went to Lake Nyasa in search of him, and managed to obtain evidence that he was still alive and active, and that these men had told many lies. Three more years passed away without any direct word from him. Where he was, and whether dead or alive, no one knew. As a result of the public anxiety, the manager of the *New York Herald* sent Mr Henry M. Stanley in search of him. "Go and find Livingstone," he said. Almost everybody knows how, in 1871, Stanley found him at Ujiji, on the east coast of Lake Tanganyika, in the heart of Africa, and begged him to return home. "No, no," he said to Stanley, "it must not be. I must finish my task."

Once more he plunged into the "palpable obscure," and pursued his lonely way, through days of hunger and weariness, and nights of dreadful loneliness in African villages. At last his strong will and iron frame had to succumb, and the weary hero said to his attendants, "Build me a hut to die in." They built it at Ilala, and there on May 1st, 1873, he died on his knees amid the swamps of Lake Bangweolo, overcome by work and sickness. He died, we may say, praying for Africa—for its manifold sins and sorrows, and for the dawn of Heaven's light over its dark regions; and certainly there could not have been a finer termination to his noble life. Most of our readers know how his faithful attendants, Chuma and Susi, buried his heart under a great tree at Ilala; how they embalmed his body and returned with it to the coast; how Britain shed tears of sorrow over his death; how our Queen sent leaves of palm to cover his bier; and how he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey side by side with Britain's great philanthropists and benefactors—none braver or more Christlike than himself.

Through this self-sacrificing death the whole matter of a mission in Central Africa became alive again. A new thrill of missionary enthusiasm went through Scotland, which did more for Africa than many years of Livingstone's life. The thrill was felt by statesmen, by merchants, by travellers, and by the whole Christian Church. The noble achievements and Christlike sufferings of this great missionary, had done much to influence Scotland; but his death,

with its loneliness and its other touching circumstances, stirred his native land to the very heart. His dying cry could not pass unheeded. And when, at that never-to-be-forgotten assembly at Westminster Abbey, on April 18th, 1874, his last earthly remains were laid in the tomb, men wept tears for Africa, and prayed God to remove its darkness and slavery.

What was to be done? Was the question of evangelising Central Africa to be dismissed again from the minds of the Churches in Scotland, as in 1863, or was it to be considered seriously, hopefully, and with a sense of its tremendous necessity? Was Scotland going to expend her admiration upon the self-sacrifice of her son, and rest satisfied with that, or was she going to carry on the noble work which he had begun? Was she to sit still, or was she to enter in and take possession of the land which he loved, planting the light of the Gospel amid its deep darkness?

It was in the midst of these opportune events that Dr Stewart returned home on furlough, after doing seven years' persevering and successful work in Lovedale. He had made the Institution, by general consent, the best, the largest, and the most successful of its kind in all South Africa. Now he had come home to raise £1500 for its extension and the commencement of Blythswood. He arrived in the beginning of 1874, when men everywhere were thinking of Africa; and he stood with other friends of Livingstone in Westminster Abbey when that great missionary and hero was laid to rest. But what would he now do in regard to his old proposal? Was he still anxious for this Central African Mission? This was the question that many asked.

But he soon removed all doubts on that point. It is not generally known that when he was first asked to proceed to Lovedale to strengthen the missionary cause there, one of his difficulties was that such a course might divert his life from his favourite scheme of evangelising Nyasaland. While at Lovedale, he had not forgotten the matter. He had never once laid aside the hope of carrying it out. And now, on seeing the remarkable interest manifested in the burial of Livingstone, he realised more than ever the possibility and success of this enterprise. Whatever dangers and obstacles there might be in connection with it, he believed, even more strongly than before, that with a living faith in Christ, they could be heroically faced, and triumphantly overcome.

Realising the importance of the events that had taken place, and the amount of the missionary enthusiasm created by them, Dr Stewart had no hesitation in again bringing the proposal to the front. He believed with many that the time to favour Africa, even the set time had come. "There is a tide in the affairs of men." That tide had now risen to a flood, and must be taken. With much enthusiasm he therefore reopened the question. He discussed it for a whole night at Shieldhall, near Glasgow, the residence at that time of Mr John Stephen; and in that old country house it was definitely resolved to go forward, and to give the new Mission the name of "Livingstonia." He then brought the matter publicly forward for the first time again by referring to it in the General Assembly of the Free Church, which met in May.

The Foreign Missions Committee, now under the living influence of Dr Duff, had participated in the new general interest created in Africa, and were now anxious to plant an additional mission somewhere in that immense country. The Free Church missions in South Africa had now been greatly extended. The Kafirs, Fingoes, and Zulus were all being evangelised at this time. But taking everything into consideration, the Committee felt that there was now a loud call for them to advance to some other part of Africa. No particular locality had been fixed on by them; but they were rather in favour of the Somali country, near the gulf of Aden, than of Central Africa or any of the regions explored by Livingstone. Several young men of the Somali tribe had visited Bombay, and been trained in the Free Church Institution there, and it was thought that they might be employed as useful agents. The Committee had been communicating on the matter with Rev. Dr John Wilson, of Bombay, and with Sir Bartle Frere, whose name is well known in connection with Africa and the repression of slavery.

But Dr Stewart, in the General Assembly to which we refer, gave his voice unmistakably against the choice of such a locality as Somali, and took the opportunity of bringing before the audience this long-cherished idea of a Christian, civilising settlement at Lake Nyasa, among the helpless slave-hunted tribes spoken of by Livingstone. "Plant the Mission at Lake Nyasa," he said, "and call it Livingstonia." He characterised a mission into the Somali country at such a time as "a deadly and difficult piece of work." On the other hand, he showed that there were favourable circumstances in the case of Central Africa, and that

a mission to these parts could be accomplished without much difficulty. The reader will understand his enthusiasm and hopefulness in regard to a mission in this beautiful region laid open by Livingstone, if we quote the following from the report of his speech :—

“I would now express publicly what I have already expressed privately. I have heard with gratification of the proposed memorials to Dr Livingstone—of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Memorial, of the proposed statue, and of various other projects. I hope, with all my heart, that all these will succeed to the utmost wishes and expectations of their supporters. But what I would now humbly suggest as the truest memorial of Livingstone is—the establishment by this Church, or several Churches together, of an institution at once industrial and educational, to teach the truths of the Gospel and the arts of civilised life to the natives of the country ; and which shall be placed on a carefully selected and commanding spot in Central Africa, where, from its position and capabilities, it might grow into a town, and afterwards into a city, and become a great centre of commerce, civilisation, and Christianity. And this I would call LIVINGSTONIA.”

Dr Stewart had had a large African experience, and his suggestions as to a locality could not be rejected as fanciful. He had been to the place, and he knew its character—knew how fond the people were of “the English,” and how warmly they would welcome any missionaries. Besides, David Livingstone had expressly recommended Lake Nyasa to him when out there in 1862 ; and three years afterwards, when this great explorer was in Bombay, in the course of a conversation on the subject with Dr Wilson, he had again pointed out this region as by far the best for a mission station, and he had earnestly recommended that the Free Church of Scotland should take up a position there, because he had great confidence in the tenacity, the resolute perseverance, and the indomitable energy of the Scottish character.

As a result of Dr Stewart's remarkable speech, his suggestion was taken into earnest consideration by many members of the Free Church, especially by such friends of Africa as Mr James Stevenson, Mr James White, Mr John Stephen, and Rev. Robert Howie, who were all present in the Assembly that evening. It was heartily encouraged, too, by the Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee and London press, and gathered strength daily.

The difficulties which arose in the minds of some people in connection with the undertaking were found after all not to be so insurmountable as at first imagined. The Nyasa district, it was said, was practically in the hands of suspicious Arabs and Portuguese, who might vent their hostility against the missionaries. The whole Zambesi and Shiré district leading up to it was dangerous to Europeans, because of its malarious swamps. The Universities' Mission, commenced in the neighbourhood, under the care of the excellent Bishop Mackenzie, had disastrously failed, and the site was now marked by its graves. Even supposing the mission were properly established at the lake, stores and provisions would require to be occasionally sent out, but these could only be conveyed with difficulty and with much delay into such inland regions. These, and many other huge difficulties, were brought forward by some people. But when carefully considered by those who had experience of the country, they were not found after all to be very great. The power of the Arabs, upon which some laid a good deal of stress, would fall before the Gospel, as warriors fall before guns and swords. The failure of the Universities' Mission was not a difficulty at all, but a guiding help, as failure in the first effort to settle a mission is often a sure stepping-stone to success, and should not lead to dismay but to renewed activity, ending in ultimate victory and triumph. Any obstacles, too, in the way of transit of goods, were not so extraordinary as to forbid the enterprise. It was now known from experience, that it was possible to start with stores from the Zambesi mouth at the beginning of the month, and be sailing on the blue waters of Nyasa before the close of it.

Any difficulties that existed—and undoubtedly there were some—were more than counterbalanced by advantageous circumstances. The district was known to be a fertile one and densely inhabited in many places. Not only so, but the proposed locality had the singular advantage of being in the heart of the mighty continent, and yet having a safe, expeditious approach from the sea, by means of the Zambesi River and its great tributary from the north, the Shiré. This was a fact of immense importance; for instead of being required to make a journey of about 800 miles overland from Zanzibar to Nyasa, an expedition could sail up these rivers with only a porterage of about sixty miles at the Murchison Cataract.

In a short time the Foreign Missions Committee, and indeed the whole Church, thus came to see that there were strong reasons for choosing this part of Africa. Dr Duff, the energetic Convener, could no longer withhold his support. It was now definitely resolved to start the Mission somewhere on the southern extremity of the lake—ever afterwards to be known as the “Livingstonia Mission of the Free Church of Scotland” among the tribes of Central Africa. That beautiful region, explored by David Livingstone, was at last to receive the light of Heaven. Its teeming millions were to have the religion of Christ as an eternal possession. Its woes and sorrows were to find relief in a higher power than earth could give. Its moral life, infamous and corrupt, was to experience a new influence, vivid as lightning, yet soft and sweet as summer air.

It was considered necessary to make the Mission wide in its operation—to teach the natives the arts of civilised life, as well as the all-important truths of the Gospel, and in this way make Central Africa a Christian country, with a Christian civilisation and commerce. One of the main objects of the Mission would be to assist, by means of the Gospel, in the extinguishing of the accursed slave-traffic in that region—certainly a blessed and Christ-like object. Its promoters realised that there could be no more powerful remedy for this evil than the Gospel of Jesus, before which all evils must vanish as chilling icebergs before warm currents and summer skies. But the highest object in the foundation of the Mission was to make known the glad tidings of a Saviour to the ignorant and superstitious children of Nyasa. It was to hold forth the light of the Gospel. What the colossal statue of Liberty, at the head of New York harbour, is to mariners on a dark night, the Livingstonia Mission was to be in a spiritual and far higher sense to the natives in Central Africa. That statue holds forth in outstretched hands a magnificent display of light to guide ships to safe anchorage; and in like manner this Mission was to hold forth the light of life, that the natives might be saved from death, and guided into the way of peace. Everything else was subordinate to this grand purpose, and has always been so in the history of the Mission. Education, industry, medicine, and everything Christian were to have a place, but the Gospel of Christ was to be paramount.

The planting of such a Mission in the heart of Africa was a fitting tribute to the memory of the brave man who died at his

post after a life-long fight. To send out a few men of like mind with him for the purpose of spreading the Gospel of Christ, and of doing something to civilise the country, was in accordance with his own feelings. Various projects had been set on foot for perpetuating his memory. All over people had combined together with much zeal to erect a stone or brass monument to his name; but this "Livingstonia"—this Christian settlement of his own countrymen in the lovely district which he had explored—was the most lasting memorial that could be erected.

Scotland has done much for the good of the world. Few who have read her history can forget her immortal reformers, martyrs, and Covenanters, her philanthropists and explorers, her struggles for freedom, and her efforts to enlighten humanity. Small though she is—so small that she might easily be packed within the circumference of Lake Nyasa—yet she has had a mighty influence on the world. But it may be truly said that she added another jewel to her crown of glory when she resolved upon this new and difficult enterprise. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace and salvation!"

CHAPTER II

PREPARATIONS

As may be imagined, arduous and complicated preparations were necessary, if the Mission was to be successful ; but there was no lack of workers, and no want of perseverance. There was no one who rendered so much assistance in the whole matter as Dr Stewart. He zealously and incessantly pleaded the cause of the Mission, being unwearied in his efforts to help, even though he had returned home specially to raise money for Lovedale. He took practically the whole burden of arranging the details, and providing for the equipment of the expedition. Much active support was also given by Rev. Dr Duff, Mr James Stevenson, Mr James White of Overtoun, Dr James Young of Kelly, Sir William Mackinnon, Sir John Cowan, Mr John Stephen, Rev. Robert Howie of Govan, Dr Moir of Edinburgh, Rev. Dr Goold of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and other well-known men, most of whom have now passed to their eternal reward.

But assistance was not confined to Free Church people. Froude, the historian, tells us somewhere that in great movements the minds of men are like a train of gunpowder, the isolated grains of which have no relation to each other, and no effect on each other, while they remain unignited ; but whenever a spark kindles one of them they shoot into instant union. Such a spark was kindled at the commencement of this Mission ; for men, not connected with the Free Church of Scotland, or any Presbyterian Church, joined hands with her in this effort to evangelise the tribes of Nyasa. Among many of this kind, gratitude demands the mention of two members of the Church of England. These are the Rev. Horace Waller, F.R.G.S., formerly of Bishop Mackenzie's first Universities' Mission, and editor of "Livingstone's Last Journals," and that distinguished Christian officer, Captain Wilson, R.N. Both these men were acquainted with Nyasaland, and laboured generously and energetically in con-

nection with the matter, placing much of their valuable time at the disposal of the Committee. Their catholicity of spirit was truly admirable. With all our Christian enlightenment in Scotland, it would perhaps be difficult to find any among us who would bestow upon a Church of England mission the same disinterestedness and attention. The Free Church General Assembly of 1875 placed on record its "deep sense" of their "invaluable services."

Captain Wilson's first connection with this proposed mission arose out of peculiar circumstances. For ten years he was commander of one of H.M. ships on the east coast of Africa. In 1862, while his ship was lying in the harbour of Mozambique, Dr Stewart arrived from Scotland. Dr Stewart's vessel had on board the steamer built at the expense of Dr Young of Kelly to be sent out to Dr Livingstone, in the hope that it might be placed on Lake Nyasa, and also a number of ladies connected with the Universities' Mission. The vessel likewise carried a letter from the Commander-in-Chief directing any man-of-war on the coast to render every assistance. Captain Wilson accordingly took the vessel down to the mouth of the Zambesi, where they met Livingstone in the *Pioneer*; and he thereafter spent two months working in concert with this brave explorer, and assisting Dr Stewart in his reconnaissance of the country. Ever since then he had been thoroughly interested in the planting of a missionary settlement at Nyasa, and no one rejoiced now more than he did at the practical fulfilment of Dr Stewart's desire. His interest continued unabated until his death, as Admiral on the Australian Station.

Amid all the multifarious preparations, one of the first questions that arose was, Who should be the Leader of the Mission party to be sent to the Lake? Who could undertake the difficult task of leading them up the Zambesi and Shiré rivers, thickly beset with great and manifold perils—perils connected with intricate navigation, with malarious swamps, with miles of cataracts, with savage beasts, and perhaps savage tribes? This was a grave and important question.

Many naturally thought at first of Dr Stewart, who had advocated the Mission so warmly, and who had had experience of this distant, perilous region. But Lovedale could not spare him so soon. The rapidly-extending work of the Free Church,

not only there, but in the Transkei territory, made it imperative for him to return to South Africa at the earliest opportunity to lay foundations of stone and lime. He, however, suggested Mr E. D. Young, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, whom he had met in 1862 on the Zambesi. He recommended him as in every way admirably qualified for the work. This young naval officer had served for many years on the East Coast of Africa with Captain Wilson, and had been two years in company with Livingstone, acting as Commander of the *Pioneer*. Not only so, but he had subsequently been the leader of the Livingstone Search Expedition. When Livingstone set out on his last journey, he passed to the south of Lake Nyasa, and then struck nearly due north to the southern extremity of Lake Tanganyika. At some spot on this route his carriers deserted him wholesale, in dread of the savage Ngoni, through whose territory they would have to pass. Moosa, a Johannaman, along with others, found his way to Zanzibar, and there spread a false tale of failure and murder. On this report reaching England, Mr Young was appointed by Her Majesty's Government, at the head of a party, to find out the truth or otherwise of the Johannaman's story. He set out in the summer of 1867, ascended the Zambesi and Shiré, carrying with him a small steel boat, which he launched on the waters of Nyasa, and brought back to England evidence that the great explorer was alive and well. The remarkable energy, patient endurance, indomitable perseverance, and Christian disposition which he had manifested in this and his previous African experiences were well known.

On Dr Stewart and Dr Murray Mitchell laying the matter before him, he regarded it as a call from God, and willingly offered his services for two years, if the Admiralty would grant him leave. A memorial from some of the principal business men in Glasgow, who had heartily supported the proposed Mission, was forwarded to the Lords Commissioners, asking them to grant the use of his services for this period, while Captain Wilson also used his influence for the same purpose. It need hardly be said that the Admiralty readily granted the request, allowing him to leave his coastguard appointment at Dungeness till 1st February 1877; and so this young naval lieutenant was fixed as the Leader of the Livingstonia Expedition, having the management and control of all its movements. It was expected that in a year or two Dr

Stewart would be able to take his place ; but until then Mr Young would continue in charge.

A still more important matter, perhaps, than the securing of Mr Young's services, was the obtaining of the large amount of money necessary for the equipment of the Mission. Where was it all to come from? What would Glasgow give? Would the merchant princes of that western metropolis give any substantial help? These were questions that naturally arose, for it was in a Glasgow house that the name "Livingstonia" had first been uttered, and it was in the main due to the spirit of Glasgow men that the Mission had been resolved upon. But Glasgow soon made an important move in the matter. At a private meeting of business men and others, held in that city on 3rd November 1874, at which Dr Stewart, Dr Duff, Dr Murray Mitchell, and Mr E. D. Young were present, the financial matters of the proposed Mission were fully discussed. It was considered that £10,000 at least would be required to found it, independent of what would be needed to carry it on year by year. Could this large sum of money be obtained? We all know what tremendous efforts had to be made by William Carey in order to raise even a fraction of this amount for work in India, and what an amount of diffidence many people manifest in giving to any new missionary object. But Dr Stewart and his supporters had not long to wait for an answer. A few thousands of pounds were promised by the generous merchants present at the meeting,—a sum large enough to assure the promoters of complete success. The first subscription of £1000 came from Mr James Stevenson of Glasgow, who was among the first to enter heartily into the enterprise, and whose interest in the Mission ever since has been untiring. Dr Young of Kelly, the intimate and munificent friend of Livingstone, also gave £1000; while Sir William Mackinnon, Mr Peter Mackinnon, Mr George Martin of Auchendennan, and Mr James White of Overtoun gave £500 each. All these were men who had stamped the image of God on their money, and who used it freely for the merchandise of Heaven. An excellent beginning was thus made, and the fears of the Foreign Missions Committee were considerably lessened.

When an appeal was then made to the country through public meetings, it soon became evident that the Mission would not lack for the necessary financial support. The circumstances connected with Livingstone's death had thrilled the hearts of

many Scottish people, and the tide of popular favour had risen accordingly. Largely attended public meetings were held in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, and other places. The first of these was held at Glasgow, which had taken the lead in the matter, on 8th January 1875. The chair was taken by one of the leading Christian laymen of the West, Mr James White of Overtoun, and the meeting, which was of an enthusiastic nature, was addressed by Captain Wilson, Mr Young, Dr Stewart, and others. A resolution was passed expressing "cordial satisfaction at the proposal to establish a missionary settlement of an evangelistic, educational, and industrial character on Lake Nyasa, to be called Livingstonia, and satisfaction at the prospect that at length the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ was to be carried into the darkness of Central Africa." This Glasgow meeting was the public founding of the Mission—from this meeting it dates its public origin. Edinburgh followed on 19th February, when the Right Hon. Lord Moncreiff took the chair at an enthusiastic gathering, and similar resolutions were passed. Aberdeen and Dundee, led in the matter by their Provosts, also volunteered to help in this great national enterprise. Auxiliary Committees were formed in all these cities for the purpose of collecting subscriptions. People all over Scotland, of all political creeds and of all denominations, gave liberally, many of them unsolicited. The result was that before long, without appealing to the Church as a whole, the large amount of money necessary to commence the Mission was raised. This is a fact calling forth profound gratitude, when we remember the financial embarrassments which have beset other missions at their commencement.

One pleasing feature in connection with the whole project was the hearty co-operation of the other Presbyterian bodies in Scotland—the first time such a thing had taken place in their missionary work. The Reformed Presbyterian Church, which joined the Free Church next year, was the first to co-operate. Many of its members, and especially Dr Young of Kelly, that devoted friend of Livingstone and Africa, had contributed generously to the undertaking; and it was then felt by the Free Church Committee that they could not do less than ask the Foreign Missions Committee of that Church to co-operate with them in the work. To this proposal they at

once consented. Then in May, 1875, when the Synod of this Church met in Glasgow, it was addressed by Dr Murray Mitchell in reference to the matter, and it engaged to give its active help. The Reformed Presbyterian Church possessed an honoured band of missionaries, and it carried on a successful mission in the New Hebrides among the most degraded and brutal cannibals that ever existed—a mission that required all its care and energy; but it was with much readiness and cordiality that it agreed to join hands in this new enterprise. This co-operation became union, when, on 25th May 1876, all its ministers, with the exception of one, amalgamated with the Free Church, thus removing one great blot, at least, on our honoured Scottish Presbyterianism.

The United Presbyterian Church, under Dr MacGill, the Secretary of its Mission Board, also joined in. Its hands were already full with efforts in Spain, China, Japan, and especially in Kafrraria, and in Old Calabar on the west coast. It could not, therefore, plant a mission of its own in Nyasaland at such a time, or unite with any other Church in doing so. If any extension had been contemplated into Central Africa, this would have had to take place from its Old Calabar station, in the direction of the Niger. Nevertheless, the United Presbyterian Church rejoiced to see the Free Church undertaking this new field of labour, and promised to assist in every way in its power; and it did so most nobly and generously by giving an ordained medical missionary of the highest qualifications—a man, as Dr Duff said, “inflamed with the missionary spirit”—and agreeing to provide his salary, the only condition being that it might have him back at the end of two years, or as soon thereafter as it required him. The missionary referred to is the Rev. Dr Laws, F.R.G.S., whom the United Presbyterian Church has allowed to remain in the Mission ever since. He has proved himself, beyond all doubt, to be a most excellent and capable man, and is now the honoured and trusted leader of the Mission. Nothing surely could exceed the brotherly kindness and generosity of this proposal. It was warmly welcomed by friends of Livingstonia, as the Free Church had no trained medical man ready to proceed with the party.

The Established Church was also desirous of doing work in the same region. It appointed a special Committee, with Dr Macrae

of Hawick as Convener, to make arrangements for a contemplated settlement of its own at the Lake. As early as January, Dr Macrae addressed an official note to the Free Church Committee, stating that he was anxious for some form of co-operation. On receipt of this note, the Committee, under Dr Duff's influence, would have gone in for full joint co-operation, or even union in the matter, but a difficulty presented itself in the fact that this Mission was regarded as only a step in advance, or simply an extension of the work at Lovedale, which was purely a Free Church institution. This view of the case, therefore, prevented any full-co-operation, as the Established Church could not be expected to help in an undertaking which had a purely Free Church connection. But the Free Church Committee suggested that the two settlements might be able in many ways to render each other important counsel and help, and that they would even feel compelled to do so on account of the surrounding barbarism, almost as much as if they both belonged to one and the same Church.

At the suggestion of Lord Polwarth, a member of the Established Church Committee, an unofficial conference was then held between Dr Duff, Dr Macrae, and himself, with the view of ascertaining on what points friendly co-operation might take place. As Lord Polwarth was a man of warm catholic spirit, of thorough candour, and of practical common sense, his recommendations were of much value. This conference, which lasted two hours, agreed that each Church should have its own distinct settlement at Lake Nyasa, with its own stores and supplies, and should send out its own staff of missionaries, under its own Committee; but that the two settlements should not be so far distant from each other as to forbid easy intercourse and possible assistance in time of danger.

After some time the Established Church found it impracticable to plant such a settlement at once, not having engaged a staff, or prepared the necessary material; but it agreed to send a pioneer missionary with the Free Church expedition, in order to furnish information about the country, select a site, and prepare the way for its own expedition a year afterwards. This pioneer was Mr Henry Henderson, son of a Kinclaven minister.

Thus no less than four different divisions of the Christian Church co-operated in the most happy and successful way in the commencement of this Scottish enterprise. On this account alone

the Livingstonia Mission had a noble beginning, and there can be no doubt that part of the blessing which has accompanied it is due to this providential arrangement.

But who were to form the Livingstonia Mission party? Who were *fit* for this work? The idea that many have of a missionary to ignorant tribes is that he is a kind of ascetic, visionary creature, filled with passionate dreams that can never be realised, gaunt and unearthly in his appearance, going out in his restless intensity to some distant clime, with no method but that of preaching, and there, Jonah-like, warning the dark-skinned people of approaching wrath. With a white neck-cloth and a suitable black coat, he stands under a tree, and from the open Bible delivers his message to the anxious attentive natives. Such an idea is but the creation of popular imagination, and has no existence in fact. If this were a missionary, no society would accept his services. The truth of the matter is that a missionary, especially an African one, is a man of much wider knowledge and much greater powers. Not only is he a scholar, able to grapple with the obscurities of barbarous languages, but he is all things. He is a carpenter, builder, blacksmith, doctor, printer, and knows how to help the natives in their everyday life. He is even his own cook and housekeeper. He is no emaciated being, with thin, long hands and unearthly look, as many popular novelists have represented him, but a man with a strong, healthy frame, accustomed to hardship and danger, with a thorough knowledge of many trades and a good smattering of others,—in short, a man able to do hard physical work as well as to preach.

It was necessary that men of this kind should be found for this new Mission. The matter was left very much in Dr Stewart's hands, and before long he had secured some excellent men. The following were chosen, viz. :—Mr George Johnston, *Carpenter*; Mr Allan Simpson, *Blacksmith*; Mr John Macfadyen, *Engineer*; Mr Alexander Riddell, *Agriculturist*; and Mr William Baker, *Seaman*, R.N., who had obtained two years' leave from the Admiralty. In addition to these five, there were Lieutenant Young, R.N., the leader of the party; Rev. Dr Laws, of the United Presbyterian Church; and Mr Henry Henderson, the missionary appointed by the Established Church to pioneer the way for that Church's settlement on the Shiré. These were eight remarkable men, all endowed with much energy, real piety, and

an earnest desire to help enslaved Africa through the power of the Gospel.

To some readers not acquainted with the history of the Mission, the mention of a *seaman* among the party may seem peculiar. Through the liberality, however, of Glasgow, a small steamer had been built for use on the Lake. It was considered that such a thing, especially during the pioneering period of the Mission, would be a valuable adjunct in the work. It would carry the missionaries to all parts of Nyasa, with its teeming masses, thus enabling them to proclaim the glad tidings to far-away people. It would act as a safe refuge in case of any sudden attack by hostile natives. Its presence, with the British flag of freedom floating from its masthead, would have a warning effect upon the slave-hunters, helping to put an end to this blighting curse of Africa. It would also be useful in bringing supplies from a distance,—a thing which might often have to be done, as, for instance, in the case of possible famine caused through the desolating effects of slavery.

When Alexander Mackay, that hero of Uganda, was about to proceed to the Victoria Nyanza under the Church Missionary Society, we all know the difficulties which he experienced in the construction of a steamer for that great expanse of water. The Society laid aside three hundred pounds for a portable engine and boiler to be fitted into a wooden boat to be built by the missionaries on the Nyanza. Many weary days Mackay spent in London attending to the building of an engine on the principle of welded rings, each piece not too heavy to be carried by two men. It was only after much patience and perseverance that such an engine was built. Even more wonderful in construction was the little steamer built, at the design of Mr Young, for the Livingstonia Mission. It was named *Ilala*, from the place where Dr Livingstone died—an evidence that it would take up the work where he left it. It drew only five feet of water, and had forty horse-power. It was fifty feet long, built of steel plates, and fastened by screws in such a way that the whole of it could be taken to pieces for transport past the seventy miles of the Murchison Cataract on the Shiré—the only broken link in the chain of communication between the London Docks and Lake Nyasa. Dr Livingstone had tried to get a vessel of this kind placed on the Lake, but one part of it unfortunately weighed four and a-half tons, and it would have taken 200

men two years to make a special road round the Cataract for it and so the project had to be abandoned. But the *Ilala* was a much more convenient craft, and carefully constructed with a view to the portability of its sections. There were also two small teak boats prepared for river service.

But something more required to be done before the party could sail from England. How was the expedition to obtain entrance to Nyasaland, through territories which were supposed to belong to Portugal? The Portuguese authorities near the Zambesi mouth and inland were well known for their slavery proclivities, and for their restrictive regulations along the course of that great river. What if they should forbid the enterprise, or impede its progress? Besides, the Portuguese used their African colonies as convict settlements, and many of these convicts were allowed to scatter themselves over the Zambesi district, committing outrages and fomenting trouble. In Livingstone's time there was a half-caste of the name of Bonga, a terror on the river by his piracies. Another, named Mariano, a villainous slaver, swept the whole Shiré valley with fire and sword. How was the expedition to pass in safety through districts infested with so great a plague?

Here God graciously interposed on behalf of the Mission, through that ever-generous friend of Africa, Sir William Mackinnon. The Steam Navigation Company, of which he was the head, and which was extending its line from Zanzibar southward along the coast, had entered, for its own sake, into friendly negotiations with the Portuguese Ambassador and Consul-General in London. As a result, Sir William had no difficulty in obtaining an official notice commending the whole expedition to the care and protection of the Portuguese agents both on the coast and inland.

Within twelve months after the proposed Mission had been advocated by Dr Stewart in the Assembly, all the necessary preparations had been made. He who had said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," had kept His promise,—“Lo, I am with you always.”

CHAPTER III

THE EXPEDITION

UNDER the Committee's guidance, the whole party had received written instructions, drafted mainly by Dr Stewart, regarding the conduct of the Expedition, and the peculiarity of their work in Africa. According to these, Mr Young was to have the full management of everything, the second in charge being Dr Laws. In regard to a site for the Mission station, it was understood that this could only be settled by observation on the spot ; but generally, the promontory known as Cape Maclear, at the extreme south of the Lake, was recommended. Regular entries were to be kept of all the stores bartered, and of the different expenditures ; and records were to be taken—for a few years at least—of daily temperature, atmospheric changes, the directions of wind, the amount of rainfall, and the health of the party—this work being committed to Dr Laws, as medical officer. The importance of direct missionary work was enlarged on, the party being instructed to lose no time in acquainting the natives with the principal object of the Mission, namely, "the enlightenment of their minds, the salvation of their souls, and, as the sure consequent of all this, the elevation of their character and the improvement of their general condition, individual and social." In connection with the slave-trade, so rampant around the Lake, active interference by force was in no case to be resorted to, lest the Mission should become surrounded with an atmosphere of insecurity, but kindly and conciliatory measures were to be adopted. Finally the party were commended to God and to the word of His grace, which was able to build them up and give them an inheritance among them that are sanctified.

With instructions of such an excellent nature, the little band of missionaries could not go far amiss. Dr Duff, along with Dr Goold as a representative from the Reformed Presbyterian Church, went up to London to make final arrangements for their departure in the

Walmer Castle. On the day previous to embarkation, Rev. Horace Waller also gathered the whole party together, and gave them many practical hints and counsels in regard to African fever and other trying experiences through which they might be called to pass. When the time of departure drew near they all assembled in the saloon of the ship, where fervent prayer was offered for their safety and the success of the Mission. With the two small boats reposing safely on the deck, and the pieces of the *Ilala* stowed in the hold, they left London on the 21st May 1875, about thirteen months after Dr Livingstone's body had been laid in Westminster Abbey.

After a fair voyage they arrived at Cape Town on June 17th, where they met Dr Stewart, who had gone on from London by a previous mail steamer to make preparations for their arrival. Here a largely attended public meeting was held on the 24th to welcome them, the arrangements for which were kindly made by Rev. Mr Russell of the Presbyterian Church and his Session. The audience was a most influential one, no finer or more representative meeting of the metropolis of South Africa having been seen before. Mr David Tennant, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, occupied the chair. On and round the platform were ministers of nearly all the Protestant denominations, members of the Legislature, and other persons of high standing. The distinguished astronomer, Sir Thomas Maclear; the Premier of the colony; the Secretary for Native Affairs; the venerable Archdeacon Badnall, Canon Lightfoot, and other ministers of the Anglican Church; Rev. Dr Robertson of the Dutch Church; and many other influential ministers and laymen were there to give their support to the undertaking.

After leaving Cape Town the difficulties and hardships of the Expedition began. It was desirable that a steamer should be obtained which would convey the party to the mouth of the Zambesi before the rainy season commenced; but it must be remembered that there were no facilities then, such as exist now, for reaching the Zambesi river, or any convenient place near it. The party had consequently to fall back upon a German schooner, the *Hara*, of 133 tons, which they chartered for the voyage. Into this small sailing vessel they transhipped all their stores and goods, with the exception of some which it was impossible to reach on account of their being placed beneath the Port Elizabeth cargo, and which the captain of the *Walmer Castle* arranged to

leave for them at Algoa Bay. Encouraged by many good wishes, they left Cape Town on June 26th, and after a voyage of nearly 500 miles, reached Algoa Bay, where they found their goods awaiting them, and stowed them into the *Hara* with all despatch.

With everything now on board, they set sail for the Zambesi mouth on July 6th. It was a voyage of 1300 miles, amid variable weather, with many heavy squalls and showers. A week after sailing they were caught by a terrific gale, and for a long time had to run under bare poles; but fortunately no damage was done to the little vessel, and the wind changed in a few days to a six-knot breeze, which did them a good turn. On the 19th they sighted land somewhere near the Zambesi Delta, but experienced no small difficulty in finding the Kongoné entrance, the one they had arranged to make. There are numerous outlets by which the Zambesi enters the ocean, and in those days, when so little was known of this region, it required a very practised eye to distinguish one from the other. The lowness of the coast, covered with mangrove swamps, and the want of distinguishing marks led them out of their reckoning, and for two days they sailed up and down unable to determine their position, while the rain poured in torrents, and heavy squalls struck them from different quarters.

At last, at midday, on July 23rd, they discovered the Kongoné bar, with its white breakers stretching right across. This is a bar on which at low tide there is only a depth of five to six feet of water, and not many ships succeed in getting over it. This first missionary party, however, waited patiently until the rising tide gave them nine feet of water, and then with a slight bump they sailed over it, and at five p.m. had the unbounded pleasure of anchoring in Zambesi waters.

“There is no native village at the mouth of the river now,” wrote Dr Laws, “but in the evening three men appeared. Pulling ashore, we received from them a warm welcome, expressed by clapping their hands. While walking along the shore, looking for a suitable place to build our boat, a human skull and several other bones were found lying a little above high-water mark. This, and the sight of several half-starved moving skeletons, made one sigh that better days may soon come for benighted Africa.”

The *Ilala* had now to be put together, so that the party might

sail in it up the Zambesi and Shiré rivers to Nyasa. Fortunately there was little difficulty in securing the services of the natives, who were delighted at the arrival of the "Ingrési" (English), and offered to work at the small wage of one yard of calico per day. Tall, handsome men they were, although frightfully disfigured—as Africans generally are—by the way they had tattooed their faces and breasts, presenting an appearance as if a number of split-peas were strewn beneath their skin. But they were intelligent, able, and ready to work. "Many of them," says Dr Laws, "came long distances in their canoes to work for us, and stayed several days, sleeping all night round their fires, rolled in their grass mats. In the morning we went ashore at sunrise, and had them set to work, writing down each man's name on a bit of paper, and chalking a corresponding number on his back, one or two being so greasy that the chalk could leave no traces on their skin."

With the willing help of these natives, and the use of the *Hara's* appliances, the *Ilala* was quickly pieced together. Only one unexpected difficulty beset the work. Most of the bolts for screwing the plates together were found to be in such a state of rust as to make it almost impossible to use them. They had unfortunately been packed in sand-encrusted barrels, without being first steeped in oil or anything to prevent such a result. There was nothing for it but to scour them one by one, a laborious and vexatious task, which Mr Young and the natives accomplished under the heat of a July sun. At last, on August 2nd, nine days after the keel was laid, the little steamer was successfully launched on the Kongoné waters; and on the 10th, after parting with Captain Rasper, the missionary band began the long journey of nearly 400 miles to Lake Nyasa.

So far all had gone well, but now the real perils of the enterprise commenced. Among other things, the season of the year was not the most favourable for the navigation of the Zambesi and Shiré rivers with a steamer like the *Ilala*, as there was only three or four feet of water in some places. In addition, there were low malarious lands to be passed through, with thick vegetation on each side, shutting out the air, and making the heat almost unbearable. Mr Young, however, conducted the party through these dangers with wonderful skill and success. Writing from Mazaro, about eighty miles up the Zambesi, he gives us some idea of the journey:—

“We arrived here quite safe and well, after a very difficult journey up, owing to the river being so low. The health of the party is exceedingly good—in fact, we have not had time as yet to think of fever. I intend to keep going as fast as I can, and hope to be at the Cataracts in a week from this. My seaman has been absent in one of the boats conveying provisions up, so more work has come to my share than I ever had to do before, and already I am getting very grey; but I trust God will spare me to carry out this great and noble work.

“We had a sad disaster coming up. The steamer was ashore on a sand-bank, so I told the man in charge of the boat I had in tow to proceed on. After going some distance he made sail, but a squall overtaking him, he neglected to lower the sail in time; the consequence was she capsized, and one, if not two, of the native crew were drowned, in addition to which the greater part of our personal luggage was lost. I myself have lost everything in the shape of clothes, also many private things I was taking out from friends to natives on the Lake. I don’t at present know how to get more, so I suppose I will have to make a suit out of my blanket, to serve me night and day. I am glad to say none of the Mission stores were lost. I shall feel the loss of my boots and socks most; but there are worse things happen at sea, is the old saying.”

The catastrophe referred to by Mr Young was a most lamentable one. Apart from the loss of life, not only most of his own clothes, but most of those belonging to Messrs Macfadyen, Johnston, and Riddell were somewhere at the bottom of the river, and we do not wonder that they had a mournful and particular interest in observing what garments they happened to have on when this startling announcement was made to them. They were now far beyond the confines of civilization, in a region utterly destitute of clothiers and even of cloth; and if it had not been for their own ingenuity they might have been reduced in a short time to the primitive fig-leaves. Fortunately, Dr Laws had nearly all his baggage on board the *Ilala* at the time, and this afforded some consolation.

From Mazaro they steamed to Shupanga, on the opposite side of the Zambesi, where tender associations at least compelled them to halt for a while. It was here that Dr Livingstone’s wife was taken from him by death, after she had spent only three weeks on



HERE REPOSE
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
MARY MOFFAT
THE BELOVED WIFE OF
DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE
IN TRUST'S HOPE
OF A JOYFUL RESURRECTION
BY OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST

SHE DIED
IN SHUPANGA HOUSE
27th APRIL 1858
AGED 41 YEARS

MRS LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE AT SHUPANGA ON THE RIVER ZAMBEZI.

the river since her arrival from London. It was a terrible bereavement to him, and came amid all the distresses of the Universities' Mission and the enormous difficulties of his Zambesi Expedition. The day when Rev. Horace Waller, Dr Stewart, Mr Young, and others laid her to rest under a giant baobab tree, was one never to be forgotten by them. The whole scene now came back vividly to Mr Young's mind as he landed from the *Ilala*. The place seemed deserted, but there was the old house still standing, in which she had breathed her last fourteen years before! And there, not far off, under the immense boughs of the tree, were the mound and cross, marking her last earthly resting place! A fine road had now been made to it through the long grass by the natives; and on walking up this road the whole party were struck with the particular care these dark friends had taken of the surroundings, keeping the place clear of undergrowth and rank vegetation. They were solemn and thoughtful moments which the party spent beside the white tomb.

Having laid in a large stock of wood, they started again on August 19th, and three days later arrived at the Shiré river. Here they had some difficulty in finding the proper course of this great tributary in the various currents which were mingling above the junction. Since Mr Young had been there last, on his Livingstone Search Expedition, an extraordinary flood had occurred, leading to an alteration of the navigable channel at this point. "Do what we could," says Mr Young, "we could make nothing of it. If we hit on a channel that was navigable, it ended in a *cul-de-sac*, or led us to the Zambesi; and at last, after two miserable days and nights, with very stormy weather, I sent a boat's crew away to try and find some natives to pilot us out of this abominable place. These they succeeded in finding, and so at last we had a chance of being extricated. To bring this about we were taken back a long way, and had eventually to cut an opening through a wall of reeds and grass extending quite half-a-mile."*

In spite of voracious mosquitoes, which attacked them in hundreds, and other annoyances, they ploughed their way up the Shiré amid most magnificent scenery. Travellers are never done writing of the charms of some parts of the Shiré. There are fringes of white-flowered reeds at the waterside, and of apple-green papyrus, clusters of thick bushes overgrown with bind-weed creepers, and

* "Mission to Nyasa," by E. D. Young, p. 30.

large flowers of every hue. Rising above all this mass of foliage, there are groves of tropical palm-trees and of tall acacias, forest clumps of richest green, and here and there lovely fairy bowers formed by the irregularities of the banks. Overlooking the river may be seen the great blue Morambala, rising 4000 feet above the reeds, as well as other notable mountains; while away in the distance there are long ranges, standing like a dark silhouette against the pale-blue sky, and reminding Scotchmen of the craggy heights of their native land. At certain spots enormous flocks of water fowl may be seen, and large herds of wild animals. Buffaloes and zebras may be descried careering along. Here and there a huge elephant may survey the traveller for a moment, and then vanish through the dense thicket. All along the river there are innumerable hippopotami, snorting and splashing, and rapacious crocodiles, both of which are a source of great danger to canoes. Large fish-hawks hover overhead, or watch from the branches of a tree for their prey. When the shades of night fall on the scene, a roaring lion may leave his den and lurk near the banks, literally "seeking whom he may devour."

The reader must not imagine, however, that this river-journeying was easy work and pleasant sailing. Mr Young assures us that the most of the journey was difficult work on account of the many sand-banks, snags, and rocks that had to be passed. The party had sometimes to labour night and day to overcome these difficulties. The *Ilala*, with its large draught of water, had not been intended for river service, but for sailing on the deep waters of the Lake. Consequently, it was continually taking the ground, and had to be lightened as much as possible every now and then. It had sometimes to be emptied of everything except half a bag of coals, and hauled by means of anchors and cables over the shallows into the deeper water beyond. This necessitated severe work for the whole party. Mr Young never went to sleep nor let anyone else do so, till the vessel was hauled off any sandbank she might have struck. On this account, much of the river journey was by no means a pleasant experience to them.

On reaching the mouth of the Ruo river at Chiromo, they halted for some time to visit the grave of Bishop Mackenzie—the first Universities' missionary to die in the Shiré swamps. It will be remembered that this Mission, representing the English Universities, was founded at Magomero, in the Shiré Highlands,

as a result of Dr Livingstone's first visit home. It was founded with the assistance of the great explorer himself; but the time selected was somewhat unfortunate, and when Livingstone left to attend to his explorations on Lake Nyasa, everything seemed to go against the missionaries. Fever and famine looked them in the face, the anxiety and stress being terrible. Most of them took ill, and at the same time 300 liberated slaves had to be fed off little or nothing. At last the Bishop resolved to venture to the Shiré river, where Livingstone's steamer was plying. He set out on this long journey of about fifty miles in January 1862, accompanied by a young missionary, the Rev. H. de W. Burrup. They had to journey amid the drenching storms of the rainy season. They managed, however, to reach the Shiré river at its juncture with the Ruo; but here, on the island of Malo, the dreaded fever seized Mackenzie. Nothing could be done for him, as the medicines had been lost in the river. Burrup himself was almost prostrate, but he ferried the body across to the mainland, before he returned to Magomero. There he fell into delirium and died himself. It was a great blow to the Mission. Mackenzie was the personification of everything kind, tender-hearted and heroic. In his earlier days he had done missionary work in the new colony of Natal in company with Bishop Colenso; and although his death, humanly speaking, was premature—like a year that ends in May—his devotion to Africa places him in the front rank of the missionaries of the Anglican Church.

Mr Young and his party could find no trace of the grave. They had to guess the site of it; and there they raised a mound and erected a handsome iron cross, which had been entrusted to their care before they left London by Miss Mackenzie, sister of the missionary.

After leaving this sacred spot they passed onward through the Elephant Marsh—which is said to have been a great lake at one time, but to have become a marsh through the deeper cutting of the river. On reaching the north end they were considerably cheered by receiving a kind, hospitable, and even enthusiastic welcome from the Makololo tribes, who dwelt in the villages around here. As we may have occasion frequently to refer to these tribes, a word or two regarding their unique position in those early days may not be out of place.

The Makololo were Livingstone's famous porters, who had

followed him from the Barutse country above the Victoria Falls, and who remained faithful to him during his long expedition in the Zambesi and Shiré districts. When the heroic traveller was recalled by Her Majesty's Government in 1864, he left these porters behind on the Lower Shiré, having first armed them and instructed them to protect the poor Nyanja natives from the depredations of the Yao slavers on the east, and the brutal raids of the wandering Ngoni Zulus on the west. The country being in a panic-stricken condition, these Makololo became masters of the situation, and under Maloko, the leading spirit among them, they constituted themselves the chiefs of the district. In a few years, on account of so many refugees having settled down beside them, they numbered their followers by thousands; and as they lived within stockaded villages, and were effective governors, they became a Power of the first rank, so far as native Powers went, holding every important position between the Ruo and the Murchison Cataracts, and being able to take their stand against any ordinary African foe. They were undoubtedly cruel in many ways, as might be expected from untutored heathen, and were sometimes despotic and tyrannical in their rule, their word being law, whether for good or evil; but they were a valuable counterpoise to the more evil-inclined tribes. They had saved—and were still saving—the country not only from the Yao and Ngoni but from Portuguese convicts, for they had a creed, a resolution, given to them by Livingstone, that no Portuguese power with slaving tendencies should ascend the Shiré. This resolution had become strengthened by the fact that Maloko was waylaid one day by emissaries of Bonga, a Portuguese convict, and riddled to death with bullets. After that they looked upon all Portuguese as deadly enemies.

Having been Livingstone's men, these Makololo revered the name of the "English." When Mr Young passed up the Shiré in 1867, their reception of him was enthusiastic beyond description, the reappearance of the British flag being vehemently cheered. They adopted—or, at least, tried to adopt—English manners and habits to such an extent that some of the surrounding tribes imagined them to be related in some way to the White Queen. Many of them wore trousers, or garments like these, instead of a small rag of calico round their loins, and saluted one another, whenever possible, with a hearty shake of the hand and "Mone" for "Good morning." They had even looked on the sea, the

supposed birth-place and home of white men! These were unique advantages, as they thought, giving them a sort of English prestige, and placing them far above their less privileged brethren.

On this occasion, as Mr Young entered the territory of these friendly Makololo with the Livingstonia Expedition, their enthusiasm was so great that they could hardly contain themselves. When the steamer was fairly into their territory they congregated at the river bank in thousands, clapping their hands with joy, and shouting jubilantly at the return of their "fathers, the English." When Mr Young made known to them the purpose of the Mission they were delighted with it, and promised their help to the utmost. One of the saddest pieces of news to them was that Dr Livingstone was dead.

For this remarkable welcome by the Makololo and similar tribes, we must give all thanks to Livingstone and other Christian missionaries, such as Bishop Mackenzie and his party. The native suspicions and timidity which had once existed in East Central Africa had so far been cleared away by these servants of Christ many years before; and ever since that time the deep-rooted confidence of the natives in Britain's goodness had developed a hundredfold. The black man had come to realise that Britain was opposed to his being captured as a slave, and was in all sincerity his friend and deliverer. In his mind, the presence of the British flag—the ensign of the great White Queen beyond the seas—had become associated with liberty and justice. Borne in front of white men, he had never as yet seen it betray the cause of freedom or be mingled with the passions of war. It was this benign conception of Britain—originated by Livingstone and his followers—that secured the tranquil passage of this Expedition through the Shiré regions, and led to the extreme readiness of all the tribes to receive the Livingstonia party.

This friendliness of the Makololo, we are sorry to say, did not always continue. In later years, many Europeans—hunters and adventurers, who were not of the best class—took advantage of them, and treated them with injustice and abominable cruelty, leading them to become somewhat inimical to all white settlers. It was not until 1889, when a British Commissioner was appointed for Nyasaland, that they renewed their friendship. It is lamentable to think, that through the unrestrained passions of lawless Englishmen, these natives who were once Livingstone's most faithful

attendants, should have been led to take up such a hostile position. Our countrymen, alas! have not always had a good character in Central Africa.

On the 5th of September, Mr Young and his party reached Chibisa's, not far from the Murchison Cataracts, and the place where the Universities' Mission had settled for two years after its withdrawal from Magomero. Here both sides of the river were literally swarming with villages, inhabited by the captives whom Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie had liberated from the cruel whips of Portuguese slavers thirteen years before. The party received a hearty welcome—from fathers and mothers who had had the slave sticks wrenched from their necks by Livingstone, and from children who had heard the thrilling tale from their parents' lips. Before leaving, they visited the graves of Rev. H. Scudamore and Dr Dickinson, two of the Universities' missionaries who fell in the breach in those dark days; and here, as elsewhere, they found that great respect had been shown in their preservation. This little colony of captives had not forgotten the noble Christian men who gave them their freedom, who stood beside them through days of war and famine, and some of whom laid down their lives among them.

It was with feelings of profound gladness that the party on the next day reached Matiti, at the Murchison Cataracts, having thus accomplished the first part of their long journey. They had now to change their mode of travel. For sixty miles at this place the Shiré river plunges downward in a succession of rapids and cascades, hurling itself over rocks and precipices, falling at one time through dark glens overhung with tropical vegetation, and at another through open sunlit stretches. The *Ilala* had therefore to be taken to pieces, and borne upward to the head of these Cataracts, and there reconstructed for the final journey. As carts and horses were unknown in this barbarous region, everything had to be carried by the natives.

Several days were occupied in taking the vessel to pieces and cleaning the sections, and in arranging the stores into fifty-pound loads. It seems to be natural for native porters, however friendly they may be, to dispute the weight of their loads, thus causing much delay and vexation. But Mr Young overcame this knotty question by adopting the plan of measuring every load by a steelyard, hung in a tree, and so avoiding all guess work and conse-

quent wrangling. The plan was not only successful, but quite novel to the natives, as they were not acquainted at that time with any standards of weight. The loads were then carried overland in four detachments by over 1000 natives who poured in from all parts for this purpose, being prompted to the work by Ramakukane and other Makololo. The first caravan was ready by the 12th—six days after reaching Matiti—and was under the care of Messrs Henderson, Johnston, Macfadyen, and Simpson. The second was a native caravan of 100 men with engines and boiler. The third was led by Mr Young and Dr Laws. The fourth, under the charge of Messrs Riddell and Baker, carried the contents of the canoes which followed the steamer. Before the third detachment began their march Mr Young addressed the enormous crowd that had assembled to witness the departure. Uncovering his head, along with the rest of the party, he explained why they had come—to teach the people concerning God, to show them the benefits of industry, and to help in banishing the slave-trade, which had so long oppressed them. He finished by asking them to remain silent while prayer was offered to God to prosper the undertaking, so full of trials and immense difficulties.

The journey was managed in five days, but according to all accounts, was certainly no easy matter. The road was only a foot-path, some eight or ten inches wide, leading up through a steep, rugged, mountainous district, with long grass and deep thickets; while overhead was a scorching sun—close on a hundred degrees in the shade—which heated the steel plates to such an extent as to make it painful to hold them. What is, perhaps, most surprising of all, there were no articles that disappeared, or were found missing, though everything was at the mercy of these dark strangers. At almost every turn there were defiles and rocky passes which might have furnished a hiding place for a thief or deserter, who could have remained there in safety till the long procession had passed, and then cast away his heavy burning sheet of steel, or made off with his burden of calico in the hope of suddenly enriching himself. Here and there, too, there were slippery rocks and dangerous places where any bearer, faint and giddy with the long march, might have accidentally missed his footing and lost some important section of the engine in the turbulent waters. But let it be said to the honour of these black-skinned barbarians, that after the sixty miles were accomplished, everything was found

secure and uninjured, and every carrier pleased with his payment.

The journey past the Cataracts being completed, the vessel was then reconstructed—this time in a permanent manner. When once more afloat, the vessel was found to be quite a success. “God speed you,” said Mr Young, and the party echoed a deep and hearty Amen.

On the morning of the 8th October they began the journey up the river, having still 100 miles to cover before reaching the great blue waters of Nyasa. After three days, they passed through Lake Malombe—a shallow, reed-fringed lake, swarming with hippopotami, and having an area at that time of about 100 square miles, although now it is little more than a broad channel of the Shiré, with an enormous flat island in the centre. Re-entering the Shiré again at the northern end, they steered for the village of Mponda.

This was a powerful chief—a wretched instrument of the slave-trade—upon whom Dr Livingstone had made a great impression, when he stayed in his district on his last journey, and whose territory extended all the way up to Lake Nyasa. He was known for his drinking habits, being generally the worse of pombé—the native beer, which is a thin gruel made from maize or millet. On this occasion he was over head and ears in slave-trading operations. Dr Laws thus wrote:—

“Here we found two slave-trading Arabs, who, I suspect, were far from relishing our arrival; and, as Mr Young wore his uniform cap on going ashore, they noticed it, and evidently knew the badge very well. The old chief appeared quite friendly, but could not be persuaded to come on board. He spread a mat for us to sit on, but our legs not being quite so flexible as theirs, we were supplied with greasy pillows as stools. We sat under the protecting eaves of his large house, surrounded by scores of his people, while a house in front of us was occupied by his wives, at least thirty or forty in number, who, on their knees, were looking across at the white strangers, while the Arabs, by and by, came along to bid us good morning, one carrying a large broad-bladed spear, the other a sword, which he evidently wished us to take notice of, and which we were certainly not afraid of.

“We told Mponda our errand, that we wished to settle on the Lake, and asked him how far his territory extended. We find it

goes all round Cape Maclear, right over to the western side, on which he has two villages. He gave us liberty to settle on his land, and sent Wekotani (his brother-in-law) and another man to help us in choosing a spot. Two of our interpreters were ashore all night, and it was evident that the Arabs wished to checkmate us, and had been telling stories, that we were come to take Mponda's land. Some eight or ten of the Arabs are making a circuit round a large territory at present to procure slaves, and will carry them across the lake in their daus. As we left next morning we showed them a little of what our steamer could do in the way of speed, and, with the British ensign flying at her peak, she looked well indeed. Passing the northern end of the village, which may contain say 3000 or 4000 people, we saw two slaves standing with the yoke on their necks, and their hands tied behind them. It was a sight which made my blood boil within me."

The sight of the *Ilala*, steaming along the Upper Shiré, caused a deal of consternation among the natives. Not many of them had seen anything better than their own rough dug-out canoes, worked by punting poles and paddles, and having no seats or elaboration of any kind. The size and capabilities of the *Ilala* created no small sensation, the natives being astonished beyond measure to see this "fire-ship" moving along without the help of paddles or sails. Its arrival also, as mentioned above, brought great trepidation to the Arab slavers near the Lake, who concluded that it was a gun-boat, and believed that it sealed the doom of their trade; which it did, in one sense, although not exactly as they imagined. It was the first steamer to float upon any of the inland seas of Central Africa, the forerunner of the *Daisy* on Victoria Nyanza, the *Good News* and the *Morning Star* on Tanganyika, the *Peace* on Stanley Pool in the Congo, and others that were to navigate these great Lakes for the spread of the Gospel and the introduction of legitimate commerce.

They reached Lake Nyasa on 12th October 1875, as the rising sun shed its golden rays on the western mountains. As they entered on the broad waters, they felt that it was an occasion for great thankfulness, having travelled safely from the Kongoné mouth, and "Livingstonia" being now almost an accomplished fact; and so they sang a Psalm of praise and held a short service in their little vessel. After making a running survey of the south coast, they landed at six p.m. on the white sandy beach of Cape

Maclear—the small peninsula at the south of the Lake, named by Livingstone after the astronomer-royal of Cape Town; and here they resolved to plant the Mission, as suggested by the Committee. Here they settled down as pioneer missionaries, amid the dangers of a malarial climate, among an ignorant and barbarous people, and surrounded by an unknown tongue, but with a noble determination to help in the awakening of Central Africa out of its sleep of ages.

While not forgetful of other important missions, may we not say that the arrival of this first mission band on the dark shores of Nyasa, face to face with Africa's evils, and amid all the horrors of the slave trade, marked an epoch in the emancipation of Africa? Let us remember that this was the *first* Mission to enter any of the central regions, with the exception of the Universities' one, which had so unfortunately failed. Other missions for Central Africa were being thought of. It was in 1875 that the *Daily Telegraph* published Stanley's famous letter, written from the Court at Uganda, challenging Christendom to send missionaries there; but it was not till 1876 that the Church Missionary Society sent out Alexander M. Mackay and others to that place, and the London Missionary Society planned a Mission at Ujiji, on the shores of Tanganyika. Central Africa was in a short time to be occupied by many effective agencies, and to become the most interesting African missionary field. But this Livingstonia Mission was the first to be planted on any of the great African Lakes, or in any of those dark central regions. It not only preceded the missions in Uganda, Tanganyika, and elsewhere, but gave the initial impulse to these.

Let us remember, too, that the planting of this Mission was destined to have far-reaching results, as events of recent years have undoubtedly proved. It may be compared to the sublime Mission of Columba to our own shores, thirteen centuries ago, when a small boat, bearing a little company of missionaries, might have been seen directing its course, amid the encircling currents of the Argyleshire Coast, till it reached a little creek in the island of Iona. Columba and his peaceful crusaders stepped on shore, with no shout of welcome to hail their arrival, and kneeling down on the silent strand, implored the blessing of the Most High. It seemed but a quiet visit of a few strangers from the sister isle; but, in reality, it was one of the greatest episodes in the history of

Christianity, the good results of which no man can calculate. From that insignificant island as a centre, the celtic missionaries carried the tidings of salvation over the North of Scotland, the North of England, and a large part of Europe. With equal certainty, we may say that when this first Evangelical Mission party sailed up the Shiré, and landed on the southern shores of Nyasa, it meant the dawning of Heaven's kindly light on the Cimmerian darkness of Central Africa—the coming of a golden day when civilization and Christianity would overspread that benighted region for which the noble Livingstone laid down his life.

CHAPTER IV

SETTLEMENT OF THE MISSION

FOR the benefit of some of our readers who may not be acquainted with British Central Africa, we begin this chapter with a brief description of Nyasaland, and of the Lake, with its beautiful promontory Cape Maclear.

Little was known of this region when the Livingstonia Expedition ascended the Shiré, except what could be gathered from the discoveries of Livingstone. We now know it to be a remarkable country, possessing more or less an abundant vegetation, having an average rainfall of about fifty inches per annum, and well watered by perennial streams and rivers. Nowhere is there any desert or open sandy stretch.

The west coast of the Lake—the part with which the Mission is more closely associated—is especially good. To the south it consists mainly of a strip of exceedingly fertile country, producing enormous quantities of rice and other foods. In the centre lies the country of the Tonga, a friendly, hard-working, and interesting people, who are ruled over by a number of petty chiefs. To the north there is a beautiful, fertile district—a veritable Arcadia, according to the testimony of the British Commissioner and others—inhabited by the peaceful Konde tribes. The trees here are larger and shadier, and the vegetation is more luxuriant than in other parts. There are lovely, bosky groves, and miles upon miles of emerald-green banana plantations. The Livingstone Mountains—so named by Dr Laws—add to the magnificence of the scenery in this region. These mountains rise like a jagged wall, from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the blue waters of the Lake, having their ravines green with trees, and their sides painted in many colours. Too high up for the ear to catch the sound, there are exquisite waterfalls, hanging like downy floss from places almost inaccessible to any human being. Standing, as these stupendous mountains do, at the edge of the dark watery depths,

they have impressed many travellers with a spirit of awe, and a sense of their own nothingness.

The western watershed of the Lake is inhabited by a fierce section of Ngoni Zulus, who made their way from South Africa in the early part of the century. On this healthy table-land they founded kingdoms, and enslaved the original inhabitants. When the Mission party entered the country, these untamed warriors, like the kindred Gwangwara on the other side of the Lake, were a source of terror to all around. The very mention of their name made the native tribes shudder, as no one was able to withstand them. They were drilled like all Zulus to fight at close quarters in a merciless manner, using the assegai and spear instead of the bow and arrow or the trade musket of their enemies. They spared very few when they attacked a village, usually massacring the men without mercy, enslaving the women and children, and carrying off the property.

“The good old rule
Sufficed them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

Between the murderous raids of these Zulu savages on the west, and the brutal attacks of the Yao slave-dealers on the east, the poor, defenceless tribes around the Lake had a terrible existence. Thanks to William Koyi, Dr Elmslie, and other Livingstonia missionaries, most of these Zulu tribes have now been considerably tamed, and transformed by the power of the Gospel. They have become a splendid people—the backbone of British Central Africa. We shall have something further to say on them and their country in a later chapter.

The whole west coast of the Lake is exceedingly beautiful. There are not only many excellent bays and fine beaches, but at some points tree-covered plains running back from the shore, and at others lovely grassy slopes equal to the finest parks at home, and only wanting some grand castle to complete the exquisite picture. Big game of all kinds, including elephants, buffaloes, lions, and leopards may occasionally be seen—although not so numerous now as when the Mission party first went. There is a rich variety of beautiful wild plants and handsome trees. Even the very marshes are gorgeous with blue lotus flowers, and with papyrus and plume-headed reeds.

The Lake itself was discovered by Livingstone in 1859. Having heard reports of a great sea, out of which the Shiré flowed to the Zambesi, he determined to search for it. After several unsuccessful efforts, in the course of which he discovered the brackish Lake Shirwa to the south-east, he finally managed to reach its southern shores, near the site of the modern village of Fort Johnston, in September of that year, in company with Sir John Kirk—the first white men to look upon this inland sea. It is the third greatest lake in Africa, being 360 miles long, and varying in breadth from 40 miles to 15. By reference to the map, readers will observe that it somewhat resembles a jack-boot in shape—a feature which was noticed by Dr Livingstone.

The name “Nyasa” is a Yao word, so called by Arab traders hearing of it first from the Yao people; but the most common appellation among the natives now is “Nyanja.” These words, like “Nyanza” further north, are derived from an archaic and widespread Bantu root, and mean nothing more than “a broad water,” whether lake or river. Hence the name Nyasa or Nyanja is not confined by the natives to this particular Lake, but is applied by them to the Zambesi and Shiré and every other large piece of water. This has often caused endless confusion to travellers; but it is no worse than what occurs in other languages, not excluding our own.

Lake Nyasa is a tempestuous piece of water, subject to extraordinary gales and fearful seas, like similar lakes that are surrounded by mountains. During the first voyage which the *Ilala* made to the north end of it, tremendous gales arose without the slightest warning. In a very short time the peaceful scene would sometimes change into one of the wildest grandeur—almost beyond all conception—with the waves running mountains high and heavy torrents of rain accompanied by a whistling wind and gleams of lightning in every quarter. On such occasions, the little vessel had to ride it out with two anchors down, while water poured into her continually. It required all Mr Young’s nautical powers to prevent her from foundering, and more than once all hands stood ready to jump overboard when the position became critical. The fact is that this Lake is ravaged at certain times by the “Mwela” or strong south-east wind, which generally continues for three days, raising seas as stormy as can be found in the British Channel or in the Atlantic.

Cape Maclear, on the south of the Lake, where the party landed

and planted the Mission Station, is described by Professor Drummond as "one of the loveliest spots in the world." There are giant hills, shelving down almost to the shore, and luxuriant with euphorbia, cactus, tamarind, baobab, palm trees, and other African foliage. There are rich, wooded stretches, with wild thicket fastnesses here and there, and with a profusion of magnificent trees enveloped in endless labyrinthine climbers. For years the place has been a sort of sportsman's paradise, abounding in antelopes, elephants, guinea-fowls, fish-eagles, and other game. Hippopotami and crocodiles are also there in abundance, holding possession of every marshy inlet and reedy bay. Immediately to the north of the Cape are three fairy islands, rising like hills from the water, clad with granite boulders of great size and luxuriously wooded. The Lake, all round the promontory, is as blue as the deep blue of some parts of the Mediterranean. It is so clear, too, that the bottom is visible in comparatively deep water; and Captain Lugard tells us that anyone looking down may see "the many-coloured fishes gliding about the rocks and pebbles like gold fish in a glass globe."

When the little band of missionaries established themselves on this lovely tree-covered shore at Cape Maclear, for miles around they met with a cordial welcome from most of the chiefs and people. The influential slave-trading chief, Mponda, who owned the whole district, and whom the party had visited on their way up, was favourable to the undertaking. The Arabs who frequented his village endeavoured to prejudice him against the Mission, and prevented him at times from rendering much active assistance, but they never managed to get him to assume a hostile attitude. One chief, Mpemba, on the south-west shore of the Lake, showed himself rather adverse and disobliging at first, owing to the strong Arab influence which had been at work. When Mr Young and some of the Mission party visited his village a few weeks after their arrival, he was reported to be from home, which is generally the excuse of an unfriendly chief. They could not obtain any provisions, and it was evident that they were not wanted there. When they paid another visit three months afterwards, Mpemba happened to be busy ferrying slaves across the Lake *en route* for the coast. They hoped to purchase some goats, but were treated with considerable coolness, and received only surly answers and scowling looks. Another slave-dealing chief, named Chitesi, on the east shore, whose village they visited about the same time, excused

himself from appearing under the plea of illness. Dr Laws kindly offered to help him, but all to no purpose: Chitesi did not intend to show himself to anyone with a white skin. This also was due to Arab influence, as there were a number of Zanzibar slavers in the village, who were aware of the Mission, and manifested unusual inquisitiveness as to its objects.

The extreme cordiality of others, however, made up for the doubtful conduct of such chiefs. Everywhere—thanks to Livingstone—there was a good name established for the “English,” and great joy at their arrival. In fact, the people in the immediate neighbourhood of the Station were as amicably disposed as could be desired, being glad to see the white men, to sell them provisions, and to help them in the settlement of the Mission. This friendly reception presents a great contrast to what has taken place in many other barbarous regions. In the districts of the Batonga and Manika, eastward of the Barutse country, both explorers and missionaries were repulsed for many years, being either killed, maltreated, or expelled by the recalcitrant natives. Even the Universities’ Mission, now re-established on the east coast of Nyasa, was for many years paralysed by the hostility of Makanjira, the chief of the district, who killed the native catechists and constantly plundered the Mission. We cannot be too thankful for the friendly welcome accorded to this first band of Livingstonia missionaries.

Owing to these favourable circumstances, Mr Young was enabled to proceed to work with freedom. Dwelling-houses, stores, workshops, and other places had to be erected as quickly as possible, as the rainy season, which begins in November, was approaching. Only a few weeks more, and heavy torrential rains would begin to fall, and would continue more or less until the end of March. No time, however, was lost. The site of the village was chosen upon a rising ground looking westward, with the deep blue waters of the great Lake in front, and lofty tree-clad mountains of granite behind. At first a piece of canvas stretched between two trees formed the only shelter; but, with the help of the natives, the ground was speedily cleared, and a row of trim cottages was commenced. Abundance of wood was to be had for the cutting, as much of the district was covered with splendid forest trees. With almost everything ready to hand, capital progress was made.

The natives, as a rule, wrought faithfully and cheerfully, out of respect for the white men. As they were worthy of their hire, they received regular wages in the shape of calico—the currency of Central Africa. Every night at five they ceased work, and gathered round the “paymaster,” who made a point of dealing kindly and justly with them. “Ominously putting a small stick up in the fork of the tree over his head, he began by tearing off lengths of calico eighteen inches broad. This was the wage for the day’s work. Here and there someone less able to shake off bad habits than his companions would raise a doubt as to the length of his piece of cloth; if so, down came the inevitable measuring stick from the tree, and down, too, came a round of chaff upon his devoted head from the bystanders, who were insensibly establishing in their own minds the impossibility of an Englishman cheating anyone.”* This treatment of the natives was a good foundation to lay, as there is nothing the African appreciates so much as fair and straightforward dealing; and it is but an instance of the honourable way in which these Livingstonia pioneers acted in all their transactions with the natives. They never stooped to acts of meanness or faithlessness or injustice, as some Europeans in Nyasaland—not missionaries—have been known to do. It has not been uncommon for traders of an aggressively ungodly type to be dishonest and openly wicked in their relations with these poor, ignorant people, to the degradation of the white man’s name, and the destruction in great measure of the natives’ trust in him. But let it be recorded, to the shame of all such unprincipled individuals, that the first white settlers on the shores of Nyasa strove to be just and upright in all their dealings.

After much steady, persevering work, the cottages, a dozen in number, were completed, and a neat path, covered with shells and white gravel, was made to them from the beach. The plan of the village formed three sides of a square 220 paces long, the fourth side being the beach. As readers may imagine, the houses were not of the best—better, no doubt, than the poor untaught Africans could produce, but not to be compared with any respectable houses at home. They had no carpeted rooms, cushioned chairs, curtained windows, or similar comforts. The only benefit some of them had was their size. One was fifty feet long by twenty-five, built on the

* “Mission to Nyasa,” p. 85.

model of an Indian bungalow, with a verandah all round. It was cool and airy, having four doors and a plentiful supply of windows. Another, devised by Dr Laws, was a two-storey erection—a “two-decker,” as Mr Young called it—with a verandah on the upper storey as well. All of them were framed with wood, lined with reeds or wattle, and then daubed over, both inside and outside, with clay. The windows were mere openings without glass, and were closed at night against the winds by grass shutters placed on the outside.

Visits were occasionally made to neighbouring chiefs in order to acquaint them with the object of the Mission and to secure their influence on its behalf. Friendly intercourse was especially kept up with Mponda, the owner of the Mission territory, who had to be humoured a good deal in order to make up for Arab intrigues. On one occasion this drouthy chief had taken ill, owing to continued over-indulgence in native beer, and had received a large bottle of medicine from the Mission. On being visited shortly afterwards by Dr Laws, he was sitting under the verandah of his large house, surrounded by a host of his wives, courtiers, and visitors, but did not appear to have improved in health. On being asked how he had taken the mixture, it was discovered that instead of taking one spoonful twice a day, as instructed, he had consumed all the contents in three draughts!

Naturally, the slave trade engaged a good deal of attention, as it was manifest on all sides. Every now and then the Mission party would hear of some peaceful industrious village being surprised and burned, the inhabitants seized, loaded with slave-forks and heavy burdens, and then goaded over hundreds of miles in a fainting condition—some, it might be, to drop from exhaustion, and to be flung into the jungle to die of starvation or be devoured by hyenas. The whole country from the Zambesi to the Tanganyika was in a state of unrest owing to this constant hunting of man by man. The people lived in continual dread of being attacked, and having their homes broken up and their wives and children sold. The most of them led a hand-to-mouth existence, just growing enough food for the support of themselves, and not daring to venture too far from home without good protection. It fairly makes one's heart sick to read of the sufferings endured by the poor natives in these early days of terror. The letters of the



KAZICHI FALL.

Showing Cave where the Natives formerly sought refuge.

missionaries fully corroborate the horrible accounts given by Dr Livingstone.

The *Ilala* was an immense help in checking this atrocious traffic—on the Lake at least. With the British flag at her mast-head she was regarded by the Arabs as a sort of Government cutter, armed with one or more heavy guns. This false impression wore off afterwards, but for some time she was a terror to the Arabs and their associates. During the first voyage which Mr Young made on the Lake, he came across a slave dau or Arab sailing vessel. As soon as the master saw the *Ilala's* flag, he lowered his sail, and in a few minutes Mr Young had steamed alongside. The missionaries had received instructions to the effect that on no account were they to bring about hostilities. But what if the vessel should prove full of wretched slaves—chained, starving, and brutally treated? Were they to be left to their doom? Fortunately, there were none on board; but in conversation with the crew, Mr Young learned that a living cargo had been taken across not long before. He deemed it expedient to let the master know that the slave-trade was a matter repugnant to the Mission and to civilised nations, and that sooner or later it would be the worse for those engaged in it. So, wherever the little steamer went, from one end of the Lake to the other, she proved a check to the iniquitous trade.

Scarcely a day passed without its record of slaving horrors, and of efforts made to lessen them. One day the chiefs of some villages adjoining the Station, regardless of consequences, actually seized a large number of people among whom were some young men who had been at work on the Mission Station and whose names were on the books. The slave-sticks were put on their necks, and they were marched off to the sea coast. It is horrible to think of such events occurring, one might say, under the very eyes of the missionaries. "It is all very well," wrote Dr Laws, "for you people at home to read about slavery, and shrug your shoulders at the tale of misery and suffering, and at the same time tell us we missionaries must not interfere with the slave-trade in any active way. I grant at once that what you say is true, and that my work is not to put down the slave-trade by the sword; yet I honestly confess I never felt my blood boil as it did to-day, when I heard of this capture, and it would not have taken a great amount of persuasion to make me shoulder my rifle for the defence

of these poor creatures. As for Mr Young, he felt, I suppose, like a caged lion, and for the thousandth time wished he had Government powers, that he might put an end to this horrid traffic in human flesh and blood."

The Arab slave-dealers, of course, began to use all their influence against the Mission. They saw that it was no longer possible to carry on their nefarious traffic with the same freedom as before. For aught they knew, they might be seized themselves, and have to suffer for their misdeeds. If Livingstone occasionally chained the slave-dealers to the ship's cable, or pinned them into their own slave-forks till they had had time to reflect over their cruelty, what might not these eight missionaries do? How could the surrounding villages be harried, and women and children captured, so long as this Mission existed? How could the system go on, when one of the avowed objects of these white men was to probe it to the bottom? With thoughts like these, the Arab slavers and their native allies used their powers, whenever possible, to cripple the Mission, and even talked occasionally of attacking it by force of arms. On one occasion they sent six men to the Station, ostensibly to offer themselves as labourers, but in reality to act as spies, so that full information might be obtained as to the Mission's actions and defensive powers. On Mr Young's suspicions being confirmed, he boldly denounced them, when they left quicker than they arrived. The Arabs, in fact, were so incensed at this settlement of white missionaries that there was no saying when an attack might be made on the Station. In bygone days the Universities' Mission was repeatedly threatened by slave-dealing ruffians, until a precipitate retreat had to be made from Magomero to Chibisa's. Mr Young, however, determined to be prepared beforehand for any such contingencies. He erected a thick, round fort at the back of the Station. It was only a small log one, but it commanded the whole land side of the place, so that any attacking party could be quickly scattered. Readers will be glad to know that it was never needed, as the missionaries were always able, by conciliation and prudent action, to prevent any hostilities—at least until the Arab war of 1887 which was concentrated further north.

But there were other enemies than Arab slave-dealers to be endured. Jackals, hyenas, lions, and other wild animals might be heard screaming and roaring at night. They would occasionally

prowl round the houses in the darkness, anxious for a taste of the goats and fowls, or if possible of the white man's flesh! It could not be altogether pleasant for the missionaries to fall asleep at nights, knowing as they did that a lion might coolly look in at the windows or sit impatiently in the verandah! They were cowardly animals, however, and did not usually appear in the daytime. But precautions had to be taken against snakes, rats, and vermin of all description, which are only too fond of invading huts and houses, both by day and night, and make no exception in the case of mission premises. Snakes, especially, are apt to become a plague, concealing themselves under boxes, or reposing beneath the blankets, or lying coiled among the rafters. Several were killed in the houses on the Mission Station, or when making their way in at the door. As a precaution against such plagues, Mr Young had all the brushwood, trees, and grass cleared away from the immediate neighbourhood of the Station. This helped to keep cobras, vipers, and all snakes at a respectable distance, and thus preserve some comfort in the houses.

The place, we need hardly say, gradually assumed a more civilised and homely appearance. Natives ventured from a distance with provisions and goods for sale, receiving during their sojourn a clear explanation of the objects of the Mission, and a few kind words of help and counsel. Many also began to settle down around the Station, being anxious to receive work or instruction from the white men, and to obtain their protection against Ngoni and Arab raiders. Having spent all their days in a semi-barbarous state, some of these natives were not of the most peaceful disposition, being apt to quarrel among themselves, especially when working. Almost every day there were contentions of some kind to settle; but the missionaries managed, by firmness and forbearance combined, to preserve remarkable order among them. Nowadays, with an excellent British Administration, disputes or offences are treated by native chiefs authorised to hold Courts of Justice, or by magistrates resident in each district. In these early days, however, when no proper civil jurisdiction existed, the missionaries had often, however unwillingly, to decide the disputes of the people or advise them in civil matters; and it is to the lasting credit of our Livingstonia missionaries—whatever may have been said of others—that for fourteen years, until the appointment of a Commissioner, they

succeeded in performing this difficult duty without exercising undue authoritative powers, or leaving their own legitimate sphere as ambassadors of Christ.

Mr Young, with his sea-faring experience, considered it necessary to have the *Ilala* drawn out of the water with a view to repairs and painting. For this purpose he undertook a very heavy piece of work. He set himself to construct a slip, on which the little vessel might be hauled up high and dry. He made it fifty yards long, of hard wood carefully laid, and he built a carriage to pass up it on huge rollers. This was an extraordinary novelty to the natives, reminding us somewhat of the sinking of Dr Paton's well. They had never, of course, seen or heard of such a thing before; and during the undertaking they would occasionally have a conference together, and conclude that the white men had gone out of their minds. The "hauling-up day" was looked forward to with great curiosity. "The natives," says Mr Young, "assembled from all parts, for they heard that the *Ilala* was to come up out of the water, and then all could look at her like a huge stranded fish. To ourselves it was a moment of some anxiety, for with slips, even in the most civilised lands, accidents will happen, and the best regulations of professional engineers do not at times prevail to avert mishaps, such as sticks, wrenches, sinking of ways, and even capsizes. But we were spared all these disappointments, and we had the satisfaction of seeing our beautiful little vessel safely hauled up on the slip without a hitch or strain."* Strange to say, there was no sign whatever of rust on her, although she had been so long in the water.

We must not forget that one member of the Mission party belonged to the Established Church of Scotland, and had been commissioned to obtain a site somewhere near the Lake for a mission station to be planted by that Church. This missionary, Mr Henry Henderson, remained for several months at the Livingstonia Station, where all ecclesiastical differences were forgotten in the one supreme desire to teach the people Christianity. After some time he commenced his search for a suitable spot. At first he thought of a place on the eastern shore of the Lake, near to the point where Livingstone arrived after his journey up the Rovuma River. Later on he turned his attention to the district of Ramakukane, the Makololo chief at the foot of the Cataracts—a position certainly of great importance, being at the head of the river

* "Mission to Nyasa," p. 151.

navigation. Ultimately, however, he discovered a much healthier district in the Shiré Highlands, near to Magomero, where the Universities' Mission was settled for some time. But when the Established Church party arrived in 1876 to commence work, they were so worn-out with sickness and suffering that they were unable to proceed as far as was intended. On arriving at a clump of huts, about thirty miles from the Shiré river, they preferred to remain here, and named the spot Blantyre after Livingstone's birthplace. Though chosen, it may be said, almost by accident, it is a place which has for many months in the year a glorious blue sky, floods of sunshine, a cool, fresh atmosphere, and a temperature no hotter than a mild summer's day at home. Since those days it has become transformed into a little town, with clean red roads, neat brick houses, a magnificent church, and other signs of civilisation. It is one of the chief focuses of European interests to the south of the Lake, as well as the headquarters of the Established Church Mission.

Few would care to be eleven months in a strange land without knowing what had taken place at home during that long time ; yet this was the experience of these Livingstonia missionaries, and we are not surprised to learn that it had rather a depressing effect on them. Either through mismanagement at Kilimane, or unusual delay on the river, the mails were not forwarded as they should have been. At last, at the end of July, 1876, after much disappointment, Dr Laws set out for Kilimane, in the hope of finding the mail there. He had not long gone when bearers arrived with a vast number of letters, which had accumulated for about ten months. The receipt of these removed a heavy weight off the minds of the missionaries. They spent several hours devouring the good news thus brought to them. Since these early days matters have wonderfully changed. The slow and irregular postal service of Mr Young's time developed in a few years into a more reliable system. Letters were carried by the African Lakes' Company to Kilimane, along with the cost of postage stamps, and the British Consul there at once despatched them through the Portuguese Post Office. But in 1891 a regular postal service was established by the British South Africa Company, with several post offices around Lake Nyasa and an office of exchange at Chinde. Letters and parcels are now sent off regularly from this port at the Zambesi mouth, not only to Nyasa, but to

Tanganyika, Mweru, and even the Congo Free State. It is certainly a marvellous change to the days when these Livingstonia pioneers had to exist month after month, with hopes deferred, until it seemed as if the world had forgotten them. If European settlers around Blantyre, with their heaps of newspapers and magazines, their lending library, and their fortnightly delivery of mails, should ever be tempted to complain of their want of communication with the outer world, let them remember the disappointments, the weary waiting, and the comfortless circumstances of the first Livingstonia missionaries.

So far, we have said nothing about direct missionary work, as little of it could be engaged in at first, on account of so many other important matters claiming attention. In addition to what has already been mentioned, an influence had to be gained in the district, the confidence of the natives strengthened, the surrounding regions examined, communication with Kilimane and the outside world established, and a multitude of other things done. But in spite of all these pressing matters, the primary object of the Mission was not forgotten. Whenever opportunity offered, Biblical and other truths were communicated to the people by means of an interpreter. In this work Dr Laws soon proved himself of much service. He managed to convey a good deal of instruction by exhibiting large pictures. Natives ventured to the settlement from all parts, anxious to gaze on these beautiful representations of Bible subjects and other scenes. Some of them had a little difficulty at first in seeing any definite object on the sheet, but by and by their eyes took in the details of the scene, and as figure after figure was exhibited, they would heave a sigh, and express their unbounded astonishment. In this simple and popular way the missionaries were able to explain the Gospel story to these untaught Africans. The following extracts from a letter by Dr Laws will give readers some idea of this elementary work:—

“ *February 13th, 1876.*

“ *Evening.*—My duties for the day are over, and I feel light-hearted now, for I have enjoyed very much a meeting with about twenty negroes or more, squatting round me on the ground, and looking at the pictures in the book on my knee, while Sam, my interpreter, sits beside me; for I cannot yet speak the language or languages. But with the aid of Sam, whom I believe to be

a Christian boy, I speak to them about the beasts, then about their Maker, and then our relationship to Him. They have some idea of God, whom they call *Mulungu*; but so far as I can learn, this is the sum and substance of their theology. Hence they sit and stare with open mouths, while they are taught anything regarding Him.

“Would you like me to describe my congregation? Well, to begin with our church or boys’ hut: It is low, about twelve feet square, having walls of straw, with strips of wood to keep it in its place, and with here and there an opening through which a fowl can force its way. In three of the corners something like bedsteads of branches of trees and rushes are laid. On one of these Sam is seated, while some of the negroes sit on the others. The rest squat on the floor on their haunches, or cross-legs like a tailor. Some old men are present with grey wool on their heads. Most are tattooed in some form or other—the fishermen with three scars down each cheek, the others on the face, arms, and breasts, in the utmost diversity of manner.

“Such then is my congregation. The pictures call attention, and from time to time, as we go over them, some reference is made to *Mulungu*. The series finishes up with the lion, and being all attention then, my sermon is preached to the consciences of these people, with the earnest prayer that some of the truths may be as seed cast into the ground, which may yet produce an abundant harvest.”

One of the first missionary exercises, of course, was the creation of the Christian Sabbath in the district—the drawing out of one day from the heathen confusion and the exactions of toil, and the redeeming of it to a life of rest and peace. Never, in all the ages past, had such an institution been known in these dark and remote regions. The often quoted verse of Cowper applies with singular force—

“ The sound of the church-going bell,
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Ne’er sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.”

Wherever the Gospel goes, however, it creates a Sabbath, whether in the wild wilderness, or among the forests of Madagascar, or on the lonely tempestuous sea, or in the depths of the African Continent. “This is the Day the Lord hath made,” said the

missionaries, "we will rejoice and be glad in it." The natives were taught that other days might be days of the body, days of work, but this was to be a day of the heart and of the mind, when they could meet together to listen to the message of Heaven, and enter into a happier, freer, purer life. Every Sabbath special services were held—the attendance rising to about ninety in little more than a year. The only bell as yet was an axle hung up on a tree, but whenever this was struck as a signal, the natives gathered to hear what the missionaries had to say.

The Mission party were not slow in such direct missionary work; but they realised that the best way in which they could preach the Gospel, for some time at least, was by their kindly and consistent lives. A Christlike life is a living, walking Bible, an "epistle, known and read of all men." Without it, words, remonstrances, pleas are of little avail; with it, such things are not always necessary. In the commencement of this Mission among these degraded tribes, one of the best ways of proclaiming Christ was not by words, but works—not by attractive speeches, but by kind acts. Nothing that the missionaries could say would ever make such an impression as what they *did* and *were*. They knew this and acted accordingly.

The summary of practical work which the writer has given in this chapter—brief and incomplete though it necessarily is—will afford some idea of the good accomplished during the first few months of the Mission's existence. "If any of the good people of Scotland," wrote Mr Young, "wish to know what we have been doing, please tell them we have not been idle. We have, I firmly believe, established a good name, brought peace and safety to many a village, been the means indirectly of saving hundreds from slavery, stopped a war between the Yao and Makololo, and have tried to convince many that there is something to live for beyond this world." A noble record, certainly, and one which deserved the thanks of Christendom!

CHAPTER V

THE NATIVES

IN order to complete the account of the settlement of the Mission, it may be advantageous to make a few observations on the habits and character of the natives.

All the inhabitants of British Central Africa belong to the Bantu race, which is supposed to have driven out or absorbed the antecedent Bushman population about one thousand years ago, and which now extends over the greater part of Africa, from about the Equator as far south as Port Elizabeth. They are divided into many tribes, with chiefs and headmen, and they all differ to some extent in language, habits, and religious ideas.

Those to the south of the Lake, where the Mission was placed, belong in the main, like the inhabitants of the Zambesi and Shiré valleys, to the Nyanja stock, which is the largest and most important of all. They were once numerous and powerful, but being of a singularly docile and timid disposition, they became victims of their predatory neighbours. The early Portuguese on the Zambesi harried them pitilessly; and in the end—before the middle of the century—their independence was completely broken up by hordes of Zulu invaders from the south, and by Arab and Yao ruffians. They were specially crushed by the Yao slave chiefs, who made a conquest of their land straight away. Many of them were sold into slavery, and others took refuge for years in high mountains or among the reeds of the Shiré. When the Mission arrived in the country, the remnant were being cared for, in a measure, by the friendly Makololo, or were living under the domination of the Yao and other powerful and warlike tribes.

All the tribes near the Lake, including the Nyanja, live as a rule in large villages, having hundreds or thousands of inhabitants; while the hill tribes, such as the fierce Ngoni to the west of the Lake, live in small hamlets thickly scattered. The houses or huts are circular, resembling an immense beehive in shape, with walls

of "wattle and daub" and a verandah all round. Adjoining each hut, there is generally a reed enclosure, which communicates with the verandah, and in which the women do almost all their cooking. It is very dark inside the huts, as there are no windows, and the projecting eaves of the roof prevent the light from entering the low door. There are no fenders, or tables, or chairs, or such-like furniture. A wood fire is kept burning continually inside; and as there are no chimneys or holes in the roof, the smoke curls about inside, giving the rafters a dark, shiny appearance, and making the atmosphere more disagreeable than a Glasgow fog. The huts are not planted in rows or in any particular relation to each other, but are put down without any semblance of regularity, and with abundance of room between them. About the middle of the village there is usually a large open space, where public meetings and dances take place, and where judicial cases are tried by the chief or headmen. Here and there among the huts are storehouses for grain, which are large round erections, supported on short legs, so that rats cannot reach them without difficulty. In all parts of the village there are hens and broods of chickens. Small plump, intelligent-looking goats, of different colours—the friendly, complaisant companions of the natives—may be observed sheltering themselves under the verandahs from the burning heat, while a few native dogs lie snarling or sleeping beside them. Little chocolate-coloured children play round the huts with perfect freedom, having no clothes to soil or windows to break or flower-beds to destroy! Or they make clay images to be baked in the sunshine, or throw wooden spears and shoot with tiny bows and arrows. The men, who never enter the huts except to sleep or to obtain shelter in bad weather, may be seen eating their meals outside, or sitting on the door-mat sewing their own or their wives' clothes. They have no struggle for existence, having few wants and no ambition—and consequently they have about them an easy, careless appearance. Not far from the village there are gardens, or banana groves, with a few little boys to scare away the baboons; and beyond the gardens there are clumps of black green forest; while overhead the sky is generally pure cobalt, with white cumulus clouds moving slowly across it.

Family life is quite different from anything European. Marriage is generally by purchase, and the arrangements are often made years beforehand. The price paid varies according to tribal



NATIVE POULTRY-HOUSE.

customs: it may be as small as a few yards of cloth or some dressed skins, or as high as several cows, or a quantity of valuable trade goods, in the case of a chief's daughter. Sometimes marriage is by capture—this being one of the motives leading to wars and slave-raiding. But whatever method is adopted, the native's desire is to obtain as many wives as possible, as the man who has the largest number is the wealthiest and most influential in the native estimation. Hence polygamy is everywhere prevalent. Many have two, four, or six wives, while some chiefs have fifty or more. When the Mission party arrived, Mponda gave one hundred as the number of his wives.

With regard to appearance, the natives are certainly very degraded—not so much now perhaps as when the Mission party arrived among them. At that time many of them round the Lake presented a horrible spectacle. Some had their heads smeared with red clay and grease, which ran down their necks and bodies, increasing the disagreeable odour which they naturally possessed. Some had their ears bored and the holes expanded till pieces of wood about the size of an ordinary cotton-reel could readily be inserted. Some—especially Yao women—had a small piece of ivory or metal thrust through the left wing of the nose. Many had a more startling deformity still in the shape of a huge ring, called the *Pelelé*, in the upper lip—a custom found in other and distant parts of the African Continent. The women especially were fond of this; and not a few preferred it over an inch in diameter, and a smaller one in the lower lip also. Nothing could really be more ugly according to the universal testimony of the missionaries, as it made the lip project until it seemed like a duck's bill, and nothing, we should imagine, could be more inconvenient in eating and drinking; yet it was a very prevalent fashion in those early times, especially among the Nyanja. Tattooing—with charcoal, or some other irritating substance—was also very common in many of the tribes, although not on the same scale as among the inhabitants of the Pacific. It was used by both sexes for tribal marking as well as ornament, and generally took the form of bluish cicatrices arranged in various patterns. The Nyanja people tattooed their forehead, and the Yao their temples also. Some people raised bits of skin, and left them attached by one corner, so that on healing an appearance was produced as if a number of beans had been glued on their faces. At the extreme north of the Lake some of

the people were hardly recognisable as human beings. The men there usually had their heads shaved, and their crowns bedaubed with red pigment—their faces, arms, and legs sometimes sharing in the adornment. Others used a yellow paint; while the women and a few men had their heads, breasts, and arms white-washed, and in this condition presented a hideous picture.

All of them, of course, from one end of the Lake to the other, had little or no dress. A few of them used skins or dresses made of straw, and some had cloth which they made out of bark by first softening it in water, and then beating it out with an ebony hammer; but most of them wore practically nothing. Even when they could procure cloth, half a yard was full dress for a man, and a little more for a woman. The Ngoni had a peculiar dress all their own, and they also wore necklaces of black seeds or shells or animals' teeth as charms to preserve them from danger and give them good fortune. In times of war they donned, as a rule, a huge headgear of black cocks' feathers, and a large kilt of animals' tails or catskins.

The missionaries were, of course, much concerned at the people's primitive dress, or rather want of dress, and instilled into their minds the necessity of proper clothing. They did not require to use much persuasive power, as the people were only too eager to be like the European, in dress as in everything else. When Mr Young "constructed" a garment of calico for one of the Mission girls, she became the envy of all her sex in the district. In fact, so anxious were the people for clothing of any kind, that the women begged the empty coal-bags from the *Ilala*, cut a hole in the end for their head and side ones for their arms, and walked about with these, considering them excellent outfits!

But shocking though the appearance of the natives was, the missionaries found that they were by no means *savages*, like the natives of Polynesia or similar regions. As a rule, the only things to be seen about them suggesting a warlike character were the assegais or bows and arrows which each man carried; but such weapons were not so much used, perhaps, for purposes of war, as for protection against beasts of prey and for hunting game. When unmolested by Arab slavers and Portuguese oppressors, the natives were not so uncivilised as might be imagined. In such cases they were better than many English people thought, having a good disposition, high intellectual powers, strong emotions of

tenderness and sympathy, great bravery and devotedness, as well as other excellent qualities.

By the time the missionaries arrived among them, these tribes of Nyasa had discovered and developed many useful industries, equal in some respects to those of civilised countries. They knew nothing, of course, of the coal which has now been found in the West Shiré district and round the northern half of the Lake, or of the gold, both quartz and alluvial, which is reported to exist in some parts of Nyasaland. Nor were they aware of the high value of their soil and climate for the growth of coffee and other productions so largely cultivated now. But they had excellent indigenous industries, such as the weaving of cotton cloth, the smelting of iron and the making of iron implements. As the cotton plant grows wild or semi-wild over most of the country, a good deal of weaving was carried on, especially west of the Lake and in South Ngoniland—an industry which has now been almost killed by the large importation of European calico. The cloth made was much coarser than the finely woven texture of European civilisation, but it was very substantial and sometimes beautifully ornamental. The people made admirable baskets of all sizes and shapes, some of which were tightly plaited and smeared with rubber-like juice, so as to be impervious to water. They had iron mines at several places near the Lake—iron ore being nearly everywhere abundant in Nyasaland—and they had their own blacksmiths, who smelted the metal in clay furnaces by means of charcoal, and made it into useful implements or into weapons of war. They were also acquainted with brass, which must have reached them from European or Indian traders on the east coast. They worked this amalgam into all manner of things, first fusing it in forges, and then using it to ornament spear handles, or hammering it out into bracelets and necklets. On the Lower Shiré and Zambesi the brass work was remarkably fine. Many of the people lived as fishermen on the Lake shore, and made a good livelihood by this means, as the Lake contains a great quantity of fish.

Nearly all the inhabitants devoted much time to agriculture, growing crops of maize, millet, pumpkins, beans, sweet potatoes, and such like. The system on which they proceeded was certainly not of the best, as it consisted mainly in cutting down the trees, burning them in the dry season, and then digging the ashes into the soil. The next year this section of land was abandoned, and

another treated in the same way. This was a wasteful and ruinous method, tending naturally to the gradual deforesting of the country. But they would undoubtedly have been more skilful agriculturists if they had only enjoyed freedom from continual warfare and the devastations of slave-traders, instead of having to live under the wretched and harried circumstances that had existed in the country for about two hundred years. They did not possess many goats or sheep, but they all kept an abundance of poultry, and at the north end of the Lake, the Konde tribe—who were the best agriculturists of all, because they enjoyed undisturbed peace—had also large herds of cattle, and consequently an abundance of milk and beef.

Such were some of their industries and occupations. But what about their religious ideas? These, alas! were not many, and were of the poorest kind. There is a story among them that when man was born into the world, God sent two messengers to him—the Chameleon with a message of life, endless, glorious life, and the Salamander with a message of death. But the latter outran the former, and hence death entered into the world and was everywhere proclaimed before any message of life could arrive. It is but a legend of Central Africa, but it contains some truth. The message of death and misery had indeed reached the tribes of Nyasaland, and had been with them for untold generations, but the message of life and happiness had never come. Heaven's life to them was an idle dream, and God was an almost unknown person.

The Lake tribes, among whom the missionaries commenced their work, had a peculiar and pathetic religion—a mixture of polytheism, pantheism, and monotheism. They had innumerable gods, although they had no idols. The spirit of every deceased man or woman—except wizards and witches—was a god. At the same time, they believed in a higher Deity or Supreme Spirit, although each tribe generally identified him with some great dead chief, or associated him with a particular mountain or cave. To every god, high or low, they gave the name *Mulungu*—the common word for God over the eastern half of Bantu Africa. As a rule, they conducted their worship through the chiefs or headmen, who were the recognised high priests, and who generally presented prayers and offerings at the verandah of the dead man's house, or under some beautiful tree. When for instance the

land was thirsting for rain, the chief, in presence of a vast assembly, would present flour, beer, and fowls to the god of some mountain on whose summit the dark rain clouds were supposed to rest. The people would then throw water into the air and pray for rain, in the belief that they were appeasing *Mulungu* and procuring his favour. If they could only reach him, they thought, across the mysterious portals of the grave, he would be sure to help them. In the same way they appealed to the spirits when starting on a long journey, or engaging in war, or going on a hunting expedition, or in cases of sickness, famine, and such like. Some of these Lake tribes had also a belief in the transmigration of the soul, holding that the gods or spirits often appeared in animal form—the spirits of cruel men entering into serpents, hyenas, leopards, or other wild animals for purposes of mischief, and those of good men into domestic ones.

Truly, they were in the gall of bitterness through gross superstitions, having some notion of a Supreme Being, but ignorant of His true character. They were scarcely any better, in regard to religious ideas, than the pigmies who were found by Stanley in the great Congo forest, and who appealed to some unknown Being in their moments of sadness and terror. "Oh Yer!" said these forest dwellers, "if thou dost really exist, why dost thou leave us so? Thou hast made us, wherefore dost thou not speak to us?" In Nyasaland there were, and still are, millions in an almost similar condition of ignorance, destitute of all knowledge of God, the slaves of the most absurd and wicked superstitions, led away by the darkest and most futile forms of worship, ignorant of themselves, ignorant of God, ignorant of Heaven, and without Christ or any hope of a better hereafter.

Worst of all, perhaps, their religion was mixed up with the constant dread of evil spirits. They believed that most of the mountains and thick black forests were haunted by these terrible beings, and many were the efforts made to propitiate them with fowls and pots of flour. They ascribed all calamities, diseases, and deaths, unless from accident or in warfare, to witchcraft or occult influence. As a rule, when a native died, the witch-finder—generally a woman—was sent for. This magician would then set herself to discover the evil-disposed wizard or witch—called *Mfiti*—whose secret spells and charms had caused the death. She would stay for some time in the village, making observations

upon everyone and endeavouring to track the offender, and in the end would fix either upon someone who had a grudge against the deceased, or more probably upon some poor depraved individual who was in the habit of rifling graves and devouring putrified human flesh. After performing various rites and absurd incantations, including a wild and fantastic dance, she would then denounce this person in the presence of the assembled villagers, professing to have discovered the matter by supernatural means. The unfortunate individual thus accused would then have to submit to the *Muavi* ordeal as a test of innocence or guilt—the *Muavi* being a poison prepared from the triturated bark of a certain tree (*Erythrophloeum guineense*). If the wretched stuff should be vomited, the individual would be considered innocent. If, however, it should happen to remain in the stomach, woe betide the poor creature, now found guilty of being in league with the evil spirits and compassing the death of people by occult means! The surrounding crowd, seized with murderous madness, would lynch the convicted person in the most violent manner, and subsequently burn the body, or hang it on a tree for the vultures. They would take good care—poor, deluded wretches!—that this bewitcher, at least, could no longer assume the form of a jackal or hyena and visit the graves by night, summoning the dead by the names of their childhood, and then cooking their flesh and eating it!

There were many other superstitions, too, even more frightful. The *Muavi* ordeal was bad enough, but worse things took place. People have been shocked to hear of the Ashantee sacrifices, in which hundreds of human victims were ruthlessly killed, or of Ashantee funerals, at which it was usual to wet the grave by the blood of other human beings, who were slain unsuspectingly, and rolled into the grave with the corpse. But this is no worse, perhaps, than what took place in Nyasaland, almost under the eyes of the missionaries. If a chief or rich man died, it was the usual custom in some districts to seize a number of his slaves—sometimes a hundred—and put them in gori-sticks. They would afterwards be mercilessly slaughtered, and buried in the same grave with their master, so that they might accompany him in his journey to the spirit world. Such deeds of cruelty and blood were so mixed up with the habits and customs of the people that they produced no great sensation. In Britain, if a father murders

some of his relatives, if a brother puts a sister to death, if one person poisons another, a thrill of horror passes through the community, and the public voice is lifted up in loud and terrible denunciations. But if some proprietor were to slay a hundred of his dependants and bury them amid revolting rites, no language could express the horror with which such a monster would be regarded. But in Nyasaland such deeds were so common not many years ago that they failed to make any impression on the community, and were regarded as actions of merit rather than of infamy.

Between cruelty, witchcraft, divination, charms, *Muavi* ordeals, spirit worship, and similar religious practices, the natives of Nyasaland had a pitiable existence. Their wars and slavery were dreadful—God only knows the record of them!—but these dark, fiendish, tormenting superstitions were infinitely worse, because bound up with their very life. They entered, as almost the only religion, into all their social functions, dogging them like some horrid incubus to the day of their death.

One cannot think of these terrible facts without being reminded of the dense spiritual ignorance of the world when left to its own devices. The record has been essentially the same in every heathen land, from the snow-clad hills of Greenland to the sunny slopes of Polynesia, and in every age of the world's history. Apart from the God of the Bible, men have been deluded into the most absurd and revolting notions on the subject of religion, in spite of their innate sense of a Divine Being, and their constant consciousness of dependence on Him. Down all the ages to the present time, so frightful have been the abysses of depravity, the intolerable cruelty, the extravagances of nameless lust associated with religion, that if the veil were fully lifted, Christendom could not bear the story. Gibbon—who regarded everything with passionless, unprejudiced mind—has given us a slight but fearfully significant picture of the licentious religion which prevailed in the ancient world. It is the same still. In all places untouched by the light of Heaven, men are living and moving in a festering spiritual morass, poisonous, maleficent, and rank with corruption.

What humanity needs amid all this dense spiritual ignorance is the divine truth of Christianity, bringing with it a saving knowledge of God, and producing a radical revolution in the thoughts and

feelings of men. There is no other power from which restoration can proceed—there is nothing else that can free men from Satanic delusion and uplift them to a nobler life. Nothing but the Gospel of Christ can avail against such a tumultuous flood of evil. No mere earthly power, whether of philosophy or civilisation or society, can stem the torrent, any more than a man can check the rapids of Niagara, or resist the suck of a whirlpool. Only Christianity can avail. Its unique, its imperative, its affectionate message, straight from the heart of the Infinite, and revealing His transcendent holiness of spirit and His marvellous self-sacrifice on Calvary's Cross—this, and nothing else, can destroy the religious barbarism and pollution of the world. Only let it be proclaimed to all men and obtain perfect supremacy in the world, and the fetid darkness of heathenism will vanish, and there will be found in Africa and everywhere else a society as free from degrading notions as the Sermon on the Mount.

So far we have referred to the social and religious condition of the natives. But what must be said about their moral life? If their religion was cruel and repulsive, could their morality be any better? Whatever modern deists, rationalists, and infidels may say about the independence of morality and religion, such a thing is an idle delusion. True religion is the back-bone of morality; and a degrading religion, such as we have described, is the mother of immorality and vice. Only he who is true to the God of the Bible can be true to himself and his fellow-men; and he who is ignorant of such a Being is not likely to recognise any binding obligations to man, except on purely selfish and utilitarian grounds. What, then, must be said regarding the moral life of these natives?

On the whole it was very bad. Stuart Mill has declared that "man is naturally a lover of dirt, a sort of wild animal, craftier than the other beasts, to whom the most criminal actions are not more unnatural than most of the virtues." However we may regard it, this statement might be applied to the natives of Central Africa. Some of them undoubtedly show beautiful traits of a finer character than one would at first be led to suppose, being likeable and teachable, and in general, kind and trustworthy. Nevertheless, the most criminal actions were of common occurrence among them. A few years ago the world was startled by hearing of "Darkest England," with its sunken tenth of 3,000,000. A veritable shock was experienced when men realised the sin, the

corruption, the breaking hearts that existed so near their own doors. But if this be Darkest England, what can be said of Darkest Africa before any missionaries ventured thither? What can be said of it even yet? Livingstone and Stanley have told us something—so have our missionaries; but the full amount of iniquity and corruption, who can tell?

As we understand morality, the natives had little conception of it. In the matters of everyday life it was almost unknown. Theft or falsehood, when undetected, was considered an evidence of skill and ingenuity, and by no means a fault.

But few things, perhaps, better show the moral degradation of these natives than their evil dances and their "Initiation Ceremonies." These ceremonies were great events. They consisted in the young people being put under the care of some old, experienced individual, by whom they were taken to the bush, at some distance from the village, where temporary huts had been erected for them. There they were kept in semi-seclusion for several days, or in some cases for a month or more, to be instructed in the duties of social and domestic life. There is no doubt that some good advice was given to them. They were warned against selfishness, and instructed in the customs of their particular tribe, and in their duties towards the community; but much of the advice was of a highly pernicious character, leading to unspeakable moral evils. In connection with this instruction there were special dances, accompanied by a large amount of vice, and performed amid drunken revelry. Both the ceremonies and the dances connected with them were of a mysterious nature. They were never thrust on the notice of the white man. In fact, they have seldom or never been witnessed by a European, our only knowledge of them being derived from the trustworthy accounts of educated natives.

In referring to these and other moral evils that existed in Central Africa, it may be objected that they are not much worse, perhaps, than what occurs in many countries professedly Christian. We admit this. The history of Christian countries often presents a similar picture of moral corruption. We have but to think of the state of the Latin Christians in the fifth century, as described by Silvanus, who charges them with every vice, and puts them below the barbarians in regard to morality; or of the condition of Catholic France, under Louis XIV. and XV.; or of the large

capitals of Europe and America in our own days. In some respects most diabolical sins are found in so-called Christian lands, and apostasy from Christianity may be said to be worse than heathenism. But these things, it must be remembered, are brought out so palpably, because of the contrast with Christianity; and, in addition, there remains this radical difference: the heathen corruptions, which we have referred to, were produced and sanctioned by the religious ideas of the people; while Christian nations are corrupt in direct opposition to Christianity, which possesses the highest system of morals, and acts as an elevating and purifying power.

Let us not, therefore, put the morality of these natives higher than it should be. Only God knows how bad it was. Let the reader think seriously of it. Apart from their habits and industries, let him think of the utter wretchedness of their condition—spiritual as well as moral. He will better understand this if he can but understand what the power of darkness is, for under its domination they lived and suffered. We have read of the salt mines of Cracow, where human beings were doomed to live and toil from week to week, and year to year, and never get a glimpse of the sun. The unearthly glare of the torches flashed its red light upon the walls. There were black lakes lying in the gloom. There were dark murmuring rivers rolling amid the caves. But there were no flowers, no bright landscape, no blue sky. All there was the power of darkness. Shift the picture to Nyasaland, for it is but a picture of that country, and of every other heathen country without a knowledge of a Saviour. The faculties and imaginations of these natives were working in a pitiable and profound darkness, unblessed by any rays of Gospel light. Strange and terrible superstitions, fiendish practices, and fearful social evils followed them from birth to death, but no ray from the sun of righteousness had reached them—no news of an inheritance of the saints in light had come to them. It was a darkness worse than that of the forest of the Aruwimi, a darkness that could be felt, in which strange evil powers held dominion, and where the only music heard was the bitter groaning of crushed and helpless human beings. Sensual and selfish Arabs, the children of the desert, had invaded the land, only making the darkness deeper and the curse more grievous.

Such was the condition of the people when the Livingstonia

missionaries settled among them. Now, at last, the Dayspring from on high was to visit them, to deliver them from the kingdom of darkness. They had been sunken deeper, infinitely deeper than the submerged tenth of England, but they were to be raised. And it was to be done, not by mere culture or civilisation or any earthly agency, but by the Gospel of the grace of God. He who heard the groaning of the slaves in Egypt, who emptied Himself of His glory and gave His life a ransom for men, had stretched out his hand to the sons of Nyasa, and stepped in for their deliverance. "Other sheep, I have," he said, "which are not of this fold: them also I must bring; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

CHAPTER VI

REINFORCEMENTS AND PROGRESS

THE Mission party had landed at Nyasa, had established the Station, and had made arrangements for work; but there was room for extension. Accordingly, on the 20th of May 1876, twelve months after this first party left the shores of Britain, the Committee at home sent out a reinforcement of four, viz. :—Rev. William Black, M.B., C.M.; Mr John Gunn, *Agriculturist*; Mr Robert S. Ross, *Engineer and Blacksmith*; and Mr Archibald C. Miller, *Weaver*.

These were all earnest, consecrated men, on whose hearts the name of Christ was written in large characters. Dr Black had been for some time assistant to Dr Lyell, of the Glasgow Medical Missionary Society. His heart was deeply set on the evangelisation of Central Africa. Only a year before his appointment to Livingstonia he had sailed to Bombay as ship surgeon, and while there had received tempting offers of professional advancement; but he was too much bent on Africa to be turned aside by these temporal inducements. He thought for Africa, read for Africa, and schemed for Africa. The three tradesmen who were appointed along with him, according to his own testimony, were “splendid fellows, able-bodied, well educated, but better still—humble, good, kind, and pious.”

A valedictory meeting was held in the Free Church College Hall, Glasgow, on the 25th of April, prior to the departure of this second expedition. The Rev. Principal Douglas occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance, among those present being Miss Livingstone, sister of the illustrious traveller. At this meeting Dr Black was presented with two valuable cases of surgical instruments; and the proceedings were rendered doubly interesting by the exhibition during the evening of a model of the hut in which Dr Livingstone died—made by one of his faithful attendants—the great traveller’s Bible, his last note-book, a small pencil used by him

in taking notes, his revolver, and a number of native weapons—all these articles having been lent by his sister. Another meeting, in connection with the Sabbath Schools' Missionary Association, was held in the Barony Free Church, Glasgow, of which Dr Black was a member. The children, with whom he was always a great favourite, had expended upwards of £100 in the purchase of a well-furnished medicine-chest, a magic lantern, a photographic apparatus, and a pocket Bible. These were now presented to him in presence of a large and enthusiastic gathering of young and old. In heartily thanking the "dear bairns," Dr Black mentioned that he had received smaller presents from not a few quarters. One was from a little boy, poor and ragged, who handed him a "glass bool," and said with much feeling, "Tak' this if it's ony use tae ye." Poor little fellow! He did what he could, and had some interest in the world beyond his own personal concerns. There was also a farewell meeting in the Free High Church, Edinburgh, at which the venerable Dr Duff presided; and Dr Black, in this his last appearance at home, spoke with much enthusiasm on the life-work on which he was about to enter. Little did he think that he was parting with many whom he would not see again on earth, and that in a few months he would be called to higher service!

This second company also included Dr Macklin and five artisan-missionaries sent out by the Established Church to the projected settlement at Blantyre. One of these artisans was Mr John Buchanan, the introducer of coffee culture into British Central Africa. After leaving the service of the Mission in 1880, he became Acting-Consul for Nyasaland, then Vice-Consul at Blantyre, and in return for his labours received a C.M.G. in 1890. At the time of his death in 1896, he was still by far the most considerable coffee planter in British Central Africa. In this company there were also Mr H. B. Cotterill, son of Bishop Cotterill of Edinburgh, an artist named Mr Thelwall, and two others, who were all going up the Shiré independent of the Mission, and for a different but laudable purpose. Mr Cotterill was proceeding to the Lake region to commence legitimate commerce. For some time he had been one of the masters at Haileybury College, where he had read Livingstone's works, and shuddered at the horrors of slavery. As an outlet for his feelings, he had been recommended by Sir Bartle Frere to write on the

subject ; but he felt that it was only by action that anything could be done. He became convinced of the truth of Livingstone's advice to introduce legitimate trade, and accordingly he accompanied this Livingstonia expedition with this object in view, in the hope of doing something thereby to extinguish the slave-trade. The boys at Harrow School, where he was once a master, had subscribed £400, with which they had provided a fine boat, the *Herga*, for his use on the Lake.

On behalf of the Free Church, Dr Murray Mitchell and Sir John Cowan (Convener of the Edinburgh Committee for raising funds) proceeded to London to make all necessary arrangements for the comfort and success of the party, and to see them fairly off. Rev. Dr Macrae, of Hawick, was present to represent the Established Church. "They went forth," says Dr Mitchell, "in a spirit of simple devotedness and faith, rejoicing that the Lord had been pleased to send them 'far hence unto the Gentiles.' We gazed with the deepest interest on the steamer, the *Windsor Castle*, as she left us. A magnificent vessel she looked, as she proudly bore away, carrying the messengers of peace to far-off Africa, amid a flood of sunshine that reminded me of the cloudless splendour of a day in India, and emblematic of the light of God's countenance, which has rested hitherto on everything connected with the Livingstonia Mission, and which, we trust and pray, may so continue to rest throughout all time to come."

Dr Stewart was now able to leave Lovedale for some time, and undertake pioneering work at Livingstonia ; and so by arrangement of the Committee, he joined the whole party at Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, his place at Lovedale being taken by the Rev. John Buchanan, minister at Durban. He took with him four native Kaffir assistants, who had been carefully trained, viz. —William Koyi, Shadrach Ngunana, A. Mapas Ntintili, and Isaac Williams Wauchope. He had made an appeal at a solemn meeting of native pupils for volunteers for Livingstonia, when fourteen declared themselves willing to go. These four were chosen from the number, and were liberally provided with all necessaries by the generous hearted colonists in the district. They certainly made a worthy gift from South to Central Africa.

Including the Free and Established Church missionaries from Scotland, the native evangelists from Lovedale, the merchants,

and others, this second party up to Lake Nyasa was a large one. They were detained at Port Elizabeth for a long time, waiting for the *Ansgarius*, a Swedish missionary ship, specially chartered for them. But in the meantime an enthusiastic meeting was held in the Town Hall to welcome them, to express sympathy with the objects of the Mission, and to thank God for the success already accomplished. There had been an excellent meeting of the same kind at Cape Town; but this one surpassed it in interest and eloquence. The chair was taken by Mr William Dunn, M.P., and the gathering was not only spontaneous, hearty, and earnest, but was one of the largest that had ever assembled in Port Elizabeth, clearly indicating that South Africa, like England and Scotland, was deeply interested in the Christianisation and evangelisation of Nyasaland.

The *Ansgarius* sailed with them in July, taking them to Kilimane, the capital of Portuguese Zambesia. Their route now lay along the Kwakwa river to the Zambesi, involving a tedious boat journey of several days through a most uninteresting part of the country, infested by mosquitoes and other venomous insects, and afterwards a journey of four miles overland to Mazaro on the Zambesi—a point which any of the river steamers can now reach easily from the Chinde entrance in one and a half or two days. They had not proceeded far when their progress was almost checked by the desertion of a large number of canoemen and boatmen. They were also in danger of being robbed, and an armed guard was found to be necessary. But these difficulties passed away without anything more serious than the loss of a little calico.

In the meantime Mr Young was making preparations for receiving this second band of missionaries at Cape Maclear. He resolved to go down from the Lake to the lower end of the Murchison Cataracts to give them a hearty British welcome. He started on the 12th August, not knowing how soon they might arrive. On reaching the head of the Cataracts he left the steamer there in charge of Dr Laws, and made his way down to Matiti at the foot, walking a distance of about seventy miles over a very bad tract in the face of a blazing hot sun. Here he was disappointed at receiving no news of the party, being unaware that they had not yet commenced their inland journey. But he spent some time in erecting a large shed to contain their stores

on arrival, and also paid a long visit to Ramakukane, the neighbouring Makololo chief. After this he set himself to prevent an attack on the people by a large body of Ngoni Zulus, who had come down from the hills for this purpose. By boldly visiting these warriors in their own camp, and exercising a kindly spirit, he managed to completely pacify them, and became the talk of the whole district for having remained unterrified in their presence.

Then there followed a long wearisome time of waiting on Dr Stewart's party, accompanied by days of scorching heat and distressing attacks of fever. It would have been more wearisome still, if it had not been for the continued kindness of the Makololo, who attended to his every want and treated him as a second Livingstone. After weeks of this anxious waiting, varied by fever and other discouraging circumstances, this persevering officer felt his strength thoroughly gone, and fearing that he would be useless to himself and to Dr Stewart's party on their arrival, he resolved to return to the *Ilala*, and made arrangements accordingly. Happily, however, on 2nd October, when just about to leave, he received information that Dr Black had reached the Ruo in safety with the first part of the expedition, and that Dr Stewart was not far behind. Next day at sunset he had the inexpressible joy of meeting the party, and giving them an enthusiastic welcome.

The missionaries of the Established Church who were going to Blantyre now separated from the company and proceeded eastward on a two days' journey to their destination, while the Livingstonia party proceeded onward to the head of the Cataracts in two detachments, with about 500 carriers each, followed by Mr Cotterill, who required more time owing to the transport of his heavy steel boat. Before the first detachment, under Mr Young, commenced their journey, he addressed the vast multitude of carriers and on-lookers—about 1500 altogether—as he had done a year before. “I told the interpreter to say to them that we were now going to call on the one living and true God, to thank Him for His mercy to us hitherto, and to pray that He would bless us in what still lay before us to do. Dr Black led us in singing the missionary hymn, and I requested all to keep silence: then we held service together. I think it will be many a day before my comrades forget the reverent awe and silence of the moment.”

The carriers then began their hot climb among the steeps and boulders of the Cataracts. It is wonderful what an extraordinary power of endurance the natives have. They can carry a load of fifty pounds on their head with great ease, walking twenty miles a day at a brisk pace and under a burning sun, without any signs of succumbing. They can climb mountains better even than the Highlanders of Scotland—some of them being veritable goats in nimbleness and sureness of foot. They can crawl up the face of a rock with fifty pounds' weight on their heads, holding the load with one hand and clutching at projections with the other. The carriers employed with this second expedition performed their journey of nearly seventy miles in three days and two hours, in spite of their heavy loads.

From the head of the Cataracts the *Ilala* carried each of the detachments to Cape Maclear, and landed them safely at the Mission Station. The following interesting account by Dr Stewart of this journey is worth reading, especially his description of the great chief Mponda:—"We went on board the *Ilala* on Thursday, 19th October. There were twenty-five in all in the ship, and she was filled up with stores and wood for the voyage. We sailed at sunrise, and the change from our former slow progression with oar and pole, tugging all day against the strong current of the Shiré, was a great and pleasant relief. The following day, at three, we arrived at Mponda's, and anchored. He is the most powerful chief on the upper Shiré. Mr Young and I went ashore to visit him. I found Mponda a younger man than I expected, perhaps about forty. He was exceedingly friendly, but not quite sober, though it was only the third hour of the afternoon. He is, like many other African chiefs, a great beer-drinker. We made our stay short, gave our present, and came away. What disappointed me most in my visit was the many traces of Arab influence and Arab civilisation, such as it is. We cannot wonder that he has taken what they have brought, as it was better than anything he had. They have been his teachers; and so much the greater a pity. There were several good, large square houses in the village. His own house had high doors, the posts and lintels of which were carved with that debased style of ornament, common everywhere among the Arabs. Degraded and very ugly negroes from the coast, with small straw fezes stuck on the crowns of their badly-shapen heads, and wearing greasy Arab

dresses, were lounging about the entrance to Mponda's house. They carried old flint muskets, the barrels of which were polished as bright as abundance of grease and much rubbing could make them; and they comported themselves with the air of armed men of a higher caste than those about them. There were many good faces in the crowd of villagers who stood and squatted round about us, that they might stare to the full at their new visitors. I was not much gratified with the result of our visit, but I would be wrong to represent Mponda as otherwise than very friendly to us at present, despite, no doubt, of much which these dealers in flesh and blood must say to prejudice him against us. He was very friendly, and smote on his heart again and again, and with his little finger clasped mine and pulled hard in token of everlasting friendship! But as this was due probably to the good nature and exhilaration which strong beer is apt to produce, perhaps we had better not reckon this as of much account.

"We anchored for the night in a bight on the edge of the Lake, and at dawn next morning we steamed into the Lake itself. The custom on board the steamer is to have morning worship after starting, when the first steam in the boiler is getting low. The engines are stopped for a few minutes, and we gather forward. At Mr Young's request we sang 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' and all joined with a heartiness and fervour which the peculiar associations of the place and the hour helped no doubt to heighten. We rounded a small island off Cape Maclear at 12.30, and immediately came in sight of the settlement, distant about five miles. It was not much to look at either far off or near at hand, but the germs of things are often insignificant."

On 2nd November, a few days after the arrival of Dr Stewart's party, Mr Young left by arrangement for England, as his leave from the Admiralty expired in a few months. After much handshaking with friends, white and black, he bade adieu to the memorable scene of his manifold labours and triumphs. Having visited the Established Church Station at Blantyre, he made his way to Kilimane. Here he missed the monthly mail steamer, which started before her time without even communicating with the shore; and he had consequently to remain for a still further period, suffering at the same time from a severe attack of fever. The day before the next steamer was due he made his way to the signal-

station at the mouth of the river, where he found himself among many discomforts. After remaining several days under such harassing circumstances, he gave up all hopes of any mail steamer calling, and ultimately arranged with the captain of a Norwegian schooner to land him at some port in South Africa. He reached Cape Town on 3rd January 1877, where he was received with great distinction and delivered a public address to an interested audience. On his return to the shores of Britain in February he met with a most hearty and honourable welcome. He had completed the noble and hazardous work undertaken in the cause of Christianity and common humanity. He had been the leader of the Livingstonia advanced guard, had introduced the missionaries to the unknown shores of Nyasa, had seen them established properly, and had opened a pathway into the interior of Africa, by which the deathblow could be given to slavery, and the seeds of Christianity sown where barbarism reigned supreme—an achievement, as the venerable Dr Duff said, “without a rival or parallel in the history of missions.” It was his third great effort for Africa, and was more beneficent, more thrilling, more sublime, as well as more triumphant by far than any of his previous ones. It need hardly be said that, on his return, he laboured most energetically on behalf of the Mission. Although his special *forte* was action, not speaking, he addressed meetings in all the chief towns of Scotland, being reticent only on one point, viz., his own share of the enterprise. In Edinburgh and other places, when he rose to speak, the audience stood for several minutes and cheered vociferously. His simple unvarnished tale, given in a racy manner, and conveying vivid pictures of native life, made a powerful impression, and stirred the hearts of many people.

The general management of the Mission and authority over all its operations now devolved for a time upon Dr Stewart. If Mr Young, with his admirable skill, energy, and courage, his philanthropic zeal for enslaved Africa, and his kind Christian disposition, had made an excellent leader and fulfilled the very high expectations formed regarding him, Dr Stewart could not be said to fall short of him. Under his guidance, and with his far-seeing missionary enthusiasm, the party began to work with increased life and hopefulness. “If I had hitherto been the adze,” says Mr Young, “to roughly hew the project of

Livingstonia into shape, with him now lay the part of the chisel to cut out the sharper lines." And no one could do this difficult part better than Dr Stewart. The carrying out of the arrangements which he made at this time and the adoption of his proposals have had much to do with the present successful state of the Mission.

He was not altogether satisfied with the site chosen, believing it to be unhealthy, and too confined, but he set himself enthusiastically to work. The Mission had still to be laid on its course. It did not require the alteration of many points, but it required some, and these he gave it. As soon as possible he made important improvements on the station, such as the building of additional houses, the cultivation of some of the surrounding land, and the laying out of gardens and roads. He greatly improved the station in many other ways which space forbids us to mention; and he did everything with the express object of benefiting the natives, and clearing the way for the spread of the Gospel. The result was that the population around the Mission Station rose to 127 in September 1877, and 347 in December 1878, and about 500 in 1881.

Out of this large population there were many fugitive slaves, who were glad to obtain the protection of the white man. Previous to the establishment of the Mission, there was little hope of slaves escaping from their cruel oppressors. To flee from one village was only to be captured at another. But now, with this "city of refuge" accessible, they had every encouragement to regain their freedom. Poor, wretched, starving creatures some of them were, with the marks of the lash on their bodies, and their shoulders excoriated by the heavy yoke. They fled, through swamps and jungle, to the only place of safety—where the British flag floated over Cape Maclear—and always received the protection they craved, so long as no report of any criminal action was brought against them. They would have fled to the Station in larger numbers still, were it not for the idea implanted in their minds by the Arab that they would be immediately killed and eaten by the white man. As it was, many came, despite this fiction, and not only received freedom from the gori-stick and its cruel accompaniments, but heard of something better still—

“ A liberty
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away,
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more—
The liberty of heart derived from heaven.”

Besides runaway slaves, there were many in the Mission population who were fugitives from the cruelty and oppression of their chiefs or others. One morning, for instance, in August 1878, two men belonging to Ngoniland, presented themselves at the Station asking permission to live with the “English.” One of them stated that he possessed a very good-looking wife, whom his chief had fancied and taken away from him. As he was very angry at this, the chief had wrought enchantments against him with the object of making him forget her. Under these circumstances, he thought it best to put himself under the protection of the Mission. As he bore a good character, according to natives who knew him, and was prepared to work steadily, he was allowed to remain. The other man was an Ngoni counsellor, who had differed with his chief and incurred his displeasure. Learning from a private source that there was a deep plot to take his life, he resolved to flee to the “English.” Accompanied by his two wives, three children, two brothers, their wives, and a sister-in-law—eleven in all—they secretly took their departure. They walked very quickly till they reached the village of a subordinate chief, Nunkumba, but as they were leaving his place, a sudden rush was made on them, and with the exception of this man who managed to escape, all of them were seized.

Numerous examples of a similar kind might be given. Almost every day some application was made by natives who were glad to escape from brutal persecutors, from dire oppression, or from the evils of polygamy. On one occasion, in 1879, there were hundreds of refugees from Mlomba, who had left their homes through dread of being forced into Mponda’s service while one of his caravans was passing their village. They brought with them all their possessions, which necessitated many days’ labour. Much care, of course, was necessary in receiving all who sought protection, lest the Mission settlement should become a huge cave of Adullam, composed largely of the discontented people of the district. It was right to receive persons who had fled to escape brutality or

death ; but sometimes individuals applied who merely fancied that they had a grievance, or who wished to escape from the hands of justice. Many a woman ran away because she did not like her husband, or because he would not sew her clothes ! Careful enquiry had to be made into the circumstances of all applying for admission, so that no undeserving or evil-disposed individual might receive shelter. Only those who fled from slavery, cruelty, and injustice were welcomed.

Occasionally attempts were made to capture and sell certain individuals living under the protection of the Mission, but such audacious ventures were generally nipped in the bud, and were not allowed to pass unheeded. One evening in 1878, a young man named Kaondo, who lived on the Station, was seized and bound at an adjoining village, to which he had gone to purchase food, and was sold as a slave with the view of being transported across the Lake. Next morning Mr Riddell was despatched in a boat with a crew of natives to enquire into the matter. He had not been long gone when Kaondo appeared at the Station, having during the night extricated himself from the gori-stick. He had been left outside a hut, with his hands and feet bound together, and the heavy stick on his neck, but through dint of perseverance he had torn away the bands with his teeth and had then cut the fastenings of the stick with his knife. If it had not been for this timely escape, he would soon have found himself on his way to the coast. Mr Riddell succeeded in tracing the seizure to a headman named Chualo. This man, on being charged with it, was quite indignant that he should be interfered with for selling a slave. Seeing, however, that his indignation was no source of alarm, he tried to prove that Kaondo was not a resident at the Station. This also failed him ; and ultimately he was handed over to his chief and counsellors, who were friendly to the Mission, that they might deal with him. If it had not been for the prompt action of the missionaries in such cases, it would have been quite unsafe for them to send natives unprotected to neighbouring villages.

Not long after Dr Stewart arrived the work at Cape Maclear was interrupted by some of the Mission staff being drafted off to give temporary assistance to the Established Church settlement at Blantyre, distant 150 miles. "On one of the last days of December 1876," says Dr Stewart, "Dr Laws and myself were

proceeding down the river Shiré in the *Ilala*. Towards sunset we observed a native running down to the river bank. Though he was distant, we saw that he carried a letter, tied in the fashion of the country, within the split point of a long stick. We had intended proceeding further, but moored the ship to the bank near Matope's village. The note was from Mr Henderson, very brief, simply asking assistance at Blantyre." It turned out that the Mission was in deep waters. Its situation among the Shiré Hills was incomparable, having all the advantages of the valley with all those of the mountain combined. It was cool, breezy, picturesque, healthy, and easily accessible from the Shiré; and it had a large population of friendly, teachable people, plenty of fertile land and of good timber and iron in the immediate neighbourhood, and a greater abundance of food than was to be found at Cape Maclear. But unfortunately the Mission was at a standstill, and in danger of utter collapse. Its agents had suffered considerably from fever and other distressing circumstances. Mr Henderson, who had been sent with the first expedition in 1875 to pioneer the way, felt that he had done all he could, and was anxious to return home. Dr Macklin, who went out with Dr Stewart's party, was in delicate health, and was thus prevented from doing many things, which otherwise he would gladly have performed. Through these and other causes little had been done for themselves or the natives, and as yet the Station consisted of only five or six old native huts, with the grass growing up to the very doors. The whole thing, in fact, was disorganised. There was no teaching of the natives, no plan for laying out the place, no system of work. It was greatly to the credit of Mr Henderson that he saw the *status quo*, although he felt that he was powerless to remedy it.

The Free Church party accordingly went to the rescue. They could not stand aloof and say, "Make the best of it yourselves." They felt that the cause of Christianity in the country was one, and that whatever was success or failure to one mission was success or failure indirectly to the other. So they gallantly stepped in, and agreed to take charge of the Station for a year, beginning on 1st April 1877. Dr Laws could not be spared for such a long period, as he was the only one who had experience in the management of the *Ilala*, and any misfortune befalling it would have brought ruin to the Livingstonia Mission. Dr Black, too,

was cut off about this time, and the Free Church staff was thereby reduced. Nevertheless, it was well enough equipped to put a crew on board a disabled ship. Dr Stewart, Dr Laws, artisans, interpreters, and others went over, one after the other, from Cape Maclear to assist in commencing regular systematic work. They wrought with as much energy and hearty interest as if it were their own Mission, and speedily gained the entire confidence and goodwill of the natives.

In the beginning of July, Mr James Stewart, C.E., F.R.G.S., took the full charge of the place. This engineer missionary, who was a cousin of Dr Stewart's and a "son of the manse," was a man of high Christian character, of self-denying devotion, and of unique scientific skill. He went to Nyasaland from India in February 1877, being permitted by the Government of India, in whose service he had been, to spend his furlough in the work of Livingstonia. He gave his services free for some time to the Mission; but he became so interested in the Christianisation of the Nyasa tribes, and proved so essential to the work carried on, that at last he resigned his lucrative position in India to do regular missionary work at Livingstonia. This zealous engineer was the very man to reconstruct the Blantyre Mission, and build it up as it should be. His gentleness, his fair dealing, and his Christian disposition speedily gained the esteem of the surrounding tribes. Under his guidance the Station was laid out in the form of a square—100 yards long by 55 yards broad—with a road 11 feet wide going down both sides and across both ends, and a circle of 32 feet diameter in the centre. Houses were built on both sides of the square after the Indian bungalow style, their dimensions being 30 feet by 20 feet, with a verandah of 5 feet all round. Good roads were made from the Station in various directions, instead of the native paths, which were only a foot broad with spear grass 6 to 9 feet high overhanging and obstructing every step. A watercourse for irrigation was constructed, and a permanent stream of water was brought into the place, while channels were cut in several directions, so that water could run to the wheat, corn, rice, and maize fields, and to the terraces where the garden produce was raised—certainly an "unspeakable advantage," as Dr Macklin said. A brisk daily market was begun, in which the missionaries bought from the natives all kinds of articles; and a school was opened, and evangelistic services were commenced in a regular way.

On 12th July 1878, Mr Stewart handed over the Station to the Established Church's new agent, the Rev. Duff Macdonald, in a condition so improved as to be scarcely recognisable as the same place. Next month the Convener of the Established Church Committee formally expressed to Mr Stewart his very grateful thanks "for having put our Church under the greatest obligations for your eminent services in the establishment of our Mission Station, and for your efforts to advance and strengthen all its interests. You now leave it to your successor in health and comfort and prosperity, and I hope you will see the many fruits of your labours in the place with which your name will be long and honourably associated."

Most willingly did the Free Church assist the Established at this time, and most willingly would the Established have done the same for the Free—a beautiful example of true Christianity and of the way in which all Foreign Missionary labours should be carried on. For societies, in their work among heathen and savages, to regard each other with the jealousies of rival empires, would be a deplorable folly. Especially would this be the case in Africa, where the natives coming in contact with various conflicting sects, would conclude that the white man had many gods, and that his customs and superstitions were as variable as their own. Mutual collision has sometimes happened in missionary enterprise, much to the loss of Christianity and the degradation of Christ's work. We may be thankful, however, that as a rule, Churches have generously co-operated in the mission-field, nobly overlooking all minor differences in the great struggle to evangelise the world.

Ever since its settlement by the Free Church the Blantyre Mission has prospered and become a power for good in the Shiré Highlands. It has had its downs as well as its ups. At one time there was a little unhappy mismanagement of its affairs, which however was soon righted by the decisive action of the General Assembly. The matter threatened for a time to sever the friendship of the Livingstonia missionaries, but the cloud passed away and the friendship became as hearty as ever. A Free Church missionary has often gone to Blantyre and taken the services there, and *vice versa*. This is but an instance of the hearty assistance manifested by the Livingstonia missionaries not only to Blantyre, but also to the Universities' Mission now on the

east shore of the Lake, to the London Society's Missions at Tanganyika, and to the Moravian and Berlin Missions in north Nyasaland.

But to return to Cape Maclear and the progress of events there. Mponda, the great chief of the district, continued his friendship to the Mission, although he still engaged in the atrocious slave-traffic, as he had opportunity, and kept his village open to worthless Arab dealers. Wekotani, his right hand man, frequently visited the Station and was serviceable in many ways to the missionaries. Wekotani had a chequered history. When a boy, he was rescued from slavery by Bishop Mackenzie's party, and being a very smart boy, he soon won their esteem. On the withdrawal of the Mission he was handed over to Dr Livingstone, who took him to India, and left him under the tuition of Rev. Dr Wilson, of Bombay. While there, he was baptised, and returned the following year to Central Africa with Livingstone. He was for a long time one of the great explorer's most attached followers, but he ultimately settled down at Mponda's and married. When the first expedition went out in 1875, they found him living at Mponda's with two wives, and showing other signs of his old heathenism. He was convenient, however, as an interpreter there, and for other purposes connected with the Mission, although he continued to live as his heathen neighbours, and had sometimes to be sharply rebuked for his conduct. Surrounded as he was by a seething mass of superstition and barbarism, and away from the constant influence of the Mission, who can wonder that he forgot much of his early training? There are reeds which in a calm stand bolt upright, and seem stiff and strong, but they bend and sometimes break when the tempest falls upon them.

Yet this man showed some fruits of missionary teaching. An incident in this connection which took place while Mr Young was waiting at Matiti for Dr Stewart's party, deserves to be quoted. "At night," says Mr Young, "strange sounds came to my ears. I listened, and distinctly made out the air of some well-known music. I called to Wekotani, who lay in the next hut, and asked him who it was singing: he replied that it was he. On telling him to repeat it, I found that it was one of the chants used by the missionaries sixteen years ago on the hills at Magomero. Remembering how much pains Dr Livingstone had taken with him, and good Dr Wilson too, I asked him if he remembered

anything of his former days. He said, 'This is what Dr Livingstone taught me :

This night I lay me down to sleep,
And give my soul to Christ to keep.
If I should die before I wake
I pray to God my soul to take. Amen.'

In the long interval since he had seen white men, he had forgotten nearly all the English he ever knew ; but these lines, together with some few simple questions and answers taught him by Dr Wilson, he could repeat."*

The missionaries were much assisted in their work by a man named Chimlolo, who had been acquainted with Rev. Horace Waller in the days of the Universities' Mission at Magomero, and who now came all the way from the Yao Highlands on hearing of the arrival of the "English." He ultimately settled down beside them, and became headman of a native village at Cape Maclear, at the same time doing all in his power to further the best interests of the Mission. Unhappily, while on his first visit to the Station, his Highland home was raided by the Ngoni, and two sons and a daughter were carried away captive. No trace could be found of them until a year or two afterwards, when a missionary expedition visited South Ngoniland. It was then learned that the daughter was there, although on the approach of the party she and other slaves had been hurried away to a distant village. Chikusi, the powerful chief of the district, was asked to restore her. He, poor fellow, seems to have thought that his day of retribution was at hand, and, thankful to propitiate the white men, he brought her with all possible despatch. The fate of the brothers may be briefly told. One of them, unable to keep pace with the returning raiders, had his skull broken with a club, and his corpse was left lying on the wilds. The other, after living in Ngoniland for some time, was stabbed through with an assegai, and his body thrown out to the hyenas. It is truly a harrowing story, but it is only an instance of the bloodthirsty cruelty that was constantly taking place in this land of darkness and savagery. We need not be surprised that Chimlolo became a faithful friend to the missionaries, and made himself useful to them in many ways.

* "Mission to Nyasa," p. 184.

We mentioned that Dr Stewart took with him four Kafir evangelists from Lovedale. These evangelists were of immense assistance in almost everything undertaken by the Mission, especially William Koyi, who was a most devoted, conscientious, and trustworthy man. In some respects, such as a knowledge of colonial agriculture and native methods of work, they were superior to white artisans. They had, moreover, the great advantage of knowing the structure of the Lake languages, which was the same as their native Kafir, the vocables in many instances being identical, and many of the differences consisting simply in the change of a letter or two. In speaking, also, they thought in the same way as the tribes around Nyasa, and knew many of their expressions, so that, when they were at a loss for a word, they could supply a Kafir one of their own, which might after all be very similar to the unknown one, if not identical with it; and in this way they early took the lead so far as speaking the language was concerned. Of the four, William Koyi had undoubtedly the most attractive character. He was a man of sound judgment, of cool courage, of unselfish disposition, and entirely devoid of anything like self-esteem. When he offered himself for the Livingstonia Mission he said, "I am willing to go in any way I can be useful, even as a hewer of wood or a drawer of water." He proved to be a man in whom the Mission could always place thorough reliance, even in moments of danger and darkness. He was specially helpful among the savage Ngoni tribe; and Dr Elmslie, who knew his work best among this tribe, says that "no white man would have degraded himself if he had taken off his hat to him." Shadrach Ngunana, another of these four Kafirs, was a convert of the United Presbyterian Mission in South Africa, and the Mission Board of that Church agreed to support him, as they had generously done in the case of Dr Laws. Of the remaining two, Isaac Williams Wauchope, who was a member of the London Missionary Society's Church at Uitenhage, unfortunately never reached the field in a condition fit for work, and was soon obliged to return through ill-health and other reasons, while Mapas Ntintili also returned to South Africa after a while.

It is not the purpose of the writer to describe in this chapter the evangelistic, educational, and other work carried on by the Mission in these early years, as this will be done in another

chapter. But a brief reference may here be made to the evangelistic department. The natives not only around the Station, but in distant villages, were willing to listen to the Gospel. They gathered to the schoolroom on the Station at regular times, where the missionaries unfolded to them the great truths of Revelation, and sought to lead them to the knowledge of a Saviour. Not only so, but the missionaries braved the dangers of the Lake, that they might visit villages south, west, and east of Cape Maclear. They wandered on foot through swampy plains, and crossed adjoining heights again and again. They pierced every valley for miles around—wherever they could find a village willing to listen to the Gospel. And wherever they went, they had the same simple story to tell. The natives had peopled the world, the Lake, the rocks, the trees—everything with spirits, of whom they lived in constant dread. The missionaries told them of the great and good Spirit, the Creator of heaven and earth, and how He so loved the world as to give His Son to death.

The Mission Station at Cape Maclear was another Iona, although on a smaller scale and without its attendant evils. That island became, as Dr Johnson says, "the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the blessings of religion." It was the centre of a great missionary work, exhibiting the Christian life in contrast with the surrounding Paganism. From it Columba and his band went out on many evangelistic tours till the kingdom of the northern Picts was brought over to the Christian faith, and the fortunes of the Scottish race were revived. So Cape Maclear, with its Mission Station and native village nestling around it, manifested a powerful influence for good upon the surrounding heathen. In addition to the preaching of the Gospel, there were kind words and charitable deeds, an awakening of the moral life, and an exhibition of Christianity in the matters of daily life. The Mission village was like a healing branch cast into the bitter, stagnant waters of heathendom.

In all their work, however—especially the secular part of it—the missionaries had manifold trials. Whether they would or not, they found themselves in the midst of many perplexing questions, which have since been swept away through the inclusion of the country in British territory. Among other things, there was absolutely no settled or recognised Government, such as existed

in South Africa, and consequently there was no proper means by which civil offences could be redressed. This was an immense difficulty to the missionaries, and caused them no end of anxiety, for many of the natives were great thieves and rogues, to say nothing of other elements in their character. In 1877, one of the Makololo lads, named Sendea, who had several times been convicted of robbery, decamped from the Mission Station with an immense amount of property belonging to the missionaries and others, including clothes, tools, cooking utensils, and a large quantity of valuable cloth. The African Lakes Company in connection with the Mission had scarcely started work when nine trusses of calico, a bale of coloured cloth, and several boxes of valuable articles were stolen. It was the same at Blantyre. "One night," says a missionary there, "thieves broke into our house, and took everything that was of value to them. Most of our goods they carried outside and spread before the window. Then they selected everything that was made of cloth. Many things that we could hardly have done without, such as waterproof, &c., they fortunately left. Books also escaped, while they carefully placed some silver articles off the table, in order that they might carry off the table-cloth. Anything that has the appearance of 'calico' at once appeals to the natives' cupidity."*

When such thefts happened at Cape Maclear, as they constantly did, or when the store or the houses of the Mission residenters were broken into and valuable articles carried off, or when slaves were kidnapped from the Mission, or assaults of a deep criminal kind committed, or quarrelsome disputes brought for settlement, the missionaries could not forcibly interfere, or mete out the punishment required in a civilised country. If there had been any authoritative person to do so the difficulty would have been removed. But there was no one; and the missionaries themselves could not do it, for to undertake the civil administration of the district, or to make the Mission Station the nucleus of a State would have been inconsistent with true missionary objects, and detrimental to the work of teaching and preaching. The instructions for their direction, prepared carefully at the commencement of the Mission, forbade in the most peremptory terms the employment of any weapons, or the assumption of any authority in the least inconsistent with the Christian objects of the Mission and the

* "Africana," by Rev. Duff Macdonald, vol. ii. p. 131.

benevolent spirit of the Gospel. The missionaries were enjoined to rely upon the conjoint power of love and truth, and only in the last extremity to make use of physical force. They were careful also to make known their position to the natives, and to disclaim any desire to act as rulers, or to be considered as such.

When, therefore, any serious case arose, affecting the work of the Mission, and demanding Christian interference, all that could properly be done, and was generally done under the circumstances, was to arrange, as Dr Stewart suggested, for the offending person being handed over to his own chief if he had any, or deported out of the district, if he had none, although the former was not always easy and the latter was somewhat dangerous, for the deported individual might at any time instigate a tribe or tribes against the Mission. The whole question was one which caused the missionaries many a sleepless hour, and they very often preferred to endure offence and outrage than take any measures to secure reparation, thus following in the footsteps of Dr Livingstone and other Christian explorers in Africa.

Sometimes the chiefs or the headmen did not deal properly with cases referred to them. They had little sense of right or wrong, and could not always be trusted to act impartially. If a man were accused of theft or a more serious offence, he would obtain hundreds of his friends prepared to prove anything that was wanted, and, to crown all, they would attend the trial "armed to the teeth." In such circumstances the chief would usually become a partisan in spite of all evidence. The missionaries were thus placed in a dilemma: they could not exercise civil jurisdiction over the people themselves, as this would be assuming a responsibility outside of their legitimate sphere, nor could they trust every case to the biased opinions of a chief or his headmen. It was a very perplexing matter, which could only be settled by some person of authority. The Committee at home had several communications with the Foreign Office in regard to it; but it was not until 1883, when the Government appointed a Consul in Nyasaland—Captain Foot, R.N.—that the difficulty came nearer solution. At last the establishment of a British Protectorate and the settlement of a Commissioner in the district removed all perplexities of this kind, and now ideas of British law, polity, and justice are slowly but surely permeating the land. British Central Africa will soon be a nation trained in the arts of government and the ad-

ministration of justice. With Christianity also dwelling in the hearts of the people, it will then be a potent factor in the world's history—potent for righteousness, goodness, and truth.

Dr Stewart could not remain long away from his old sphere at Lovedale. He left the Livingstonia Mission in December 1877, having given his valuable services to it for seventeen months, and returned to the Institution, where he was so much needed. His place as leader in the Livingstonia Mission was taken by Dr Laws, assisted for two or three years by Mr James Stewart. In this position Dr Laws has continued ever since. He has shown remarkable abilities, and was described some time ago by the British Commissioner as "the greatest man who has yet appeared in Nyasaland." How true it is that when special work requires to be done God raises up men specially fitted for it! He trained and prepared Luther, Calvin, and Knox to bring in the Reformation. He used Dr Andrew Thomson, Dr Chalmers, and others to bring new spiritual life to Scotland by the Disruption. And so, when special work was required to be done in the Livingstonia Mission—work of extension and organisation—God's special instrument for this purpose was Dr Laws. He has certainly proved himself equal in every way to his position of responsibility. He is, without doubt, a man

"whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause."

His wisdom, his energy, his tact, and his devotion to duty are unparalleled. That he may long be spared to continue the glorious work of evangelising the tribes of Central Africa is the earnest prayer of all who know anything about his past achievements.



DR LAWS.

From a Photograph by W. B. Anderson, Aberdeen.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPLORATION

MUCH more required to be done before the work could become effective throughout Nyasaland. The whole region around the Lake had to be opened up by missionary exploration before the Gospel could be carried to all parts. Certainly, the main object of the Mission was by no means of a scientific, commercial, or exploring kind. The grand, leading idea, kept ever in the forefront by all the members, was to bring the Gospel of grace and salvation to the benighted sons and daughters of the country. But, while this was so, it was necessary to make an investigation of the Lake and the regions round about, upon the principle laid down by the illustrious Livingstone, that "the end of the geographical feat is the beginning of the missionary enterprise." It must be remembered that until the missionaries went nothing was really known about the Lake or the district, except what had been gathered by Livingstone and Mr Young many years before. Their notes and observations, although wonderfully accurate, did not amount to much. They were only fragmentary, something like what might be written of our own country by a traveller who had crossed it two or three times, and walked along part of its shores. Now that missionary work was to be carried on all around, it was necessary to have a better and more satisfactory knowledge.

Hence, from the very commencement of the Mission, a few of the party directed their attention at times to this important work. Readers will understand the difficulty of it, when they remember that the Lake itself is not the size of a Scottish loch, but an immense sea longer than Scotland, and at some places forty miles broad—a sea, too, which sometimes becomes as rough as any sea in existence.

About a month after the first expedition arrived, when the goods had been stored and everything was in perfect safety, Mr Young made a circumnavigation of the Lake in the *Ilala*, being anxious

to acquaint the people with the objects of the Mission, as well as to finish the survey which Dr Livingstone was unable to accomplish in a small boat. He took with him Dr Laws, and one or two others, leaving Messrs Johnston, Simpson, and Riddell in charge of the Station. He went up the east side and returned by the west, visiting all the principal chiefs. In this long voyage—occupying twenty-four days—he discovered the island of Likoma and the adjacent group, Mount Waller (which was so named after the Rev. Horace Waller), the Livingstone mountains, and other geographical features.* To him belongs the honour of discovering the important fact that this inland sea extends nearly 150 miles further north than Dr Livingstone had calculated. In Sir Harry H. Johnston's historical account of British Central Africa this discovery, as well as that of the Livingstone mountains, is incorrectly put down to the exploration of Captain Elton, H.B.M. Consul at Mozambique.† The fact is that these features were well known to the missionaries nearly two years before Consul Elton visited the Lake.

While passing down the west coast they became enveloped in a dense mass of "Kungu" flies, which rose from the water like a thick grey mist. These minute silvery flies—mentioned by Livingstone—sometimes congregate on the Lake in such enormous numbers that the deck of a vessel becomes coated over as if by a fall of snow, while the sun is almost obscured and the scenery is hidden from view. The natives catch them and consume them for food. They hang up mats for them to fly against, and they sweep them off into baskets, crush them into oily cakes, roast them, and eat them with great gusto, as they do the flying white ants, beetle grubs, caterpillars, and locusts.

A good deal of exploring work was done by Mr Cotterill—the merchant who accompanied the second expedition. He made the Mission Station his headquarters, from which he went on several journeys both by land and sea. Sometimes he assisted the missionaries in their daily duties, occasionally acting as schoolmaster or conducting the native meetings, a work which he seems to have done well, being a delightful speaker—profound, interesting, and sound. But not being on the Livingstonia staff, his time

* The names "Mount Waller," "Livingstone Mountains," and others, were proposed by Dr Laws.

† "British Central Africa," p. 67.

was generally spent in exploratory journeys with the view of opening up the country to commerce. He had many remarkable experiences. In June and July 1877, he ascended the west shore of the Lake in his little sailing boat, the *Herga*, along with Mr Mackay of the Blantyre Mission and two or three others. He intended, if possible, to reach the north end of the Lake; but at Mankambira's one stormy night the boat dragged her anchor two miles and a half, and was driven ashore. The little dingy broke loose and was smashed to pieces on the rocks. The whole party had to jump overboard in the darkness in a very wild sea, but succeeded in effecting a safe landing. Morning disclosed that the *Herga* was uninjured, but everything was washed overboard and irrecoverably lost—bales of calico, chart, sextant, medicine chest, and all Mr Cotterill's journals and personal gear. Mr Mackay, as a result, took severe rheumatic fever, and lay suffering in the boat for twelve days before they reached Cape Maclear again. At the end of that time he was almost unable to move, and had to be carried up from the boat to the house. He never recovered his strength and died on August 24th.

In September and October 1877, a second remarkable circumnavigation of the Lake was carried through by Dr Stewart and Dr Laws, with the object of becoming more acquainted with the various chiefs and people. They were accompanied by Consul Elton, Mr Cotterill, and others, whom they were to convey to the north end of the Lake, and thus aid them so far on a journey which they contemplated extending overland to Dar-es-Salaam on the east coast.* They were also to have the services of the Consul in putting down slavery on the Lake. Including some interpreters, there were twenty-eight in all on board the little steamer, along with provisions, tents, baggage, calico, wood for fuel, and other cargo. As there was not sleeping accommodation for so many on board, some had to land every night when at all practicable.

The first place they touched at was Mpemba's, on the west coast, near the mouth of the Lintippe. As already mentioned, this chief—one of the most determined slave dealers on the Lake—had shown little regard for the missionaries, and had acted in a very unfriendly way to them. The missionaries had still in their possession a spear which he had thrown at one of them. He was

* Consul Elton unfortunately succumbed to the fatigues of this journey.

unfortunately absent on this occasion, having gone to Kilimane with slaves; but Dr Laws and his party were able to show in some measure at least that they were not hostile to him, and to clear away any fears that he might have regarding them—a matter in which they were successful, for shortly after his return he sent a messenger to the Mission Station with a tusk of ivory and a sheep as a present, and intimated that he wished to become friendly.

After leaving Mpemba's, they experienced a terrific gale. The *Ilala's* anchors dragged, and as there were rocks in the vicinity, they had to slip their cables and run to sea, where they had a wild night. The following afternoon, however, they managed to reach Kota-Kota about seventy miles north of Mpemba's. Here was Jumbe's town. This man Jumbe, who had died a year or two before, was a coast Arab, and a representative or *wali* of the Sultan of Zanzibar. He had been the greatest Mahommedan chief on the Lake, and of sufficiently good standing to exercise some authority over all the other Arabs in Nyasaland. He was now succeeded by a headman under Mankambira. Dr Stewart explained to this new "Jumbe" or headman, as he did to every other chief, that the missionaries had entered the country as "teachers," and offered to take charge of any children he might wish to be taught. To this proposal Jumbe at once gave a decided refusal, although he promised to act in a friendly way towards the Mission. After making him a present of several blankets, dresses, and other articles, they crossed the Lake to its eastern side, where they visited Losewa and Chitesi, establishing friendly relations at each of these places. The village of Losewa was interesting to them as being the landing-place for cargoes of slaves ferried across from Kota-Kota. Chitesi they found to be a sharp, clever, covetous specimen of a Nyasa chief. After leaving him a fine present, they hurried away, but only to be followed by his brother-in-law. "This man brought a fat ox," says Consul Elton, "and said he was charged to tell me that Chitesi was much pleased with the present, but, as the wearing of gorgeous blankets was his prerogative, he was puzzled what to do with five, and wished therefore for 'some blue and white cloth for his wives; some medicine for fulness of the head and for fulness of the belly; medicine to keep off war from his people until such time as the English should return; medicine to prevent his being shot in the back (assassinated); a little gunpowder; a few flints; a cup,

plate, and knife, such as we were in the habit of using.' With Dr Stewart's kind aid, always readily given, I succeeded in making him up a parcel of medicine, knives, cups, etc., adding thereto a lot of blue and white cloth; and explained that whoever professed to be able to supply the medicines required against war and assassination must be set down as impostors." *

This idea that the missionary had medicine for war, medicine for rain, medicine for good marksmanship, and in short for everything under the sun, was a very prevalent and deep-rooted one. Many of the natives looked upon him as a kind of demigod, having every kind of charm in his possession, and able to do anything. It was like the superstition which they had regarding the revolver—the white man's weapon, as they called it—the popular opinion being that it required no loading and could discharge any number of bullets by simply pulling the trigger. The Mission and the British administration have done their best to eradicate such beliefs, and prevent unscrupulous adventurers taking advantage of them.

They next pushed onward to the north end of the Lake, where they discovered an inlet, up which they steamed for two miles. Their unceremonious arrival at this place, with the noise of the steamer and the live sparks blowing out of the funnel, took the people by surprise, and caused no small consternation, a fact not to be wondered at, for never certainly during the people's own experience or that of their forefathers had such a strange-looking object as a steamer ever entered the quiet inlet. At first the terrified natives could scarcely be induced to approach near enough to be spoken to; and when they did venture, each man carried several spears which were rather formidable weapons, as they were dangerously barbed. The men wore not a vestige of clothing, and many of them had their bodies hideously smeared with all colours of paint, giving them a fiendish appearance. After a little talk they became friendly, and the chief accepted a present of blankets and cloth. One dozen toy finger-rings was in the bundle, and Dr Laws tells us "it was rather amusing, yet sad, to see the childishness displayed, as he fitted all these on his fingers."

On steaming south again, and passing Nkata Bay, they saw three men standing on the shore. Dr Stewart went off to meet them, and induced them to venture on board the steamer, so as to point out Mankambira's village. The same day they found themselves

* "Lakes and Mountains of Africa," by J. Frederic Elton, F.R.G.S., p. 303.

in front of it, with a crowd of several thousands gathered on the sands to watch the steamer approaching. They found Mankambira, who was an old slaver, in his dotage, sitting surrounded by his headmen. He poured out a complaint regarding the Ngoni warriors to the west of the Lake, who were making continual raids upon him, and, like other chiefs, he was anxious for a supply of "war medicine" to destroy his foes. Nothing would convince him that the missionaries could not give it. "It became tiresome," says Dr Laws, "after explaining and reasoning with him, to find that superstition had such a hold of his mind as to make it apparently impossible to make any way in overcoming it."

At Mankambira's, Dr Stewart left the ship for the purpose of making an exploratory journey southward on foot. In this journey he traversed 100 miles of latitude, and was taken on board the steamer again at Kota-Kota. The whole party reached Cape Maclear in safety, having been absent about two months.

Afterwards much of this pioneering work of exploration was undertaken and successfully accomplished by Mr James Stewart, C.E. This hard-working missionary did excellent service to the Free Church of Scotland and to science by his discoveries. In 1878, in company with Dr Laws, he surveyed about 800 miles of the coast-line of the Lake, and journeyed to the hill country beyond, discovering many new features, and bringing to light several strange and unknown tribes. A narrative of the expedition, along with a valuable map, was published by the Royal Geographical Society. In 1879 he made a remarkable journey, exploring and mapping the fine plateau, about 210 miles long, between Lake Nyasa and Lake Tanganyika. By 1882 he had completed a survey of the whole Nyasa district, which was published in the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society for December 1883. His explorations showed that there existed rich sources of industry in Nyasaland, and that instead of being a desert country, inhabited, as many thought, only by wild beasts, it had numerous villages or towns, some with a population of about 10,000.

If we only remember that all these journeys round the Lake and exploration of adjacent regions were made in order to pioneer the way for the glad tidings of salvation, we shall realise the great value of them to the Mission. It was in this way that the missionaries not only found where the centres of population lay,

but came in contact with the people, and had an opportunity of acquainting them with the object of the Mission, and of gaining their confidence. The Gospel of Christ—the only remedy for enslaved Africa—could only be carried where exploration and kindly dealing had first opened the way. A good illustration may easily be given. In 1875, at a village within sight of Nkata Bay, Dr Laws was kept as a hostage, while the headman went off with Mr Young to see the *Ilala*. The people manifested an unusual amount of suspicion and fear, but were treated with every courtesy and kindness. Three years afterwards, at the same place, the *Ilala* arrived one afternoon, and the following morning forty men, women, and children started to the hills with Dr Laws, carrying his goods and stores for him, and manifesting implicit confidence in him. This would not have happened without his previous visit of introduction to the people.

It was important that in the settlement of the Mission, meteorological and medical observations should not be neglected, seeing that very much might depend upon them. Consequently they were carefully attended to. Valuable notes have thus been taken extending over several years.

CHAPTER VIII

EARLY EVANGELISTIC AND OTHER WORK

WE have said that it was resolved to make the Mission wide in its operation. This was a wise resolution, for every mission, if it is to be successful, must eschew narrowness and one-sidedness.

This Mission was made wide enough to admit of four modes of missionary action, suitable to the wants and conditions of African people, viz.:—*Evangelistic, Educational, Industrial and Medical*. Experience in Livingstonia, as well as in Lovedale, Blythswood, and other places, has now proved this fourfold plan of evangelising Africa to be the most successful. That missionary Gordon, Mackay of Uganda, longed for something of this far-reaching kind in his own sphere, and attributed much failure and disappointment to the want of it.

It was ONE work under four methods of operation. The first was the most important from a certain point of view, but the other three were Gospel agencies also, Christ being equally visible in all of them. It is said that the paintings of a certain artist can always be recognised by one face. It is sometimes the face of a little girl, sometimes of a young woman, sometimes of an old woman. But it is always the same face—that of the artist's mother. He could not paint a picture without that face. In like manner each of these methods had Christ visible in plain characters that all might see Him.

To this work, then, the missionaries devoted their time and energy. Let us take a brief glance at it during the earlier years of the Mission.

The *Evangelistic* department, or the direct proclamation of the Gospel, was certainly the most important, for without it all their other missionary work was to a great extent valueless. Unless the heathen experience a moral and spiritual change, no sure foundation can be laid. Mere industry may improve their outward circumstances for a short time, when they will perhaps sink

anew into their old barbarity. Teaching of an entirely secular kind may only make them greater rogues than ever, enabling them to tread deeper on paths of wickedness. What is needed is an inward change resulting from the Gospel of Christ. It is "the fear of the Lord" that is the beginning of wisdom. The missionaries accordingly set themselves first and foremost to the bringing of the people to Christ. They made it known that they had not come to trade, or to explore, or to benefit themselves, but to teach "the book"—the message from God.

At first, as might be expected, there were trials and disappointments of a peculiar kind, difficulties and vexations out of the common. It was a terrible battle, daily and hourly, with the gross heathenism and revolting superstitions of the country—more terrible than can be imagined by the ordinary reader. In India and similar countries where the messengers of the Gospel have to contend against a long-established system of religion, the conflict is hard enough. To overthrow the complicated systems of Brahminism and Buddhism, hoary with age and strength, and defended by millions of superstitious followers, means a weary, long-continued struggle. But in Central Africa the battle in many ways was equally hard. It was a battle with blank, unreasoning ignorance, it was the proclamation of spiritual truths to men utterly unacquainted with spiritual matters. The natives were not only ignorant, but were unaware of their ignorance; and they had first to have their eyes opened to this. To change the picture: it was the clearing away of the heavy, tangled brushwood, and the ploughing of the rough, stony, and almost impenetrable soil beneath.

Apart from the Sabbath services, one of the first evangelistic agencies was a short week-day meeting, commenced in 1876, for the grown-up people—those living in the place, and those who went there for work. It was held at first every alternate day, at noon, but afterwards in the evening, and was conducted by Dr Laws, Dr Stewart, Dr Black, or one of the artisans, by means of an interpreter. At this meeting object lessons were given, with the view not merely of enlightening the minds of the natives, but leading them up to God and His grace. The first lesson was, "A watch, and how we divide our time." The divisions of the day into hours were explained to them on a large black board. The information, of course, had to be given in a very simple form, as it

was all new and difficult to them—as difficult as a lecture on the polarisation of light would be to working people at home. The watch was then compared with the world, and it was shown that the latter must have a Maker as well as the former. The second lesson was, “Cotton and its uses,” from which the people were shown the necessity of a change in the natural heart before it can be useful. The third was, “How we communicate with each other,” and from this they were taught how God communicates to us His love and grace. Such instances will give readers an idea of the method adopted at the very commencement of the Mission in order to lead the natives to a knowledge of the true and living God. As the meeting was held every alternate day, no one could be two days in the place without receiving information on things which he had never seen, and which served to illustrate some great Christian truth.

Everything said was really new and startling to these poor Africans. We need not wonder that there was a strange look of bewilderment on their faces when they were first told the simple elements of religion, such as the creation of the world by God, the sinfulness of man, and the sending of a Saviour. Almost everyone has noticed the bewilderment of a cricket at the light. As it lives chiefly in the dark, and its eyes are accustomed to the gloominess of its abode, we have only to light a candle amid the darkness, when it becomes almost dazed. So these unfortunate children of Nyasa had lived from day to day in a strange, unearthly darkness, and when the light of Revelation fell upon them it startled them with its brilliance. “What is God?” they said. “Where is He? What has He to do with us? Where is His country? Is there a road from your country by which we can reach it? What of the earth? How is it that if a man travels from moon to moon, he can never come to the end of it? Numberless questions such as these were asked about sun, moon, stars, God, Heaven, and similar truths in regard to which the people were in total darkness.

This was the native church in embryo. It met in a mud-hut, with an average attendance of only forty, but the power of God was there as manifestly as in a pillared cathedral. At home men were worshiping God in beautiful, costly buildings, with Norman architecture, stained glass windows, oaken pulpits, and comfortable scarlet-cushioned seats. But “God dwelleth not in temples made with hands.” He is not confined to solid walls and mortar and

timber. He was in this little hut on the distant shores of Nyasa as much as in any building of white marble, though the former had neither pulpit, nor seats, nor adornment of any kind, and no choir or pealing organ to lead the praise. He was there as He was with the early Christians in corners, in private rooms, and in caves and woods—as He is still with all who love Him in sincerity and truth, whether they meet in cathedral or cottage, under some consecrated dome or under the blue canopy of heaven.

When the native language had been sufficiently acquired, the evangelistic work developed rapidly. Truths about God, the future life, and daily duty were constantly unfolded, and the dark citadel of heathenism was powerfully attacked. On Sabbaths two services were held in the morning for the natives, a Sabbath School in the afternoon, and an English service in the evening. Often, when workers from distant villages were on the Station, the schoolroom was filled to overflowing, with many people standing outside at the open windows. Services were also held, as often as practicable, at Mpango's village, about five miles to the south, which was easily reached by one of the small boats, and occasionally at other villages.

The work went on for nearly six years without a single baptism or one manifestly genuine conversion to Christ. Looked at with human eyes, the work for the time seemed to be a failure—a tragic and dismal failure. The missionaries taxed their weak and fever-stricken bodies to the utmost. They preached, argued, entreated, rebuked, and in doing so passed through many forms of human suffering. And what was the outcome of it all? The few to whom they preached year after year seemed but a handful of indifferent individuals more concerned with earthly, sensual matters than with divine truth; and there were hundreds of thousands around the Lake with whom they had never come in contact. And certainly, if their missionary work seemed to be a failure with regard to the natives, it was not successful as regards themselves. From a worldly standpoint, they had given up much and gained little beyond hardship, isolation, and fever. They had given up the comforts of home, and perhaps a distinguished position in the Church, in order to become wearied workers in a land of cruelty and violence.

It was disappointing, certainly. But they still hoped in God. They believed Him to be faithful. They knew that years of

patient waiting and bitter disappointment must first come. There are "Nights of Toil" in all missions. In South Africa and in the South Sea Islands many anxious years passed away before any direct results could be mentioned. In India Carey and his brother missionaries laboured seven years before the first Hindoo convert was baptized. Even the Apostle Paul laboured and struggled for many years with intense energy and self-devotion, and the result in human judgment seemed a total failure. But in a few years the blessing came. Christianity broke through the darkness and cloud, like a sunbeam out of heaven. False gods were thrown from their seats, the Pantheon and every idol temple of consequence was swept away, and Paganism fell to rise no more with the same power.

The fact is that in all missionary labour, while there may be no manifest results, there is a hidden, indirect work going on, which cannot be measured or tabulated—a supernatural process, slow, silent, but sure. There are secret actions, invisible impressions, and mysterious touches of the infinite Spirit of God, the depth and extent of which can never be set down in statistics.

Christians at home are too apt to forget this fact, and to despond at the apparent fruitlessness of a mission during its opening period. They forget that God is faithful who has promised, and that ultimate success is certain. There may be long toil, many disasters, incarnadined seas, dreary deserts, fightings within and fears without. But as surely as sunrise comes after nights of tempest and lingering dawn, so surely does success come to the missionary labourer in distant lands who toils year after year amid dusky faces and unknown tongues, and surrounded by a heathenism that seems to grow daily darker. It comes, as it came to Augustine when he carried the Gospel to English shores—as it came to the venerable Bede while translating the Bible into the familiar Saxon tongue—as it came to Columba, after he had spent long years preaching to the untutored, unsubdued Picts.

Vast numbers around Nyasa have long ago professed their faith in Christ, and shown the sincerity of it in their daily lives. The "Dayspring from on high" has indeed visited these sin-wasted regions, and dispelled much of the ignorance and superstition in which they were once wrapped. Of Nyasaland, as of Judaea, it is true, "The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung

up." In this chapter, however, dealing with the early work at Cape Maclear, the writer would only refer to the first-fruits of this great harvest. They came in 1881. It was an immense joy to the hearts of the missionaries and interested friends at home, when on March 27th of that year Albert Namalambé publicly embraced Christ by faith as his Saviour, and became the first convert in connection with Livingstonia, the first native light amid the deep darkness. This interesting extract from the Mission journal records that event :

"*Sabbath, March 27th.*—This is a red-letter day in the history of the Livingstonia Mission. By the blessing of God the work of the past years has not been for nought, nor has He suffered His word to fail. For long we here have been seeing the working of God's word in the hearts of not a few ; and now, by God's grace, one has been enabled to seek baptism as a public profession of his faith in Jesus Christ. Last Sabbath Dr Laws intimated that Albert Namalambé would be baptized to-day. The school was crowded, and the attention throughout the whole service was intense. . . . Dr Laws asked Albert to address the people. This he did in a humble yet manly and true-hearted way, and with a respect for the older people which gained the attention of all. He told them the reasons why he had sought baptism and his desire to obey God's law. He had been living among them, he said, and they knew if he were speaking the truth. He pleaded earnestly with all to accept of Christ's mercy. . . . Prayer was offered, after which Namalambé was baptized in the name of the three-one God by the name of Albert. God bless him and keep him was the earnest prayer of each member of the Mission present on the occasion."

Six years had passed away before this event took place, yet let the reader think of the importance of it—let him think of the unspeakable value of one convert. If we have one light we can make hundreds more from it. The emblem of the seventy-second Psalm becomes verified, "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains ; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." None can tell what possibilities there are in one man's efforts. Even a stripling with a sling and stone may do more than armies can accomplish. It was so with Albert Namalambé ; he was the means of bringing many more into the same happy condition. Later on, as we shall see, he became

teacher, evangelist, and all things else, that he might win his dark-skinned brethren to a Saviour.

Who that knows anything of the first six years' darkness, weariness, and disappointment in the Livingstonia Mission, and of the great and unspeakable success that has now come, can have any doubts as to the ultimate triumph of Christianity? The dreary winter of heathenism may have lasted far longer than the Church anticipated, clouds heavier than we expected may have hung for centuries over the vast majority of our race, and gloomy mists may still be obscuring the sunlight of heaven. But we need not despair, and we do not. Not suddenly—not in a moment—are we to expect any change to come. Silently, gradually, and surely the glory of the upper heavens shall yet chase away the brooding darkness. The Sun of Righteousness shall rise more and more, covering the mountain tops and filling the deepest valleys, until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord, and He shall reign for ever and ever. Then, indeed, all heaven shall come down to earth. "I the Lord will hasten it in its time."

But *Education* continued apace with all evangelistic effort. Since the days of Chalmers, Inglis, and Duff, this department of work has never been neglected in our missions. It has been carried on co-extensively with preaching—the Bible being the chief text-book, and all useful knowledge being sanctified.

There is great necessity for such education in the evangelization of heathen lands. Certainly, no amount of it can renew the human heart and bring the mind to God. Men may be as cultivated as Robespierre and yet be as dark-minded and desperate as he was. They may have as good an intellectual training as John Newton, and yet be as great libertines as he was when engaged in the slave-trade. No human skill or educational influence can take the place of the Gospel of Christ. But at the same time we must never forget—as some good Christian people are apt to do—that a system of Christian education is an undoubted help in the destruction of some of the mighty forces of heathenism. Not until the natives of heathen lands are taught to read the Bible in their own language, to have the benefits of the printing press with Christian literature, and to know something of the great verities of the world, can we expect mighty changes to come over them.

Moreover, missionaries can never leave behind them a native ministry, or Christian churches, self-supporting, and able to extend the kingdom of Christ, if the converts are allowed to remain ignorant, unintelligent, and untrained, even in matters of a secular and subordinate kind. It is only when they are able to read the New Testament, to expel doubts from the mind, to remove difficulties, to reason intelligently with their fellows, and to manifest considerable knowledge and judgment, that they can become powerful missionaries to their companions, and thus help mightily in the spread of the Gospel. Let the Church at home forbid its missionaries to engage in the work of education, and it will find ignorance, stagnation, and perhaps failure existing even after generations of missionary labour. The result will be the continuance of Africa as a Dark Continent, and of India as a stronghold of heathen philosophy.

Hence, in the Livingstonia Mission, the Educational Department went on side by side with the Evangelistic. A school for children and others was opened not long after the Mission party had settled down. It was only held at intervals during the first year, as Dr Laws had opportunity; but in 1876, on the arrival of Dr Stewart and the second party, it was definitely commenced. The work on the Station was stopped for an hour on the morning of October 30th, and all the people, both Europeans and natives, gathered together, and made a formal opening of a school, the first regular school at Lake Nyasa. It was commended to God in prayer, and His divine blessing was asked upon the important work to be commenced that day. "The school," wrote Dr Black, "is taught by one of the educated Kafirs. The numbers are small—seventeen; still it is a good beginning, and they are on the increase. One is the eldest son and heir of Ramakukane, the head of the Makololo chiefs on the Lower Shiré; another is a chief's son, the father being dead; some are boys sent to be companions to these; two are boys we found as stowaways on the *Ilala*—they walked sixty miles to reach the ship; two were slaves, whom we received in a present at Kilimane; one is a half-caste, whom I got from a chief; some are orphan lads, who have sought shelter and a home with the English; and others are boys who come from the neighbouring villages to work for us."

The "educated Kafir" referred to here by Dr Black was

Shadrach Ngunana, who carried on the school regularly until his death in June 1877. After that, it was taken up by William Koyi, Mr Alexander Riddell, Mr John Gunn, and others; while Mrs Laws also rendered valuable help, as opportunity offered, especially among the girls.

These dark-skinned children were not unlike other children in their daily life, but with a greater amount of wildness and freedom. "As the child grows, he has no penalties to pay to the requirements of polite society; he has to go through no ordeal of being taught to sit properly at table, to hold his knife and fork properly, and such things. Simple child of nature, thou hast neither table nor chair, knife nor fork! He has no School Board to confine him; his time is all his own. He goes forth to swim in the brooks, or play in the woods. There is no clock in the hall that will tell tales about his long stay: he watches the course of the great clock in the face of the heavens, which he learns to read with astonishing accuracy. As darkness sets in, he must go home (from danger of wild beasts), and may be seen returning to the village. Perhaps he carries a great bag full of beetles or of field rats, which are to serve as a relish to his evening meal. Possibly he is laden with wild fruits; in any case, he has the appearance of brightness and buoyancy that an English child has when returning from a pic-nic. He carries his little bow and arrows, and is accompanied by two or three companions like himself."*

How like all other children in their daily life! And yet how unlike the children of Scotland in the dense heathenism surrounding them! How dark the future prospects of this pleasant childish life, without any communication from heaven or any knowledge of a Saviour! Left to themselves, and their own inclinations, what can we expect but violence, cruelty, and vice in their later years? Surely we cannot but have compassion on them. Christ's own love for children and His divine utterances regarding them, teach us the sacredness of childhood and youth. If He took the children from the street in His arms, and laid His hands on them in highest benediction; if He announced that their angels do always behold the face of Him before whom seraphs bow; if He declared in words which have echoed down the centuries, "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My

* "Africana," by Rev. Duff Macdonald, vol. i. p. 120.

name, receiveth Me!"—we cannot overlook the rightful claims of children in the dark places of the earth.

In the Livingstonia Mission, during the earlier years, the teaching, of course, was of an extremely elementary nature. The first lesson, given by means of a blackboard and a few slates, consisted simply of the first few letters of the alphabet and a few numerals, with names in English and Nyanja. Afterwards, instruction was given in syllables, the multiplication table, the days of the week, and similar matters. A simple reading book was introduced later on, and then a more advanced one. The best part of the time, however, was generally given to religious instruction, the first half-hour being always spent on a Bible lesson taken alternately from the historical parts of the Old Testament and from the Gospels in the New. As we might expect, there were immense uphill difficulties in such educational work, especially at first. For one thing, the attendance was apt to be very irregular. This arose, not from any external opposition to the work, but from the habits of the people, who had not been trained to regularity in anything, and who did not really value education, imagining that their children ought to be paid for submitting to be taught, and even going the length of demanding calico for it!

Notwithstanding these hindrances, remarkable progress was made. By the beginning of 1881 two schools had been established, with a combined roll of 90 scholars (51 male, 39 female). Some of these scholars came from a distance and boarded at the Mission Station; others lived with their parents and attended school daily. We can picture these children committing to memory verses of Scripture, singing Christian hymns, and listening to truths utterly strange and startling even to their parents, and we may think that they could but faintly comprehend the meaning of it all. But it was the sowing of good seed, and the harvest came in due time according to God's own promise. Some day, perhaps, the precious seed found a lodgment in their hearts. It lay inactive during years of heathenism and ignorance, but by and by some droppings of God's grace fell upon it, and there was a movement. The seed, once planted, amid many drawbacks and for a long time dormant, began to germinate. The blade appeared and the plant grew. It ripened into conviction, and the once heathen boy or girl, now realising the love of God, and putting trust in an invisible Saviour, became a

Christian, and was afterwards admitted to the fellowship of God's Church. Hence we have no hesitation in saying that these schools in a heathen land are one of the best evangelistic agencies, the children learning not merely to read and write, but coming in the end to know Christ as their Saviour.

Much time was also given to *Industry*, which has always been found a useful adjunct in missionary pioneering. The work of Alexander Mackay in Uganda would doubtless have been robbed of much of its influence had he not been a trained artisan, able to make boats, do practical engineering, and instruct the natives in wood and iron. The devoted Dr Paton found that what he had learned in the mechanical line when a lad was of immense service to him afterwards in the New Hebrides. In fact, a missionary to barbarous or ignorant tribes must not only be able to preach the Gospel, but also to use the axe, the saw, and the trowel. He must be double-handed, a preacher and a practical man combined.

Even in home mission work among the lapsed masses of our modern cities, we know how a missionary must be everything by turns, "all things to all men," if he is to influence the hearts of the people. He must work through Christian sympathy with their bodily wants, Christian friendliness in their social life, lectures, temperance societies, savings banks, and many similar things. He must exert his influence through various indirect channels, so that his message of salvation may not fall flat and dead on their ears, but touch them with spirit and power. So is it with industrial work among the submerged population of Africa: we may call it a subordinate or indirect agency, or whatever name we like, but it is no mere human invention or secular influence. It is a part, an essential part of the divine plan for the conversion of the world.

Hence it was that the Committee sent out young artisan-missionaries with both Expeditions, not only to erect the Mission buildings and work the steamer, but also to teach the arts of industry; and from time to time since then it has sent out many more of the same kind, blacksmiths, carpenters, engineers, masons, printers, and others.

We can hardly realise how much this work was needed among the natives of Nyasaland, apart from any benefits it might confer on the Mission. They may have had a better knowledge many

ages before, as some people think ; but, if so, their history had undoubtedly been retrograde. They could not even comprehend the most elementary rules, much less make proper doors or windows. They knew nothing of tools and implements, and were deeply astonished at the sight of them. Saws, planes, and similar instruments were marvels to them. The spirit level was an extraordinary novelty : they thought it possessed supernatural powers, as there was a small drop of water in it, they said, that always ran uphill ! They had no idea of sawing wood, all articles being hewn from solid blocks. Their spoons, pillows, benches, and all their simple articles of furniture were mere "dug-outs," as were also their canoes, which were hollowed out from trees by burning and incessant chipping. They could not even comprehend a straight line, as they were so accustomed to making everything circular or rounded. "No one," says Dr Laws, "can work much with the natives in Central Africa, without seeing that the man who implants the ideas of a straight line and a right angle in the natives' mind has caused a great stride to be made towards civilisation."

They had thus to be trained to the eye and the hand, to a knowledge of the rule and square, and to the use of the saw and similar tools, before they could produce anything of much value in the shape of work. But considering their lifelong degradation, they made rapid headway. Some became carpenters, some sawyers, some gardeners and agriculturists, some brickmakers, some builders, some blacksmiths, and some sailors and stokers. They helped to erect the houses, the schools, the storehouse, and the workshop, and to make the sawpit, the boathouse, the dispensing counter, and other things. Their own houses were simply circular frameworks made of poles, with split bamboos bound transversely and lashed together by bark-rope, and with mud squeezed into the interstices and a coating of it plastered on both sides. In such "wattle and daub" structures there was no skill in joinery ; but the building and roofing of houses in English fashion at once showed them something to which they had not attained, and helped them to see their own ignorance and appreciate industrial training.

Some attention was devoted to agriculture as being a branch of industry that might become a great blessing to the Mission, as well as help in rendering it, to some extent, self-supporting. In

some respects the natives were skilful agriculturists, and could give a lesson to Europeans. The dexterity with which some of them handled the hoe was remarkable. "To myself," wrote Mr Gunn, "I confess it is perfectly surprising. In a bed where plants grow two to three inches apart, and where only by a close scrutiny are they distinguished from the weeds that surround them, a native in uprooting the weeds will wield the hoe with such rapidity that you cannot follow its course with the eye, and still you look in vain for an injured plant."

But in other important respects they had much to learn. As a rule, their method of preparing the ground was laborious to themselves and ruinous to the interests of the country. They generally cut down the trees in a well-forested place, and left them trunk and branch to dry during the rainless season of the year. They then burned them, dug the ashes into the ground, and planted their maize and other crops in the fertile soil. Next season, they moved away to some other section of forest land, where they repeated the same process. With a few exceptions, they had no idea of fixity of tenure. They made no attempt to carefully manure the soil, or to cultivate the same definite piece of ground year after year, as is done in other countries. Their method, while yielding a large crop, involved an enormous waste of good timber, for the same forest never appeared again, but was usually replaced by grass or weeds. Owing to this, and the annual bush fires, the country was gradually being deforested and reduced to a prairie condition.

Such evils had to be remedied. The natural resources of Africa are vast, and the people had to be taught how to develop them and profitably use them. Under the guidance of the agriculturist-missionaries they were shown what to do and how to do it. Farming was undertaken, many acres of soil were reclaimed, and gardens were cultivated. The native productions consisted of cassava, which the people made into flour; maize or Indian corn, which is supposed to have been introduced by the Portuguese; sorghum or "mapira," as the natives called it, which is equivalent to the *Durrha* of the Soudan; sesamum, the seeds of which produce a fine oil much used in cooking; as well as sugarcane, castor oil, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, cotton, beans, and many other things. The missionaries cultivated some of these native productions, giving the people valuable instruction in

the matter. They also introduced additional sources of wealth.

Consul Elton of Mozambique, who visited the Mission in 1877, has written a commendatory account of it. After speaking of the school, he says: "We then inspected the draining works and the brick manufactory, and walked one and a half miles down a straight road (straight in Africa!) to the fields, where wheat, oats, peas, mohogo, sem-sem, and mapira are planted, in charge of a man and his wife from the Shiré cataracts. The man had been released by Dr Livingstone years ago, and, being afraid that he was going again to be sold as a slave, volunteered to join the Mission. The gardens, cooking-ranges, corn-mill (a great attraction to the natives), carpenter's stores, etc., concluded the inspection. I was exceedingly pleased with all I saw, and thoroughly admire the work that has been done by all."*

Consul Elton's mention of a straight road leads us to say that the natives were also taught road-making, which was an excellent training for steady work, and had a specially civilising and beneficial influence on them. As a rule, Africans are disinclined to anything in the form of labour, no matter what inducement may be offered to them. This may be a racial defect, or it may be the result of generations of bitter slavery; and it is no doubt fostered by the warm, genial climate, and by the ease with which a food supply can be obtained. But it is nevertheless a trait in the African character requiring to be removed in every possible way, as the security of the country depends upon the abundance of native labour. The country would speedily become relatively healthy and amazingly rich if the natives could only be got to work with their hands, as the white man himself does. Towns would be built, roads would be constructed, railways could be made, marshes could be drained, and countless crops could be cultivated, if sufficient natives offered themselves for the work.

Road-making was therefore an excellent training for these natives, leading them to see the value and necessity of labour. It was also a great benefit to the district, as the native roads are little more than a foot broad, and are never straight, but a constant succession of short curves, leading the traveller to lose one mile in every five. Not only so, but the grass grows about eight

* "Lakes and Mountains of Africa," p. 280.

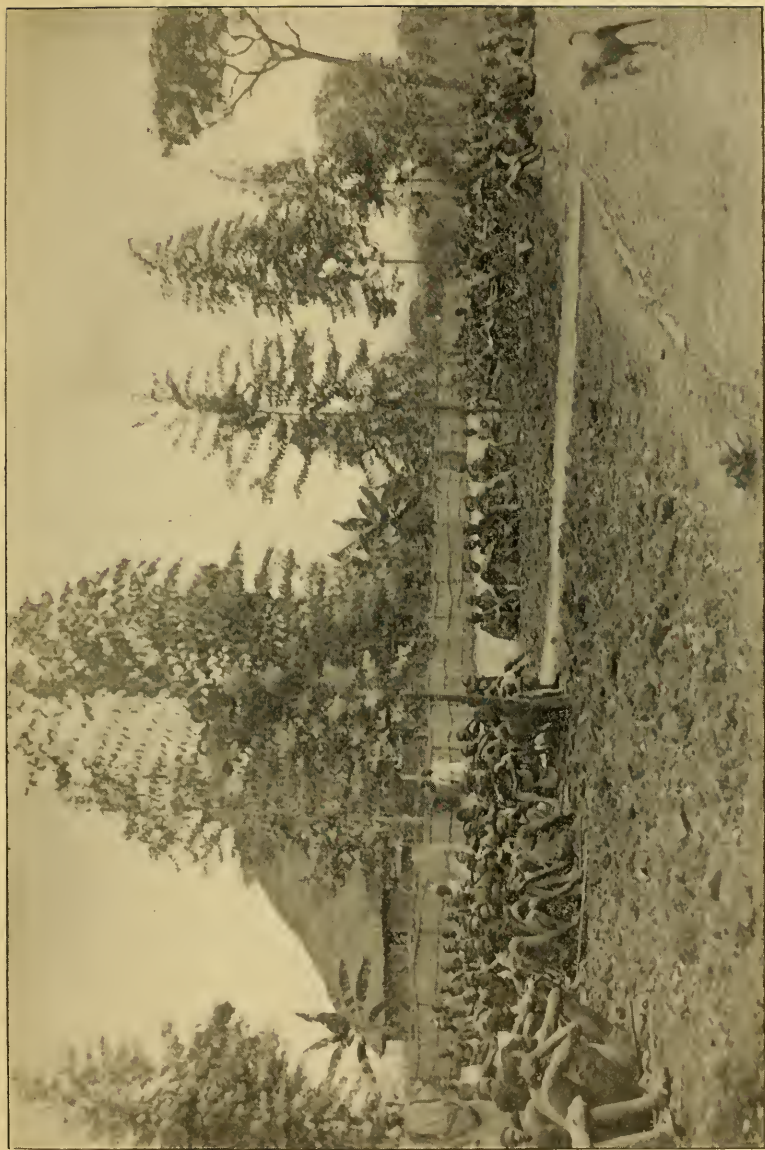
feet high, and if it has been raining or the dews have been heavy, the traveller in a short time becomes soaked to the skin.

Our readers will thus see the benefit of straight and unimpeded roads in Africa. The missionaries set themselves to such work with much energy. In 1877, Mr James Stewart and hundreds of the natives cut a road round the Murchison Cataracts, *via* Mandala and Blantyre, many of these natives giving two days' labour without pay in order to help the Mission. This road, about sixty miles in length, was made at the joint expense of the Free and Established Churches. It started from Katunga, at the foot of the Cataracts, rising for about thirty miles to Blantyre, where it reached a height of 3000 feet, and then descending another thirty miles to Matope on the Upper Shiré. When the British Administration entered on its work this road was improved and greatly altered by Captain Sclater, R.E., who avoided the steep inclines, and made it more practicable for waggons. It is now known as the "Sclater Road" from the Lower Shiré to Blantyre.* The upkeep of it involves no small trouble and expense to the Administration; but events are happening so rapidly in Central Africa that it may soon be superseded by a railway from Chiromo, as the best and only practicable way of opening up the country.

All the natives who engaged in industrial work received wages from the Mission, being thus taught the advantages of honest labour and the misery of idleness. These wages were at first paid in calico, beads, or brass wire—the usual currency of the district—and varied in value from $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 3d. per day. But when Dr Laws visited Cape Colony in 1879, he took back with him to the Mission £25 in pence, threepennies, and sixpenny pieces, so that wages might be paid, if possible, in English money, which the natives could convert into calico and other things when they desired. By this latter method they could choose any quality of calico to suit themselves, or any colour of beads, or even any kind of garment for which they had a fancy.

At first some of the natives did not care for the money, but preferred their own currency. They were somewhat puzzled at the coins, and could not understand how a large bright penny did not bring so much calico as a threepenny piece. It was amusing

* It used to be called the "Stewart Road" in memory of the devoted engineer who constructed it. It is a pity this name was not retained by the British Administration.



PAY-DAY AT THE INSTITUTION.

sometimes to the missionaries to watch the suspicion with which a newcomer would eye the money, refusing to pick it up and desiring to have it changed for calico at once, which was of more value to them than all the coins of the Royal Mint. But the natives soon lost their fears in this matter and even went to the other extreme. Some pushing individuals imagined that anything having the least resemblance to a coin would satisfy the missionaries, and so they sometimes handed in a button, saying with affected innocence, "Would you please exchange my money!"

Since these early days English coinage has been widely introduced by the British Administration, which in 1891 imported several thousand pounds' worth of gold, silver, and copper coins from the Mint. The new system was encouraged by the African Lakes Company, which established a bank at Blantyre, with branches at other places. Except in outlying districts, the natives now carry on their transactions by means of cash instead of the old barter of trade goods. Many of them even decline to accept any payment except in money, preferring to turn it into goods at their own pleasure. The Administration also receives most of the native taxes in cash, and to some extent has made money payments compulsory between Europeans and their native employés. If the introduction of money must be ascribed to any particular individual, it must be to Dr Laws, who has been the undoubted pioneer in this, as in many other important matters.

From what we have said, the reader may picture to himself the immense change which soon came over the Cape Maclear district through the knowledge of the various arts and trades. Such a change carried with it untold blessings. It gave to not a few some decision of character, self-restraint, courage, steadiness of effort, and other ennobling qualities. It acted as a purifying fire, helping to burn up the poison of heathenism and turn its sour smoke into bright, blessed flame. It cleared away the foul jungles from many a native heart, and made fair seed-fields to rise instead. It restrained the mind from evil imaginations; and, in short, made these Central Africans *men* instead of idle, warlike, vicious barbarians.

But of the four departments daily carried on, the *Medical* was perhaps the most useful, from a human standpoint. There is surely no missionary agency which has so much the loving smile of our Saviour resting upon it. It was His delight to heal the sick,

give sight to the blind, cleanse the leper, and make the lame to walk. One of the most beautiful scenes in His life was the sunset one at Capernaum, when "all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him ; and He laid His hands on every one of them," as one of our most beautiful hymns puts it—

"At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
O, with what divers pains they met !
O, with what joy they went away !"

When, therefore, our missionaries minister to diseases, and combine with this beneficent work the proclamation of the Gospel, they are directly following the example of the Lord Jesus, and obeying in the best way his last earthly command to make disciples of all men. Their work is an *Imitatio Christi* as perfect as ever imagined by Thomas à Kempis.

Apart altogether from the physical good accomplished by medical missions, there is a powerful influence exerted by them upon the natives, and the door is thus opened in a most remarkable way for the Gospel. We can imagine the influence wielded from this cause alone by the Livingstonia Mission. The populous tribes of Nyasaland had not known of any proper means of bodily healing, and had never met with strangers, except as Arab raiders and Portuguese oppressors. But now, some white men—better, wiser, stronger than themselves—had come from a great and far country to live among them and to do them good—not to seize them for the dreadful slave market, or to lash them into their service, or to take their cattle, but to deal kindly with them, to heal their bodies, and to minister to their physical necessities. These men also carried about with them a Gospel of love, and told of a Saviour from sin, and of a better and happier life. If these white missionaries could heal physical diseases, and were willing to do so without any reward, might not their Gospel of salvation be true? Would they act so sympathetically if their message were a falsehood? In this way the natives came to realise the sincerity of these devoted men who lived among them, and the door was opened up wonderfully for missionary work throughout the district.

A grand opportunity was also afforded of commending the Gospel. When once the patients had been gathered together

by the attractions of the "white doctor," how easy to urge upon them the teaching of the Bible, and to tell them of that Gospel which is more precious than all earthly medicines! What a splendid opportunity to unfold to them the character of the Great Physician, out of love to whom the white doctor himself had left home and country! Not only in Nyasaland, but wherever it has been tried, medical mission work has opened widely doors which would otherwise have been closed for ever to the message of salvation; it has conciliated opposition, removed suspicion, and dispelled prejudice; and it has demonstrated to the heathen the humane and sympathetic character of Christianity. As in our own country, so in savage regions, when a doctor writes the name of Christ across his medicines and instruments, no one can mistake what kind of a thing Christianity is.

There was ample scope for medical work in the Livingstonia Mission. Although the natives had a considerable knowledge of therapeutics, and made useful and efficacious infusions from flowers, roots, and leaves, there was a most lamentable amount of superstition connected with their remedies. Witchcraft—the supposed cause of a person's illness—entered into all their treatment of disease. They had many drugs which were supposed to act by occult means. They had innumerable charms and counter charms, which were worn round the neck, or buried in the ground, or thrown at the persons whom they were intended to influence. They had recipes for successful shooting of wild animals and for preservation in warfare. They had a concoction to enable thieves to come and go invisible to other men, and another mixture to protect property against thieves. With their medical ideas so mixed with gross superstition, there was a wide field for genuine medical labour. Besides, Central Africans make splendid surgical patients, bearing pain in an operation with great fortitude, and watching the application of the surgical instruments with a smile on their face. They remain quiet without anæsthetics, when a white man would bitterly complain, or would receive a severe shock to his system. Even when suffering terribly from wounds in battle they scarcely ever wince.

It is almost needless to say that at Cape Maclear, under the skill of Dr Laws and the others, a large amount of medical and surgical work was accomplished, the cases attended to amounting to about a thousand in the year. "I have never," wrote Dr Laws,

“regretted the self-denial which it cost me to push through the medical classes. Already my work is becoming known, and my sick patients have been, during the rainy season, opening a door to many villages, into which I hope to enter during the dry season, when I shall be able to move about easily.” In fact, innumerable instances might be given of the influence wielded. One day a sick man came from a distance for medicine, and received it. A few days passed, and a large body of men came from the same place with provisions for sale, and asking work. Several were engaged, and as their time extended over a Sabbath, Dr Laws had an opportunity of proclaiming to them some of the truths of the Gospel, and asking them to communicate to their fellow-villagers the wonderful story to which they had just been listening. The work thus attracted people to the Mission far and near.

The belief of the natives in the skill and power of the white man was unbounded. In fact, it often led to difficulty in the work, for they generally expected too much from a single dose of medicine, thinking that it would act like a charm and work wonders.

Occasionally there were severe cases requiring the use of chloroform. This “sleep medicine,” as the natives called it, was a never-failing wonder to them. If in the early Christian Church there was the power of working miracles, there was something almost equivalent in Nyasaland in the modern science of surgery with its chloroforming operations. To the simple natives the cases were apparently miraculous. So far as they could see, the white man first killed the patient, and then, when quite dead, he cut the trouble out; then he bound up the wound and made it better; and then, finally, he brought the patient back to life again. Every cure, too, was like a nail in the coffin of superstition and witchcraft. Patients went back to their homes cured, taking with them the praises of the white man’s skill and kindness, and, better still, carrying in their hearts some message of the Gospel of God’s grace.

The confidence of the natives in the white doctors extended gradually, until in 1881 the whole district had come to put trust in them. Within a few years, indeed, there were thousands who had heard of a Saviour’s love, but to whom the missionaries would never have had an opportunity of proclaiming it, if it had not been for their medical work.

But this was not all the practical work undertaken by the Mission in the earlier years of its existence. Evangelistic, Educational, Industrial, and Medical labours involved time enough for any mission party; but more than this was accomplished. A missionary in such a country has to face the difficulties of the language, and reduce it to signs and symbols. He has to spend many months at first in acquiring it, and then perhaps many years in creating a grammar and alphabet, writing a dictionary, and translating the message of the Gospel. This task had to be accomplished at Lake Nyasa, and it was no light one. All the Bantu group of languages are somewhat difficult in their construction, having a peculiar system of concord, by which noun, adjective, pronoun, and preposition are supplied with a certain prefix, which may follow the rules of one or other of seven different cases of concord.

It was not long, however, until the Nyanja language, the principal one spoken at the south end of the Lake, was reduced to writing by the Livingstonia missionaries. Mr Riddell, who was for some time schoolmaster as well as agriculturist, began by writing down every new word that he heard, with its apparent meaning. After collecting a few words and phrases, he got some boys to adjudicate, and explain any difficulty; and thus he became gradually acquainted with the more common phrases which served as stepping-stones to something more. But there was no one better qualified to undertake such a task than Dr Laws. He made a much deeper, more scientific, and more accurate study of the language than Mr Riddell had the opportunity of doing. He worked daily with native lads so as to secure accuracy in the results; and, while in Cape Colony in 1879, part of his time was taken up in endeavouring to get information, and in consulting eminent Kafir scholars about the best way of representing some of the sounds, in fact, in trying to fix the alphabet. He made it a special part of his work as a missionary to reduce the native language, and bring all its cacophony and peculiarities, its prefixes, suffixes, clicks, and multitudinous variations, into visible form.

The result was that, after four or five years' experience, the missionaries had so far managed the language that they had put it into grammatical order and a written form. A grammar, a primer, a hymn book, the Gospel of Mark, and other literary works were all ready in this language by 1881. It was an

immense advantage, especially, to have one of the Gospels translated, and no one was more pleased than Dr Laws when he had accomplished this task. "By this mail," he wrote in January 1881, "I sent down to Lovedale my manuscript of the Gospel of Mark to have 800 copies printed. Begun in 1876, the words have often been changed since then. No doubt, there are slips in it still, but I have endeavoured to make it as accurate as possible. *Soli Deo Gloria!*"*

In 1875 the language was unknown and unreduced; it had no grammar, no lexicon, had never been properly seen in print, and had never been written down to any satisfaction. Now, by 1881, the Gospel of Christ, bringing salvation to men, had been translated into it, an achievement as great perhaps as the founding of Livingstonia itself. Not only so, but, within four years after the planting of the Mission, Dr Laws had begun the Tonga language, spoken on the west coast of the Lake. Several boys from that quarter were in the school, and from their lips he took down a vocabulary of their language. "I have the nouns classified," he wrote in 1880, "and a table of concords ready. Part of the verbs also reduced, while my vocabulary contains some 500 of the most useful words."

So far the writer has described the vast amount of Evangelistic, Literary, and other work undertaken and successfully accomplished by the Livingstonia Mission during its earliest years. And now, before concluding this chapter, he would ask the reader to think of the power of Christianity in a barbarous country, and the unspeakable value of our missionaries. Is it nothing to you, dear reader, that certain of your fellow-countrymen, possessed of good education and no ordinary abilities, should voluntarily enter such savage, undeveloped regions, not with a desire for gain, or with any unworthy motive at all, but simply and solely to open the eyes of these brutish natives to a higher and nobler existence, to make known to them the Revelation of Heaven, and to lead them in paths of peace and purity? What armies, navies, or treaties could do this work? In some quarters earnest missionaries may be ridiculed, and the value of their work disparaged, or even denied, but this can never be done by any sincere observer. The British Commissioner, writing, as he states, from the point of

* The whole of this Lovedale edition was lost in the Machinjiri war and never reached the Lake, but fortunately the translation was preserved.

view of an absolutely impartial outsider, says, "Missionary work in British Central Africa, believe me, has only to tell the plain truth, and nothing but the truth, to secure sympathy and support." Let no person, therefore, depreciate the value of such work. Our missionaries on the shores of Nyasa deserve all the help we can give them in their struggle against spiritual darkness and savagery.

" Blessings be on their pathway, and increase !
These are the moral conquerors, and belong
To them the palm-branch and triumphal song—
Conquerors—and yet the harbingers of peace ! "

CHAPTER IX.

LOSSES AND REMOVAL TO BANDAWÉ

THE Psalmist has said that the Lord reigneth, but that "clouds and darkness are round about Him." There are few who cannot echo this from their own individual experience. How often we find that God's actions are involved in impenetrable obscurity! In some things we may grope after Him by the glimmerings of reason; we may understand many of His ways with the light of revelation to guide us, but still there is often a depth in them which we cannot fathom. "His way," we read, "is in the sea, and His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known."

Such were the thoughts which every now and then entered the minds of many friends of the Mission during these early years of its existence, for they were, to a great extent, years of adversity and loss. More than one of the workers had to give up his hope of serving Christ in Central Africa and return home; while no less than four of them were removed by death within the first six years. The "pestilence that walketh in darkness" claimed them as its victims. These four were Dr Black; Shadrach Ngunana, one of the Kafir evangelists from Lovedale; Mr John Gunn, the agriculturist; and Mr George Benzie, captain of the *Ilala*, who joined the Mission in 1879.

It is hard to understand God's dealings in such matters. They were men in every way admirably qualified, by their previous training and inclinations, for the field of their choice—and indeed for any mission field. They had hardly, we may say, commenced to their work when they were called on to cease; and their long preparation for service, their hopes and their aspirations, were buried in the grave. It is the old perplexity, due to our limited knowledge of God's ways, and of each man's purpose in life. But one day we shall understand. At present we see through a

glass darkly; by and by, when the glass is broken, and the veil is taken away, we shall understand and admire.

“God’s plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.”

The first to pass to his eternal rest was Dr Black. In the beginning of May 1877, he was prostrated by an eighth attack of fever, which rapidly increased in intensity, and was accompanied by stupor and delirium. He never rallied, in spite of Dr Laws’ tender and skilful nursing, and on the 7th of the month he “fell asleep in Jesus”—about six months only after his arrival. He was taken by God early, as the roses are sometimes plucked, and the lilies gathered by the gardener in the beginning of the first summer month. But his days by the shores of Nyasa were not in vain. After all, he lives longest who lives well, and can tell of good done for Christ each day.

Scarcely had this young and devoted missionary been laid to rest when Shadrach Ngunana, the brightest of the four Kafir lads who accompanied Dr Stewart, was called away. For a long time he had been in rather poor health, but latterly his illness assumed a more distressing character, and he quietly passed away on June 27th. Then, within three years afterwards—during a very trying season, when all suffered more or less from fever—both Captain Benzie of the *Ilala* and Mr John Gunn were cut down by this dreaded disease. Captain Benzie passed away on February the 11th, 1880, having three hours previously explicitly declared his trust in Christ—a declaration which his previous life at the Mission had stamped as genuine. Mr Gunn was taken a few weeks later—on April 1st. His loss was most deeply felt, as he had rendered specially valuable help to the Mission. He had not only superintended his own department, but had acted as a very efficient teacher in the school; and having devoted considerable time and attention to the native language, he was able to address a meeting fluently, and to attend to natives visiting the Station. On several occasions the entire work of the Station had been under his charge, and he had always carried it on with prudence and satisfaction. By firmness and kindness in his dealings with the natives, as well as by his addresses to them in their own language, he had completely won their affection and respect. On the evening of his

death strong men burst into tears, whose eyes had never been seen wet before; and on the following morning, soon after daybreak, between three and four hundred people were sitting on the ground before the Mission Station, with their hands on their mouths, and with faces expressive of heartfelt sorrow. It was a striking testimony to his work, proving, too, that the natives of Central Africa can fully appreciate the kindness of a true friend, and the value of a useful life.

All these faithful disciples of Christ lie buried at the base of a large granite rock, at the foot of the hill, about 400 yards behind the Mission Station, along with Mr Mackay of the Blantyre Mission—all awaiting the glorious resurrection morn. A winding path leads up to this little "God's Acre," and now and again feet steal along it to lay memorials there. The spot is pointed to by the natives as a sacred place, and many a traveller doffs his hat beside the little cluster of graves.

These losses marked the onward march of Christ's kingdom in Central Africa. Strange though it may seem, they were the stepping-stones to progress. In 1877, when Dr Laws took Mr James Stewart up the Zambesi and Shiré for the first time, they visited Mrs Livingstone's grave at Shupanga, Bishop Mackenzie's at Chiromo, and Messrs Scudamore and Dickinson's at Chibisa's. "A queer country this is," said Mr Stewart, "where the only things of interest you have to show me are the graves!" "Yes," replied Dr Laws, "but they are the milestones of Christianity to the regions beyond." We can understand the deep meaning of this. Four of the Livingstonia Mission band had been taken, but they had left something behind which no pestilence could ever remove. They were dead, but yet they were speaking to Nyasa's sons and daughters. The coral insect dies, but it forms an island in mid-ocean to wave with harvests for the good of man. The sun sets over the western hills, but it leaves behind it a trail of light to guide men onward. The tree falls and becomes buried beneath the ground; but by and by it is turned into coal, and our fires burn the brighter now because it fell. Even so, missionaries toil and live and die, but the good that they do lives after them, and is not "buried with their bones." Dr Black and others had fallen, but Albert Namalambé and many dwellers by the Lake Nyasa arose in a short time to bear witness to their labours,

Perhaps the most important outcome of these losses was the removal of the Mission Station to a better and healthier spot. These losses of course did not form the only reason for the change. All who are acquainted with missionary work in unexplored lands know that a change of site has sometimes to be made in the settlement of a mission owing to matters which subsequently arise. So, in connection with the Livingstonia Mission, it gradually began to be realised that a change was necessary to some more suitable spot at a distance. There was no intention of abandoning the original site, but only of choosing some additional one which would be healthier and better as headquarters.

There can be no doubt that Cape Maclear had much to recommend it. It possessed an excellent harbour, and from its geographical position seemed destined to be the capital of Nyasaland. With its pleasant cool breezes from the Lake, its suitability for exploration, its inexhaustible supply of fish, its abundance of rice, maize, and other important things, it was vastly preferable to any position on the Lower Shiré, and was the best place that could have been chosen at which to make a beginning. But, it had its disadvantages, apart from any questions of health. For one thing it was not sufficiently *central*. It was not adapted for the centre of a continually extending mission. Such important tribes as the Tonga, on the west shore, and the Ngoni Zulus, on the uplands, west of the Lake, could not be evangelised from it. As Dr Stewart remarked in the Assembly of 1878, after his return from the Mission, it would be necessary "either to make a change, or let go the original idea and projection, and reduce the whole to dwarfish proportions, very different from what was at first intended." For the continued success of the Mission, some important place from which all the various tribes could be reached was an indispensable condition, but such was not to be found on this somewhat isolated promontory.

In addition, the neighbourhood was infested with the *tsetsé* fly, a small, but certainly a formidable foe to progress, as the bite of it is fatal to horses and cattle. The victim, after being bitten, suffers from extreme depression and loss of appetite, and ultimately dies from what may be termed a species of blood-poisoning. The existence of this pest has been, perhaps, the greatest curse of South Central Africa. Fortunately, it is now disappearing from the whole Protectorate, as it has disappeared in South Africa since the country

was cleared. But, during the early years at Cape Maclear, it was an immense drawback to successful missionary operations. At first, before the peopling of the district, and the cultivation of the soil, it was no uncommon thing for the missionaries to have from ten to twenty flies on their back at a time in going through the plain to the rear of the Station.

In regard to its site, therefore, the Livingstonia Station on this low-lying, isolated, somewhat unhealthy promontory was far from satisfactory. It could not be compared with the Blantyre one of the Established Church. The latter was situated among the Shiré Hills, 3000 feet above the sea, in a cool, healthy district. It would have been an immense benefit if the Livingstonia Mission had obtained such a perfect site. But no want of wisdom can be attributed to Mr Young and his party, who did what was best and most convenient at the time. They examined as much of the known shore of the Lake as they could in a week, but found no other place where the *Ilala* could lie with the same safety, sheltered from the prevailing winds. They discovered only one other place which could claim a serious consideration alongside of it. This was in Makanjira's territory, and, had they gone there, they would have run a much greater risk of coming into open collision with the slave trade. "I can perfectly realise," wrote Consul Elton, "the many difficulties that Mr Young must have found in his way in the first selection of a site—rains coming on—men to house—attitude of natives uncertain—goods and property to be stored and sheltered—steamer's safety to be secured. He acted for the best, undoubtedly, and this harbour is an excellent one; but for an industrial mission the site is badly chosen."* The fact is that Mr Young and his party acted as any others would have done in similar circumstances. They explored the southern portion of the Lake during the few days at their disposal, and fixed on what appeared to them to be the most suitable spot. But they did not expect that they had hit upon the most eligible position on the whole Lake, and they fully realised that in time to come it might be expedient to remove to some other locality.

Consequently, two or three years after the planting of the Mission, the Committee, taking everything into consideration, instructed the missionaries to make no extension of works at Cape Maclear, and to complete and improve those already existing, only so far as

* "Lakes and Mountains of Africa," p. 278.

might be necessary for present wants. They also directed them to examine the west side of the Lake for a better position—one which would allow of a good harbour, and yet be as free as possible from danger and difficulty.

This work of discovering a better site was interrupted by some of the Mission staff being drafted off to Blantyre in 1877, to take temporary charge of the Established Church Mission there. It was, however, carried on at times, as the Mission party were able. Dr Stewart and Dr Laws explored the west shore of the Lake as early as 1877, and discovered large tracts of fine country, rich in nature's beauty, and thickly populated. They found that this shore might be divided into three sections of about a hundred miles each—the southern, the middle, and the northern. The southern was too marshy; and the northern was too much at the extreme end of the Lake, and on a portion of this section, for some thirty or forty miles, the mountains came down too abruptly on the shore to afford either good harbours or easy access to the country behind. The middle section, from Mankambira's to Kota-Kota, was found to be the best for the purpose, being central, and rising gradually backward by ranges of low hills. But to fix on a suitable site in this large section of a hundred miles was no easy task. It required a careful examination of the coast-line to find a suitable harbour, together with a great deal of land travelling several miles inland to discover the nature of the country. Any place selected required to have good soil and timber in abundance, with a plentiful supply of water, either from a river not too deeply sunk in its channel, or from an ordinary-sized, permanent stream rising above the site.

Then, in 1878, Dr Laws and Mr James Stewart, C.E., carried through a great land journey of 800 miles, to which we have already referred, leaving the Station in charge of Mr John Gunn. They left on August 12th, taking Mr. William Koyi to act as interpreter to the Ngoni Zulus on the uplands, and about fifty natives as carriers and guides. They made a thorough examination of the west coast, especially of the middle section, and visited Chikusi, Chewere, and Chipatula, who were powerful chiefs of the Ngoni, as well as many others, most of whom appeared to be favourable to the Mission. The party were received with special kindness by Chipatula, and stayed several days at his village, while great crowds of people flocked from long distances to see

them. Children were urged out that they might be able to tell posterity of the wonderful sight.

As a result of all these explorations, two tentative spots were fixed on, viz., Marenga or Bandawé, about latitude 12° south, on the shore of the Lake, two days' sail from Cape Maclear; and Kaning'ina, near Chipatula's, on the high lands or large plateau to the west. Both of these places were then occupied for a time by some of the Mission staff, who took observations extending to all seasons of the year, making careful records of the rainfall, temperature, and other facts connected with the climate. Encouraging services were commenced at both places, schools were opened, and the natives soon came to realise the object of the Mission, and were anxious for the white men to settle among them. By and by, however, Kaning'ina was found unsuitable, as the road to it across the plains from Nkata Bay was discovered to be almost impassable in the rainy season, and in addition most of the people left the district, partly through fear of foes, and partly from failure of their cassava crops. For these, and several other reasons, it was not thought advisable to continue it, and in October 1879 it was given up.

After some further exploration by Mr Stewart to the north and north-west, and also along the east coast, no spot was found better or more accessible than Bandawé. The only other locality in any way suitable was the Rukuru Valley—a fertile, well-watered, and healthy district—but access could only be had to it by a very difficult path a few miles south of Mount Waller. Bandawé was much superior to such a place. Although it was perhaps not the healthiest spot that existed around the Lake, nor the safest anchorage for the steamer; and although it had also the two disadvantages of being on the Lake shore, without any altitude, and of not possessing a stream of water, by means of which irrigation could be carried on, it was, nevertheless, immensely superior to every other place. The climate was decidedly better than at Cape Maclear. The soil was good, and indeed the best on the west coast. The district was the most populous one anywhere on the Lake. The people, called "Tonga," were of a peaceful and friendly character, being utterly unlike the savage Zulus inhabiting the high lands; while ready access could be had to the latter, if it were found practicable to plant a mission among them.

Ultimately, therefore, after much careful consideration, Bandawé was fixed on as the new headquarters of the Mission. Preparations for the removal were begun in March 1881. A house for Dr Laws, houses for artizan evangelists, and other buildings were erected in readiness for the arrival of the Mission band. A number of native gardens were also bought up beside the Station—a step which was taken, not so much for the sake of acquiring more land, as of gaining compactness and regularity in the Mission grounds, and of obtaining possession of the land lying between the site of the houses and the harbour. By having this satisfactorily settled at first, much future trouble was avoided. To this new, permanent Station, the missionaries finally moved in October 1881, exactly six years after the pioneer party sailed into the Lake—taking with them all their goods, as well as the Bandawé boys and the few scholars who had been boarded at Cape Maclear. This date, therefore, marks a transition stage in the history of the Mission. Henceforth the nature of its work was the same, the fourfold object being continued exactly as before, but the centre of work was changed, and the Mission's influence for good vastly increased.

Cape Maclear, with its five graves and empty cottages, was left as an out-station in charge of a few natives who were companions of the first convert, Albert Namalambé, and like him had been trained in the Mission. These continued the meetings there. The *Ilala* called periodically with Dr Laws, or some other white man, to inspect, stimulate, and conduct service. Thus there were the germs of a little Christian community left behind in the place as a useful light amid the darkness. The work went on as before—the only difference really being that the place was now wrought as an outpost. By and by, Albert Namalambé, the first convert, took full charge of the whole place, and under his guidance evangelistic work was carried on at several of the outlying villages. His assistants even went as far as Ndindi and other places on the west coast, carrying the message of salvation.

It is most pathetic to read the accounts which travellers give of this “deserted” station. Professor Henry Drummond, who visited Lake Nyasa in 1883, at the head of a scientific expedition, describes the place most touchingly. “A neat path through a small garden led up to the settlement, and I approached the largest house and entered. It was the Livingstonia Manse—the

head missionary's house. It was spotlessly clean, English furniture was in the room, a medicine chest, familiar-looking dishes were in the cupboards, books lying about, but there was no missionary in it. I went into the next house. It was the school; the benches were there, and the black-board, but there were no scholars and no teachers. I passed to the next, and to the next, all in perfect order, and all *empty*. Then a native approached and led me a few yards into the forest; and there, among the mimosa-trees, under a huge granite mountain, were four or five graves. These were the missionaries. . . . There the long creepers coil and droop over their graves. A hundred and fifty miles north, on the same lake coast, the remnant of the missionaries have begun their task again, and there, slowly, against fearful odds, they are carrying on their work."

When another traveller, Mr Montagu Kerr, visited the place, he was equally impressed. He describes at great length the surprise which he received. He was in sore need of food and other necessaries; and it was with many hopeful thoughts that he landed on the longed-for beach, with a carefully cherished letter of introduction in his hand. A man with a red umbrella, who met him, took him to the sad-looking tombstones, and enlightened him regarding the removal of the Mission. "Very seek country," he said, "all dead, all gone, all gone Bandawé." It was not until he found himself within four white-washed walls, the "deserted" home of one of the missionaries, that he realised the full meaning of the black man's words. "In a moment," he writes, "all my long cherished hopes—the hopes that had chiefly cheered me in protracted adversity—that I would be welcomed by a smile of a British face and the warm grasp of a British hand, were dashed to the ground! . . . I felt as though I was sitting in a sepulchre. A yellow flag of sickness or the black flag of death would have represented the situation."

Such graphic accounts by travellers are very pathetic, but they are somewhat incomplete and incorrect, so far as regards the condition of the Mission. Readers of them are apt to entertain but poor impressions of the work at Cape Maclear after the withdrawal of the white men. They are apt to imagine it as a kind of failure, and to paint in their mind most affecting pictures of missionary desertion, desolation, and death. They are ready almost to regard the withdrawal as a breaking up of the Mission,

a mournful blighting of missionary hopes, a sad and unfortunate ending to six years' laborious efforts. This, however, would be an entire misconception of the actual progress of the Mission—the very opposite indeed of the truth. When these and other travellers visited the spot, Cape Maclear was only an outpost, with perhaps a somewhat deserted appearance, and by no means expressive of the vast work carried on by the Mission. There was progress, not decay; increase, not failure; life, not death.

Mr Montagu Kerr's disappointment arose from the fact that in almost all maps of the district the name "Livingstonia" was for a long time retained at Cape Maclear after the removal of the Mission. He was not the only traveller who found his way thither after much hardship, in the hope of meeting fellow-countrymen, only to discover after all that his information was incorrect. It is a pity that so many excellent geographers should have confounded Livingstonia with Cape Maclear in their maps, and given rise to such wrong impressions. It is a mistake which is still observable in some otherwise trustworthy productions.

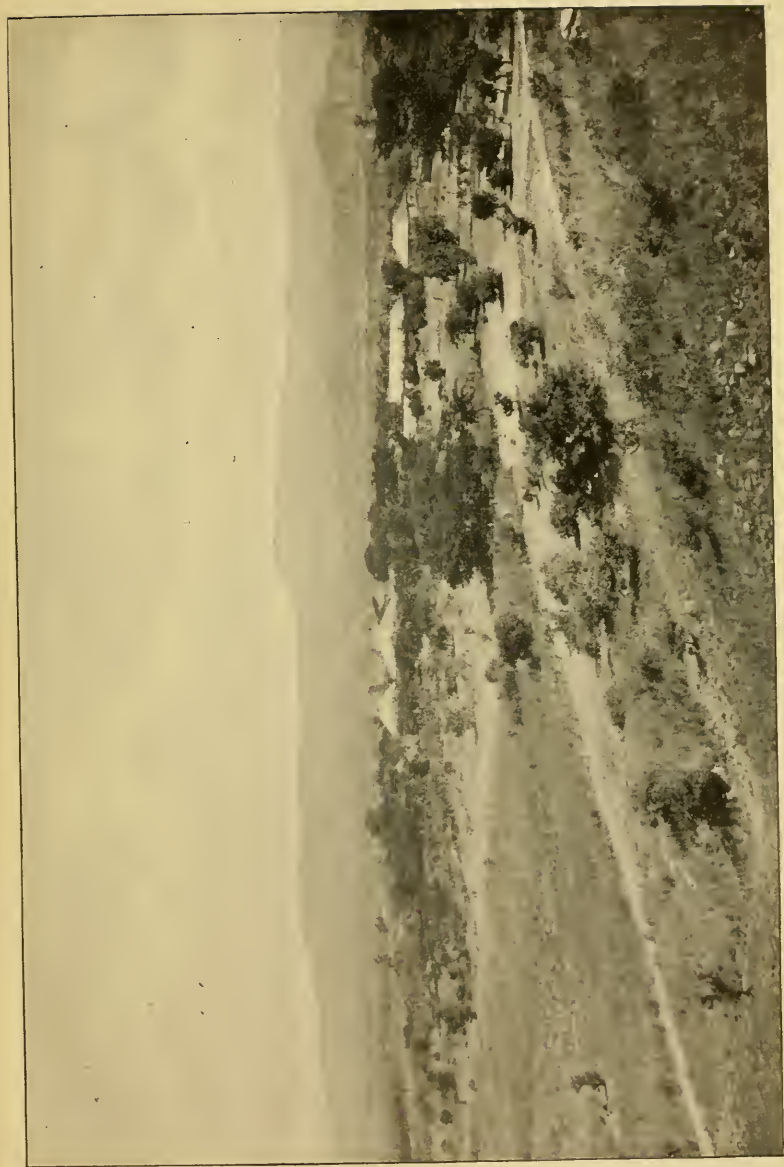
But to continue the story. After the removal of the Mission in 1881, Bandawé became the centre of its life and organisation. The reader may picture this new place in his mind's eye. A point of land jutting well out into the Lake; on this, some humble European houses, with a "brae" of three quarters of a mile to them from the water's edge; to the east, the vast expanse of Lake, stretching forty miles to the other side; to the north and south, beyond the water, ranges of mountains as far as the eye can see, with low cultivated or grassy plains between them and the Lake; and to the west, hundreds of populous villages dotted here and there, and a cluster of towering peaks, over 6000 feet high, in the distance. Such was Bandawé, to which Dr Laws and his little band of fellow-missionaries removed. It was beyond doubt a good commanding position—better than any other along the Lake shore. From here, not only the Tonga, but the Ngoni, Konde, and other influential tribes could be evangelised, while all around were countless multitudes of ignorant, shameless, superstitious people—all of them tractable, and only waiting to be enlightened.

Here, then, in this beautiful and populous locality, the missionaries settled down at once to renewed work. The various departments were soon in full operation. Evangelistic meetings were held throughout the neighbourhood. Crowds gathered to hear the white men, many of them driven down by the raids of the fierce Ngoni, who reigned supreme on the uplands. Schools were carried on with much enthusiasm, and developed wonderfully in a short time. Medical work made marvellous progress, thousands flocking from all quarters to the Mission Station, where they were healed in body, and also received the gospel of Christ to heal the deeper and spiritual disease of their nature. Nor was this all. The Mission extended into the surrounding regions with a rapidity and success almost unequalled in missionary annals. Through the remarkable energy of Dr Laws, and his enthusiastic devotion to the work, it quickly spread in all directions, in a way which could not have been done at Cape Maclear, until it began to take possession of the whole west side of the Lake.

All this proved the wisdom of the change to Bandawé. After all, the losses and difficulties of Cape Maclear had been blessings in disguise. They were the fruitful seeds of future success. They were afflictions productive of much good. They were like the early processes of the soil, when it is broken up and weeded, in order that it may be refreshed and bring forth fair flowers. They resembled the outpouring and beating rain that comes with roaring violence, shredding off the leaves, tearing the trees, and overwhelming the grain, only to be followed by the sunshine, the fertile plains and the fruitful harvest. Through these dark, unfavourable circumstances, God had been guiding the Mission party into a better place, where their labours might be abundantly blessed—an important centre from which the Gospel light might radiate north, south, and west among great masses of heathen.

“ All is of God ! If He but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.”

The extension of the Mission beyond Bandawé and Cape Maclear was carried on according to a definite plan. When the country was explored by Dr Laws and Mr Stewart in 1878, they fixed on certain spots on the west coast and the high lands above,



BANDAWE FROM THE HILL,

which were considered suitable for future stations, and where work might be commenced whenever the door was opened and the men and means were forthcoming. This scheme, drafted in the early days of the Mission, was gradually followed. In the next two chapters we shall glance at this remarkable extension.

CHAPTER X

THE FIERCE NGONI

A TRAVELLER in Madeira set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. He had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet when a thick mist was seen descending and obscuring the whole face of the heavens. He thought there was no hope left but at once to return or be lost. But as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed him, his guide ran on before him, penetrating the mist, and calling to him ever and anon, saying, "Press on, master ; press on ; there's light beyond !" He did press on ; and in a few minutes the mist was passed, and he gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above ; while beneath was the almost level mist glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. This traveller's experience records the history of the Gospel in North Ngoniland, where the first additional station was planted by our Livingstonia missionaries in 1882. It is, to begin with, a history of gathering clouds, beneath whose gloomy shadows they stood dismayed. But as they pressed on, led by the Spirit of God, and penetrated the deep darkness, they found themselves surrounded by the glorious light of heaven.

The nature and character of the fierce Ngoni, or Maviti tribes, in whose uplands this station was planted, will be best understood if we refer to their history. Their ancestors were "military heads," and were driven away from South Africa during the disturbances arising from the policy of the fierce Zulu king, Chaka. Under Zongandaba, their great leader, they wandered about for many years, striving to excel other Zulus in butchery and cruelty. Wherever they went they carried on an aggressive warfare, annihilating weaker tribes, and leaving behind them the trail of fire and sword. From the Zulu king, Chaka, who has been called the Napoleon of South Africa, they had learned how to organise fighting men into

regiments and companies ; and now, as they roamed about, they gave vent to all their warlike propensities. As they marched through many regions they almost extinguished those who opposed them, sacrificing human life to an unspeakable degree. At last, wandering northward, they crossed the Zambesi in 1825, and invaded the Central regions. Here Zongandaba died in the Fipa country, near Lake Tanganyika, and on his death, what had been one body of people, ruled by one supreme chief, became broken up into many fragments. Most of these settled down on the high table-land to the west of Lake Nyasa. Those Ngoni, to whom we refer, on the uplands about forty miles north-west of Bandawé, were a powerful and warlike fragment. Under Mombera, Mtwaro, and Mperembé, sons of Zongandaba, they acted as the rulers of the upland country for hundreds of miles, the original tribes being either incorporated with them or kept in subjection to them.

As we have said, they were fierce and bloodthirsty, and accustomed to prey upon their weaker neighbours. Their appearance with immense ear-knobs of ivory or bone, and with the peculiar jingling sound which came from strings of black seeds (from wild banana) which they carried about on their bodies, was enough to strike terror into the hearts of all surrounding tribes. They were not unlike the terrible Masai, near Uganda, through whose country no stranger cared to travel.

The people who suffered most from their brutal raids were the Tonga and other tribes on the Lake shore near Bandawé. These tribes were peaceably inclined, had numerous canoes and excellent fishing-nets, and were tolerably well off, but the dread of the Ngoni beclouded their lives. They were often compelled to huddle themselves together in thousands inside stockades, or live on the small rocky islands in the Lake, or on piles beyond wading depth, in order to be safe—a life which involved a great amount of suffering, with poor food and wretched huts. Thousands of them settled in the immediate neighbourhood of Bandawé to get the protection of the white men. Indeed, the history of the Mission in its earlier years is darkened with massacre and cruelty, enacted by these wild Ngoni upon the Lake tribes, and is a standing record of how

“ Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

In regard to spiritual matters the minds of the Ngoni were

almost blank. Being Zulus, they had no religion—properly so-called. They believed, of course, in a Creator of men and all things. They had also their priests, or mediums of communication with the spirit world; for they were superstitious, and like the theosophists, believed in spirits or ghosts. They could not see these phantoms—the spirits of their ancestors, as they called them—with the naked eye, but they believed in them, worshipped them in a way, honoured them, and thanked them. Otherwise they had no religion or spiritual ideas, but under their great chief, Mombera, lived year after year a life of warfare and plunder in utter ignorance of God. It is hard for us, in this Christian, enlightened land, to have even the faintest conception of their heathenism and corruption. Nowadays we hardly know what corrupt human nature is: we see it only after centuries of culture and civilisation. But among these bloodthirsty warriors in Central Africa it could be seen in its extreme depth.

These, then, were the people among whom Dr Laws was anxious to raise the banner of the Gospel. He visited Ngoniland as early as September 1878, and again in January 1879, in order to establish friendly relations with them and pave the way for a Station. He spoke seriously yet cautiously to them about their cruelty and warlike actions, advising them to have patience in dealing with other tribes, and to live in peace, and explained that the object of the missionaries was a friendly one—to teach the people about God. In reply, both chief and headmen expressed a desire to have a missionary among them, and even wanted Dr Laws to make Ngoniland the headquarters of the Mission. “Why,” they exclaimed, “do you not come up and live with us? Can you milk fish, that you remain at the Lake? Come up and live here, and we will give you cattle. We are the rulers of the land: all others are beneath us.”

Dr Laws would have placed a missionary among them without delay, but only a Zulu or Kafir would have been suitable, as few of the real Ngoni understood the Nyanja language. William Koyi and Mapas Ntintili, whom Dr Stewart had taken to the Mission in 1876, and who were the only Kafirs now available, were about to return to South Africa on furlough, and no more could be obtained from Lovedale on account of the backward state of the funds at home.

Later on, in July 1879, Mr John W. Moir, one of the managers

of the African Lakes Company, visited the country on his way to the Senga region. He remained two days at the head chief's, and was treated in a most friendly way. Later still, in September of the same year, Mr James Stewart camped in the country on his road to Tanganyika; but he only saw inferior headmen, who expressed disappointment that the white men had not come to settle among them. He found them sincere in their desire to make friendship, but discovered, as Dr Laws had done, that nothing but an exclusive alliance would suit them. They wished the white man all to themselves, in order to have his power in destroying their enemies.

It was not until two or three months after the settlement of the Mission at Bandawé that Dr Laws found himself able, owing to the return of William Koyi from South Africa, to take active measures for preaching Christ to these warriors. As this dark-skinned missionary was acquainted with Zulu prejudices and mode of thought, as well as the Zulu language, he sent him as soon as possible up to Ngoniland. He considered it better that this young Kafir should venture alone, and spend some time in conversation with this dreaded tribe, in order to win them over to the cause of the Mission.

It was in January 1882 that William Koyi went up, accompanied by three men to act as guides. He went first to the district of Chipatula, a headman, who was a staunch friend to the white men. Here he did courageous service, and actually paid frequent visits to Mombera, the great chief, who lived about two miles away. He found, however, that this representative of government was rather suspicious of the missionaries, and reluctant to admit them into his country, being afraid, no doubt, that they would condemn the plundering and massacring of weaker tribes. So far, therefore, there was not much encouragement to go forward.

In April, however, of the same year, when a truce for a time had taken place between the Ngoni and Tonga, Dr Laws, Dr Hannington, and Mr Koyi prepared a special expedition, and visited this powerful chief to see what could be done. After some trouble and detention for a fortnight, a meeting of the headmen was convened, and it was considered whether the white men should be allowed to settle in the district. There was still a bitter feeling towards the Tonga tribes on the Lake shore; and a deter-

mined effort was made to get the missionaries to condemn them, but this they declined to do. They were nevertheless invited to settle down and to commence work.

We take some extracts from a letter by Dr Laws, describing this interesting visit to Ngoniland :

“By easy marches westward, we climbed the hills, and found ourselves in a cold bracing atmosphere, very agreeable to us as a change from the Lake, but not at all relished by our porters, who felt the cold intensely.

“An easy march on Monday brought us to Chipatula’s village, on the east bank of the Kasitu, and within sight of Mombera’s village, which is built on the other side of the river. Here we were welcomed, and pitched our tents outside the village. Chipatula went across to Mombera, who was ill, and told him of our arrival. We waited at Chipatula’s village without visiting Mombera, in order that he might gather his councillors, and that we might thus be received by them in their collective capacity. On Tuesday, May 2nd, we heard that they were come and were discussing the question. The following afternoon we were invited to come to the council. We went to Mombera’s village, and after sitting some time in the cattle kraal, were invited to a large hut, where we found Mtwaro (brother of Mombera, and heir-apparent) and Mahalule already seated. Others followed us till thirty had assembled, and guard was set at the door to prevent further intrusion. We learned that, owing to his illness, Mombera would not be present himself, but had commissioned Mtwaro to act for him, and report our statements to him.

“After expressing regret at Mombera’s illness, we told them that the great object of our coming was to bring to them the Word of God, to teach people the contents of this book, and to teach children to read it for themselves ; that also we wished to teach them some of the civilised arts, and to give medicine to the sick. We disclaimed any desire to take part in their quarrels with other people. As we were commanded to carry the Word of God to all people, so we must be the friends of all, and not of one tribe or party merely. The headmen then began to speak in turn, all expressing themselves favourably with regard to our coming, and assuring us of their friendship. They would like us to abandon our Station on the Lake shore, and live with them only ; and should the Tonga interfere with the passage of our goods

up to the hills, they would make a road for us with their spears.

“By the time we had got this length the hut was getting very close and uncomfortable, and the sun beginning to set brought the conference to a close. Next morning, however, we again met in council in the cattle kraal, Mombera himself being present, but looking thin and ill. The same ground was gone over, and a distinct pledge of protection was given by an aged councillor in presence of the chief and his council. We gave Mombera several useful articles in the shape of blankets, cloth, knives, beads, a mirror, and a folding chair, with which he seemed very much delighted. To the councillors smaller presents were given, so as to remove any cause of jealousy. They said that we were now free of the country, and were looked upon as being like themselves.

“We explained to them that we could not then promise that a European would be living with them constantly, but that we would leave Mr Koyi with them, who, knowing their language, could teach them and read God’s Word to them; and with this arrangement they expressed themselves satisfied.”

Services were then carried on every Sabbath at Chipatula’s village. A school was also opened there, but unfortunately, after a fortnight, Mombera forbade it. “I must first,” he said, “learn what is being taught myself.” Evidently he and his headmen were still in doubt of the missionaries, and of the whole operations of the Mission. They saw only too clearly that with such teaching they could not maintain their position as an unassailable, warlike tribe preying upon weaker neighbours. Darkened though their consciences were, they knew that the ten commandments would undermine their customs, and even their existence as a warrior people, and that this Mission, instead of giving them any new power, would act as a constant drag upon their life. Hence they thought it best to stop the school work from the commencement.

But providentially the preaching of the Gospel was not forbidden. It was allowed to continue under Mr Koyi. His liberty, however, was circumscribed—he could not, and he dare not as yet, extend his sphere beyond Chipatula’s. But he made up his mind to live down all misunderstanding and disarm the suspicions of the chief. And so he preached constantly to the few who were not too haughty to listen to him, and held the fort bravely amid the

opposition of this savage tribe. He did not wait for the people to come to his meetings: he went and had long talks with them. In this way he imparted a large amount of instruction on spiritual topics and on the conditions of civilised life, and cultivated a feeling of friendliness among many who were opposed to him. It was a noble work which no European could have accomplished. The people were jealous and conservative in the extreme, and by no means ready to credit disinterested motives in others; but with amazing courage this young and earnest Kafir set himself to win their confidence and obtain their respect.

He had a good deal of anxiety. The sickening sights and hideous sounds were enough to break any man's heart. "A woman carrying a pot of beer would be killed in broad daylight in order to get the beer and prevent detection. A scream would be heard in the evening, and on enquiring the cause he would be told that it was a worn-out slave who had been put out for the hyenas to devour, as being no longer able to take care of himself. Skeletons of persons murdered could have been seen lying about many villages and in the bush." Similar records have been left by him, which it turns one's heart to read.

Some of the Ngoni movements, too, were not calculated to give him comfort. First, Mombera's son died, and then one of his principal headmen; and some blamed the "English" for being the cause of these deaths. To test the matter, *muavi* poison was given to two fowls. Both vomited, and thus, according to their superstitious ideas, the "English" were not guilty. There is no saying what might have happened if the test had gone the other way. Probably massacre of the missionaries and destruction of the entire Mission would have followed. We cannot thank God enough for His providential dealing, and for the protection which He gave to this faithful Kafir missionary in these dark days.

In time Mombera began to show himself more friendly, and gave permission to preach in all his villages, although still forbidding school work. Before the year 1882 had closed William Koyi had occasional services in Mombera's kraal. But alas! a new obstacle arose in the persistent indifference and unbelief of the people. We know what immense hindrances there are in our own country, where the ranks of the indifferent are so many and so crowded. Ministers and other Christian workers find it no

easy matter to cope with that easy *nonchalance* with which men pass by great and solemn enquiries, and dispel from their minds all convictions of religion. William Koyi had now something of this to experience. Amid all his descriptions of a Saviour's love, the dead, unenlightened eye of the Ngoni never sparkled; no bosom heaved; no tongue uttered God's praise; no man, woman, or child showed the least desire to obey the Gospel. It was terrible! A few of the common people—the slaves—listened to the message with apparent gladness, but that was all. "It is very good," they said; "but we cannot accept it before our chiefs and superiors." They thought that to do so would be presumption on their part; and as for the "chiefs and superiors"—the real Ngoni—they were too haughty to bow before a crucified Jesus. They did not oppose the Gospel in any way, but none of them would truly accept it. All that they wanted, in fact, was earthly power and advantage. They allowed the missionaries to live with them and visit them because they cured diseases and sold them calico and beads, and because they regarded their presence as an honour. But they had no desire for the Gospel of the white man or for any instruction.

Dark clouds continued to obscure the rising sun. Sometimes there was much beer drinking and sensuality at Mombera's village, and great war-dances, at which his large kraal was full of armed men, while many others stood outside unable to get in. Such gatherings gave Mr Koyi much distress, especially as Mombera veiled the purpose of them from him. There was evidently war in prospect. Rumours pointed to a combination of the forces of Mwasi and Mombera for an attack on Jumbe, the great Mahommedan chief at Kota-Kota, with the help of Makanjira from the east side of the Lake. Jumbe was fast building a strong stockade, and was laying in great stores of provisions, so as to be able to stand a siege. There were startling rumours also of an attack on the Tonga by some Ngoni chiefs.

On account of such circumstances Dr Laws deemed it necessary to revisit Mombera, and accordingly, in October 1883, he proceeded, along with Dr Scott, to Ngoniland. "At the river Luweya," says Dr Laws, "the day after leaving we heard that an Ngoni army had already started for the Lake shores. On crossing a ridge of hills some three miles from the Station, we

saw a number of the Ngoni warriors coming along the path on which we were, and perhaps a mile distant. We gathered our goods and carriers together, and sat down on the tops of our boxes, and waited till they passed us. A grim savage set they were—armed with skin shield, club, a stabbing, and two light spears. Younger lads carried provisions, etc. As they marched past in single file, some shouted their war cries and whistles; others asked why we came up just now, when they were coming down to pay us a visit; others furnished us with the kindly assurance that on our return we would find no wives to cook our porridge for us, etc. In the evening Mr Koyi went across to Mombera to tell him of our arrival, and to ask him to send a message to the warriors that at least they were not to interfere with our Station. Mombera said that this had been set about without his consent, and that he could not interfere in the matter; but that we might get away soon, he would see us to-morrow, and thus allow of our speedy return.”

It was not, however, until several days afterwards that Dr Laws had an opportunity of meeting these councillors and discussing missionary matters with them. He reminded them of what he had said to them before—how he and his friends wished to teach God’s Word, heal the sick, and educate the young. He thanked them for the permission already given to preach the Gospel, and asked them now to extend it to teaching the young also. But he found these old men as wily as ever. They were afraid that if the children were taught by the white men they would refuse to help in cattle-stealing and in plundering, and the Ngoni would no longer be a powerful tribe. In reply, he showed them a better way of growing rich than by plundering weaker tribes, and told them how nations had become great by receiving God’s Word, while others, rejecting it, had been swept away. The discussion, however, was almost fruitless. No permission was given for school work, and Dr Laws and Dr Scott returned disappointed.

On reaching Bandawé they found the villages deserted, and the people living in the bush for fear of the Ngoni attack. A few days afterwards it took place in the early morning. Some poor, sick, old women, who could not escape, were killed, houses were burned, and even a new Mission school was set fire to. The natives fled in hundreds to Dr Laws at Bandawé, and panic-stricken, they crowded over the fences—anywhere near the white

man's house. Had the Ngoni ventured up to them, the butchery, Dr Laws assures us, would have been horrible; but they were satisfied with their plunder, and retreated homewards.

From July 1882, Mr Koyi had had the company and assistance of Mr James Sutherland, a most devoted worker for Christ, but he was much cheered by the arrival, in the beginning of 1884, of another Kafir evangelist, George Williams, and later on, of Mrs Koyi also. Inspired with new courage, he managed to get another meeting of the councillors in November 1884, to consider the instruction of the children; but again no permission was granted, although the meeting lasted the greater part of a day. "Give the book to Mombera," they said, "and he will teach the children." Whenever Mombera did visit the mission-house, Mr Koyi commenced to teach him the A B C, but before any progress could be made the chief usually exclaimed, "Get out of this; give me cloth," and so on.

This subject of begging was one of continual harassment to the Mission. To some extent it was found necessary to give occasionally, especially to head chiefs, but to do so to the length of their demands, or to extend this principle too far, would have been like a heavy blackmail, and would speedily have ruined the Mission. All sorts of tricks were resorted to for the purpose of getting valuable presents. Even the Chipatula family became greatly discontented. They complained angrily of not receiving presents, and threatened the Tonga with war on this account! They actually sent a war-party down to the Lake to get cloth by any means in their power. Alas! After all, the Gospel was nothing: it was calico and other things they wanted, so indifferent were they to all things spiritual and eternal.

Fierce raids continued to be made by the Ngoni in all directions, especially upon the poor Lake tribes, who were kept in daily dread of these cruel oppressors. It was evident that Mombera was unwilling to prevent these things. Whole districts were ravaged every now and then, and many wretched captives were dragged away to Ngoniland. A wild raid would be made at sunset by these savage warriors—all unexpectedly—upon some defenceless village near Bandawé. They would stab madly on every side, and then rush wildly back to their fastnesses on the hills. In the morning a multitude of women and children would be found ghastly, and covered with gore. Such scenes always

followed these attacks, for the Ngoni did not consider themselves men until they had shed blood. Their raids were not to revenge any wrongs, but purely from a love of war and plunder. No wonder that many Tonga, especially women and children, fled from their quiet villages on the first rumour of an Ngoni approach, and settled down in Bandawé, feeling themselves much safer under the protecting hand of Dr Laws. The Bandawé Mission Journal reads in some places like the history of a bloody campaign, owing to the frequent attacks of these mountain warriors.

A fresh stage in the work was entered upon in the beginning of 1885. It was in February of that year that Dr Walter A. Elmslie, M.B., C.M., arrived in the country to help in the evangelisation of Ngoniland. Being a man of unique character, admirably adapted for the work, his arrival is an important factor in the history of the Mission. His genuineness and consistency, his carefulness and prudence, his patient energy, his self-sacrificing heroism in all moments of danger, and his Christian modesty, as well as his excellent medical abilities, place him by the side of our greatest missionaries. Our readers may imagine what a power he wielded on account of his medical skill alone. The Ngoni were a superstitious people, and constantly in the hands of their native doctors, who were trusted to the utmost as the only channels of communication with the spirit-world. Real medical skill was the very thing to uproot these superstitions, and prepare the ground for the entrance of the Gospel.

Soon after his arrival Dr Elmslie visited Mombera, to inform him of his willingness to attend to all the sick who might wish help. A meeting of councillors was summoned in the large cattle kraal of the village to hear what he had to say.

"Lengthy speeches," says Dr Elmslie, "were made by three of the councillors, to each of which we had an opportunity of replying. All the speakers expressed their indebtedness that we should have come amongst them, and especially that now they would have the benefit of a doctor. The question of making war was fully entered into. The speakers declared that they could not see their way as a tribe to give up going out to war. They wished to learn the Word of God, but when it said that they must not kill or steal, it was plain to them that if the children were taught they would grow up cowards, and would not uphold the honour of the tribe, whose foundation is the spear and

shield ; so that, as they could not see how they could live to be laughed at by the other tribes, they must disallow the teaching of the children. It was proposed that if we would permit them to go away once more to steal cattle, they would, on their return, if we would pray that they be successful, give us some cattle, and then settle down and command all the tribe to receive the Word of God.

“The councillors were perfectly unanimous in wishing me to reside among them, and that they would give me all protection, and consider me one of themselves. Though the question of opening a school is no further advanced than when Dr Laws met the council three years ago, it is not a hopeless matter ; and from what transpired at the meeting, and from what I have learned from the others of the history of the Mission, I do not consider it wise to press the question forcibly until the influence of our presence here has further uprooted their superstition and prejudices. To have patience is the way to hasten this.”

And so matters went on as before—only with Dr Elmslie’s powerful help the Gospel made a deal of progress, in spite of the opposition and indifference in high places. The common people and slaves accepted it as good news, and gave the missionaries much encouragement to go on. The moral tone of the people became elevated. They began to clothe themselves decently, except when they wore the war-dress ; and they showed other signs of modesty. They commenced to make apologies for many of their customs and beliefs. They manifested a regard for human life, and a dislike for brutal raiding. They even showed signs of giving up war altogether, because the Mission did not approve of it. Through the influence of the Gospel of Christ they were certainly rising from their low condition ; but at the same time they did not rightly understand what the Gospel was. Some had come to look upon it as a sort of treaty with which the white men had come, and which the chief and his councillors were required to assent to on behalf of the whole tribe. The missionaries were frequently told by the common people that the action of the councillors was shameful, and that there would be a rebellion if the treaty was not accepted. So little did they understand that the Gospel is a message to individuals, and not to nations!

But a turning point came at last in a remarkable way. It

came, we may say, by the miraculous intervention of God. The story is interesting, and reminds one of some of the incidents related by the venerable Dr Paton.

In the end of 1885 the country began to suffer from long-continued drought. It was believed that the spirits, which had to do with the government of the world, were displeased. Prayers were therefore made to them, and sacrifices offered. But the spirits did not hear. At length, after many weeks, a meeting of native doctors was called to ascertain the cause. These doctors, strange to say, were all agreed that the missionaries had nothing to do with it, but held different opinions as to the cause. "One party," says Dr Elmslie, "made the cause out to be a long-standing strife between Mombera and his brother Mtwaro, the heir-apparent, as the spirits were highly displeased therewith. Another party said the spirits were at war among themselves and the rain would come when they finished. The third party said that the spirits were displeased because the tribe had given no heed to the message which we declare to them. He instanced what seems to be a fact, that one of their fathers, who died while they were at Tanganyika, and who had never seen a white man, told them that in the course of their wanderings they would meet with white men who would be their friends, and to whom they must listen." The only result of the meeting, however, was a renewal of heathen sacrifices to appease the spirits, which again ended in disappointment.

At length, in despair, several councillors and a large number of men from the chief's village went over to the Mission to ask Dr Elmslie to pray to God to send rain, as their own methods had entirely failed. For more than an hour Dr Elmslie preached to them about the true religion. It was a grand opportunity, and he had splendid attention. On the following morning there was a large congregation at the Mission, with councillors and others from headquarters. Mr Koyi conducted the service, and Dr Elmslie made special prayer for rain. Next day the sky became black with clouds, and rain fell in torrents.

This was the beginning of a new era in Ngoniland, for the incident made a profound impression on the nation. Along with the cumulative force of the Christian life, as manifested day by day, it directly advanced the work. Councillors and common men now began to frequent the meetings. There was no longer

any national desire for war : there was even a fear lest any rumour of war should drive the white men away. The old enmity of this savage and bloodthirsty tribe gave place to a friendly feeling ; and at last—with deep thankfulness let it be recorded—before much of 1886 had passed away liberty was given to open schools at the Mission station. The headmen made intimation of this fact to the missionaries, telling them that they were now free to carry on the work of preaching and teaching throughout the whole country. This intimation was accompanied by the expression of a hope that many additional stations would be established.

William Koyi about this time showed signs of breaking down. The long strain and continued hardships proved too much for him, and he soon passed beyond the reach of earthly help. On the 4th of June 1886, he was called from the field of labour to the land of rest. He had long prayed and waited for the day when school-work would be permitted. When the news of it came he was on his deathbed, but his heart thrilled with joy at this glorious end of his labours. The good seed which he had sown among his savage countrymen, night and day, with wondrous wisdom and tender patience, was now to grow up into an abundant harvest. Few more noble missionaries, indeed, have lived and toiled and died at their posts, doing their work conscientiously and remaining faithful unto death.

School work was commenced with much enthusiasm. Three young brothers who had been secretly taught by night to read the Nyanja New Testament became teachers, and there was every prospect of speedy success. But dark clouds again appeared, which led to the closing of the school for several months. We have said that the war spirit was dead. This is true in regard to the nation with most of its chiefs and councillors. Mombera—now a true friend of the Mission—was not anxious to have war, especially with the Tonga, nor were many of those in his part of the tribe, the part in which the missionaries lived and laboured ; but there were still hundreds of young men who clamoured for war. This was especially the case in the districts of Mombera's three brothers, which had not been reached by the Mission, and were still uninfluenced by the Gospel. Many of these young men had never been out to such a thing as war, and not having killed anyone,

were not entitled to perform a war-dance. They were consequently enraged that the tribe should have decided to give up war, especially against the Tonga, and they constantly harassed Mombera in regard to the matter, being supported largely by his brothers. To give vent to their untameable spirit, they formed small marauding parties to attack surrounding tribes. One such party fell upon and massacred an Arab caravan near Ngoniland, and for months, as a result, there was a threatened Arab invasion. Another party attacked seventeen Tonga carriers sent by Dr Laws, slaughtering six of them and wounding others, and for a long time there was an expected reprisal by the Tonga tribes.

It was a time for decision. The parting of the ways had been reached. Were those who clung to the Mission, including Mombera and the elder portion of the tribe, to have the ascendant, or was the younger and war-loving portion, assisted by Mombera's brothers? If the latter, the missionaries would be driven from the country, the whole Tonga tribe would be attacked, and even the Mission at Bandawé would be imperilled, for the warlike portion would not be satisfied with small things. Out of friendship to the Mission, Mombera devised a means of staying the evil by arranging for a conference of his brothers and of the council to discuss the subject, and by sending for Dr Laws to be present, in the hope of his being able to compose matters.

This grand conference was held on 27th October 1887, Dr Laws, Dr Elmslie, and Mr Williams representing the Mission. The discussion was conducted in a way that did credit to these Ngoni warriors. As on previous occasions, it was in the form of a palaver. Neither side cared to begin. "What do you want?" they asked of the missionaries. "Nay," replied Dr Laws, "we have come at your request to hear what you propose doing." And at last silence was broken by man after man accusing Dr Laws, in symbolical language, of living with such wretched people as the Tonga and forsaking the Ngoni. "Come and live entirely with us!" was the beginning and end of every speech. "It will be well if only you do that."

In reply, Dr Laws explained the necessity of having a base or port on the Lake, otherwise work in the interior would soon come to a standstill, and the Mission would be starved. "How could we get calico, or supplies, or anything else, if we give up Bandawé?" said Dr Laws. This argument met their selfishness,

and produced an impression; and so it was agreed to let things remain as before at Bandawé.

But the question of the war spirit, unfortunately, was not so easily settled. There was a strong influential feeling in favour of a huge war against the Tonga. At last, after many orations, they agreed that if they went to war they would confine their attacks to Chintechi, a district ten miles from Bandawé, and a regular cave of Adullam, to which many a rascal in the country side fled for safety when he found his own village too hot for him. It was not, of course, a perfectly satisfactory conclusion, but Dr Laws could not make a better of it. He had, at all events, the powerful help of Mombera. Whatever views he had before of that chief, he was now convinced of his loyalty to the Mission and his desire to save it from danger.

Unusual peace and prosperity now began to reign in Ngoniland. The war spirit was at last thoroughly broken. Small war parties went out occasionally after this, but without the consent of the chief or the hearty approval of the people. For a few years there was a restlessness at times among certain sections of the tribe, as if they were anxious for bloodshed, but it usually came to nothing in the end, because of the opposition manifested by the friends of the Mission. Things, indeed, began rapidly to brighten. Schools could now be opened anywhere. The old dark days—days of Diabolus, as thoughtful natives now call them—were gone, never to return.

Under Dr Elmslie's guidance, and with the help of his medical skill, rapid progress was now made. In addition to Njuyu, where he had resided hitherto, a very important station was opened in 1889 at Ekwendeni, about fifteen miles to the north-east—now the headquarters of the large missionary agency among these Ngoni. This was in the district of Mtwaro, one of Mombera's brothers, who ruled over a large section of the people. The opening in this place was due directly to the medical work, for it was only as a healer of disease that Dr Elmslie was permitted to visit there. Mr and Mrs P. M'Callum undertook the work at this new sphere for a few years, striving hard to impress the Gospel upon the people. Mtwaro became particularly friendly and good to the Mission. He did all he could to advance the work, while his eldest son and heir regularly attended the school and services. But in October 1890, this good chief died. His loss was deeply felt by the Mission;

and as he was much liked by his people, there was great mourning, crowds of men and women attending from all parts of the country. His body was buried in the cattle kraal of the village where he died, and according to custom, many spears, ivory rings, cuttings of cloth, and other valuable things were put in beside him. The missionaries were afraid that war would take place, as this was always customary on the death of a chief; but after some days of suspense, during which they prayed earnestly that God would protect His cause from harm, they were much relieved and thankful to learn that there was to be none. Mtwaro's son took his father's place, and as he was favourably disposed towards the Mission, matters went on with great success at this new station.

The beginning of real blessing to the Ngoni nation came in 1890. Two of the three brothers who had gone to Dr Elmslie by night to be taught, when such work was forbidden, made public confession of Christ in baptism. The other brother was thoroughly Christian in all his conduct, except that he had three wives, and could not escape from the chains that bound him. Two converts were not much, perhaps, after eight years of trial and labour, but, like Albert Namalambé at Cape Maclear, they were the first-fruits of a rich ingathering.

In August 1890, Rev George Steele, M.B., C.M., took charge of the work in place of Dr Elmslie, who was returning home for a well-earned furlough. The pioneering time was past, and hopeful days were dawning. Dr Steele worked away quietly, perseveringly, and successfully. Only one disquieting event happened. This was the death of the great chief Mombera, in August 1891. There was some discussion as to his successor, and no little anxiety about the fate of the Mission; but the clouds quickly passed away, and instead of danger, the Gospel began to take root in the land.

At least two events happened shortly afterwards to prove this. First, another chief and brother of Mombera, Mperembé by name, became friendly to the Mission. He was a barbarous ruler, and was so superstitious that, on Dr Steele visiting him at this time, the messenger who preceded with a gift was told to leave it at some distance off, lest there should be "medicine" in the parcel to bewitch or kill. Then in April 1892, nine persons, of whom one was a woman, stood up in the midst of a crowded audience at Njuyu and publicly professed their faith in Jesus, and forever renounced heathenism with its horrible superstitions. The same

day they were received by baptism into the Church, which now numbered eleven. The Lord's Supper was dispensed, and a most remarkable day was brought to a close.

But now and then, in the midst of this dawning light, dark shadows crept over the land, reminding the missionaries of bygone days. It must not be imagined that the whole Ngoni nation was under missionary influence. There were bands of men here and there, especially at a distance from the Mission stations, who were still untouched by the Gospel of peace, and who gave vent, when they could, to their natural barbarity, by raiding innocent villages and butchering the inhabitants. Their actions were not approved of by those in authority, and did not have sympathy from the tribe as a whole—thanks to the beneficent teaching of the Gospel—but they managed sometimes to gratify their warlike passions. We give one instance of this kind, which happened so late as November 1892.

One very dark night a savage band crept stealthily down to a village on the Lake shore, about twelve miles from Karonga, the trading station of the African Lakes Company. They had not quarrelled with the people or their chief, but were simply anxious to capture the women and have some bloodshed. The village had no stockade, and lay hidden among banana groves, and so their entrance was easily effected. "Each warrior," says one of our missionaries located near the spot at the time, "took up his position at the door of a hut, and ordered the inmates to come out. Every man and boy was speared as he rushed out, and the women caught and bound with bark rope. In the morning not a Konde man or boy was in the village, while three hundred women and girls were tied and crowded together like so many frightened sheep. The Ngoni feasted all day on the food and beer of the villagers."

Before many hours had passed the news of this midnight massacre had reached Karonga. The agents of the Lakes Company there resolved to rescue the women who had been seized. Two of these agents, along with about one hundred native helpers, set off at once, and reached the helpless village before the Ngoni had quitted it. When the savage warriors found that they were to be outdone, they began to spear the captive women. "Then ensued a horrible scene," says the missionary, "women screaming, women wrestling for life with armed savages, women and girls writhing in blood on the ground." But the two white men advanced with their native

party. A sharp fight took place, the raiders were driven off, and two hundred women were saved from death.

The missionary himself, on learning the serious state of matters, hurried off to the grief-stricken village. He spent hours crawling on hands and knees among the adjoining reeds seeking out the wounded who had fled there for safety. He was able to find 47 of these poor fugitives and attend to their wounds. He discovered one man with fifteen spear wounds, and a child two years old with no less than seven. He reckoned the list of killed to include 29 men, 100 women, 32 girls, and 16 boys. It was indeed lamentable that such inhuman actions should still be committed by bands of Ngoni; but they were among the last attempts of a latent barbarism as yet untouched by the Gospel.

Missionary progress went on independent of such things. In fact, the Gospel had now become firmly established, and was quickly taking possession of the land. Before the year 1893 had closed another Station—long thought of by Dr Elmslie—was commenced at Hora, a place some twelve miles south of Njuyu, among a large population hitherto untouched. This station takes its name from a prominent hill in the vicinity, which was once the scene of a bloody battle between the Ngoni and their neighbours the Tumbuka. The latter, on being closely pursued, took refuge on this hill, and being surrounded, were speared to death. Relics of the battle remain to this day in the numerous bones and skulls lying about the place. At this new Station the work speedily developed. As early as December, Dr Steele had the pleasure of preaching here to about four hundred people—one of the best and most attentive audiences he had seen in Ngoniland.

Dr Steele succumbed to fever on 26th June 1895, just at the close of his first term of service among these once wild Ngoni, but Mawelera, one of the first converts, stepped into his place, working faithfully and satisfactorily, in spite of many bitter trials and persecutions, until he was relieved in October by Mr Charles Stuart. The presence of God became manifest at all the stations. Great congregations assembled every Sabbath, necessitating overflow gatherings outside. A spirit of solemn enquiry showed itself. The candidates for baptism increased by hundreds, and there was a welcome everywhere for those who carried the Gospel of peace and salvation.

By 1897 Ngoniland had become so influenced by the mission-



HORA MISSION HOUSE.



NJUYU MISSION HOUSE AND SCHOOL.

aries that some of the converts were appointed as rulers in obedience to the desire of the people. Since Mombera's death in 1891, and Mtwaro's a year before, the country had been in an unsettled state, without any paramount chief or civil authority to decide disputes. But in June 1897 this interregnum was brought to an end, and much bloodshed and lawlessness thereby prevented through the influence of the Mission. The chiefs and headmen met together at the royal kraal, and after a discussion, lasting for some weeks, appointed Mbalekelwa, a son of Mombera, to be supreme chief over the Ngoni. They also placed a Mission teacher, named Amon—a man of good character and a most devoted Christian—as the sub-chief of the Ekwendeni district, in room of Mtwaro; and they set apart Amon's brother, Yohane—also an earnest Mission teacher—to be adviser or prime minister. Afterwards Mawelera, one of the first converts, addressed the assembled multitude. He told the young king how he ought to rule the country—not by the spear, but by the word of God. He reproved those who desired raiding and bloodshed, and contrasted the old dark days of cruelty with the peaceful, enlightened era that was now dawning.

At the election some of the old warriors, by violent speeches and war dances, attempted to organise a great national raid in honour of the new chief, so that they might "wash their spears in blood," as was customary on such an occasion. One of these spoke slightly of the teachers, using opprobrious language towards them, and flourishing his spears wildly in their faces; but they stood their ground, being supported by the vast majority of the nation, and at last peace prevailed owing largely to the fearless and vigorous speeches of Mawelera and others. And at the close, when Mperembé, who was regarded as the great warrior chief, offered sacrifice to the spirit of Mombera, he prayed to him in his heathen fashion that he would remember the missionaries when they taught God's Word to the people!

The fields everywhere were white unto the harvest. People came daily to the missionaries in large companies enquiring after God. Old men, whose hands were red with the blood of many whom they had slain in the surrounding valleys, and who had now given up war, polygamy, and beer, came that they might follow Christ. Old, bent mothers, bearing in their bodies the brand-marks of heathenism, were there, anxious to be clad in the

garments of holiness. Bright-eyed boys and girls flocked to the teachers, filled with a passion for God's Word. Both high and low, headmen and common slaves, came to be bond-servants of Jesus Christ. Ten years before, Dr Elmslie was burying his medicines under the floor of a Njuyu house, preparing for the worst, while crowds of Ngoni savages gathered threateningly in the valley below. Now native teachers sat at the door of the same house, conversing from morning to night with enquirers after a better life. Ten years before, there were three sons of a slave whom Dr Elmslie was teaching secretly by night. Now the aggregate congregations of all the preachers amounted to over ten thousand. Truly the light was breaking!

Space forbids us to record the vast changes accomplished. We give here only one instance of the remarkable awakening. For five days a multitude of some four thousand people assembled together, with the sole object of hearing God's Word read to them, and learning of a Saviour—an event so extraordinary, that it would be difficult to find a parallel in missionary annals. We give the facts in the words of Mr Fraser. Writing from Ekwendeni, in May 1898, he says:

“We have just concluded a communion season after the old Highland fashion. The people gathered in from all the out-stations, and spent five days together, humbling themselves before God and waiting on Him.

“On Monday, May 2, the strangers began to arrive. The first to come were from Mperembé's, the great warrior chief. Mateyu, the teacher, marched at their head, and behind him, in a long line, followed nearly seventy people. They brought with them a sheep and a goat, which Mperembé had sent as his contribution to the Sabbath's collection.

“Next day, towards evening, the Njuyu people arrived. We could see them winding their way down the hillside in a straggling line which stretched back for nearly a mile. Through all the forenoon of Wednesday bands of people continued to arrive, sometimes marching up the road in solid phalanx with a swinging step, and sometimes in long drawn out Indian file.

“The paths to the south were alive with people; and men sat on the ant-hills as the companies passed, and cried out, ‘What mean these things? Has an army come in among you? Are you

going to a new country?’ And the people cried back, ‘We are going to the baptisms. Come and see.’

“On Saturday morning we intended to baptise the adults who were to be received into the Church, but owing to a cold, drizzling rain, we deferred it to the afternoon. But what a day that was! None such has ever been seen in Nyasaland. We baptised 195 adults; and on Sabbath afternoon, 89 children—in all, 284 souls.

“On Communion Sabbath our monthly collection was taken at the beginning of the service. What a collection that was! We counted £1, 8s. in money, 3 lbs. 6 ozs. of small beads, 11 knives, 1 axe, 2 hoes, 5 finger rings, 3 bracelets, 1 spear, 14 pots, 16 baskets, 1 mat, 67 fowls, 2 goats, 2 sheep, 233 lbs. of maize, 34 lbs. of potatoes, and 62 lbs. of pumpkins.

“A great congregation numbering nearly four thousand assembled. On the raised platform we three missionaries sat, along with our seven native elders. Arranged in rows before us was the little native church, and crowding on all sides the great mass of people. Hundreds of poor, naked, wandering women stood around on the right and on a large ant-hill to the left sat some sixty or seventy men, many of them old warriors, looking down at the feast below, and wondering what it all meant.”

Without dwelling further upon such remarkable events, we ask the reader to think of the radical change which has thus taken place among these wild Ngoni warriors within a few years after the planting of the Gospel among them. The rock of unbelief and indifference, which at first remained non-riven in spite of repeated strokes, has at last been shattered. Both chiefs and people have become friendly to the Mission. The national war-spirit is broken. The brutal raids upon the Tonga and other defenceless tribes have entirely ceased. Spears and clubs are being exchanged for the Word of God. The lives of the missionaries are no longer in danger. The horrible practices of the native doctors are giving place to the art of true medicine. Savage creatures who have lived all their days for plunder and profligacy, whose hearts have never known principle, or virtue, or decency, are being born again by a divine power, are giving up their degraded habits, and are sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. All this, too, in little more than a decade of time! And without any secular force to help, with no aid whatever from armies or civil administrations, and with the persistent savagery of the land as an

opponent! It is surely a triumph as splendid as ever achieved by the force of arms. It is a change as stupendous as when the peaceful staff of Moses broke in shivers all weapons of war and the ten thousand spears of Pharaoh. It is a marvel of power, greater than any belonging to this lower world.

It was the same in early days. It seemed impossible that twelve simple, unlettered men, with no power but faith in a crucified Christ, should work any change on the world. Everything seemed against them: the supreme power of Rome, the illustrious wisdom of Greece, the customs and philosophies of the East, the pharisaism and bigotry of the Jews, the lusts and barbarism of heathendom. And yet, in a few years, all these mighty forces went down before the Gospel of Christ. The mountain of difficulties, apparently immovable, was removed by a higher power than earth could give, and cast into the sea. So, when William Koyi first set foot in Ngoniland, he found a work to do as difficult to flesh and blood as the removal of a mountain. He found heathenism as vast and solid as the hills of Nyasaland. But he set to work. Lonely, weak, and helpless, he walked up to the mountain which seemed beyond all power to touch or shake; and while he prayed, and waited patiently, and endured as seeing Him who is invisible, the mountain began silently to move. It was moving when Dr Elmslie arrived. It was slowly passing away with all its pile of barbarity and superstition, all its weight of unbelief and opposition: and very soon no place was found for it. "Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

CHAPTER XI

IN FAR-OFF REGIONS

THE history of the Gospel in Ngoniland, recorded in last chapter, is but one instance out of many of its triumphant success in a large part of British Central Africa. From the Shiré Valley to the northern shores of Lake Nyasa, and away through the heart of the Dark Continent, by the source of the Congo and Zambesi rivers to Tanganyika, over a stretch of five hundred miles, the same thrilling tale may be told. After the settlement of the Mission at Bandawé, the Gospel silently and rapidly advanced northward, southward, westward, widening continually in its range and extending to remoter regions, like some mysterious force young as the morning and full of unwasted power. At first, like all God's seeds, small and insignificant, not filling the eye or completing the picture, it speedily became a deep-rooted, wide-branching tree, destined to hide the sky with its foliage and give healing to multitudinous tribes. Even now, but a few years after its planting, it is difficult to reckon the branches of it or number its various twigs, and it is beyond all human possibility to count its gradually increasing leaves.

Following on the story of success in Ngoniland, the writer purposes in this chapter giving a brief account of the work accomplished by the Mission in these other and far-distant regions of Nyasaland. Almost everywhere the record is one of dark struggle and patient continuance, followed in due time by Gospel light, liberty, and triumph.

NORTH NYASA

As early as 1882, a Station was opened up in the fine district between the two lakes of Nyasa and Tanganyika by Mr James Stewart, C.E., who had gone to this district the previous year with the object of constructing the Stevenson Road between the two

Lakes so that Christianity and commerce might reach the heart of Africa. The place chosen for the Station was Chirenji, about forty miles north-west of the head of Lake Nyasa, and about 4000 feet above sea level. It was on the road referred to, about two miles from Maliwandu's, or as it should more properly be called, Mweniwanda's village. Between the Station and the Lake on the east there were giant hills, covered to the top with evergreen trees. Towards the west the country was an almost level plain, with nothing but the distant horizon to bound the view. The district being high, the climate was better than that on the Lake shore.

The following brief extract from a letter written by Mr Stewart in December 1882, will show how successful this engineer and devoted missionary had been in the matter :

“We have been living here for rather more than a month now on very good terms with Maliwandu and the surrounding petty chiefs. We have built quarters for ourselves sufficient at least for the first year or two of the Mission, and can obtain sufficient labour and supplies for all our wants. I intend to start a school as soon as practicable—likely in the course of next month—and by this means we will learn something of the language. Though we will thus employ ourselves in mission work for two or three months during the rains, it is necessary now that you send out, with the least possible delay, the permanent establishment of the Mission.

“As far as I can see, a Mission here will be comparatively free from perplexing questions of jurisdiction. If any such should arise, I could and would refer the case to Maliwandu, with more confidence in his sense of right and wrong than I could to any other African chief I know. What his attitude towards the slave-trade is I cannot certainly say, but I know that the traders whom I have seen about his village are more than usually respectable and well-behaved, and have given their attention to hunting and the ivory trade, and deny (but that of course) all slaving. I know, however, that he refused to admit one man whom I had good cause to believe a slave-trader ; and he said in my hearing that he did not want to have anything to do with a man of war.”

After this faithful, hard-working missionary succumbed to fever in 1883, the work here was continued by the Rev. J. Alexander

Bain, M.A., the son of a minister in Shetland, and a man of superior ability and culture. He left Britain in June 1883, being accompanied, among others, by Professor Henry Drummond, who was anxious to visit the Livingstonia Mission, as well as make a scientific expedition to the inland regions. He arrived at the Lake in September, and on hearing of Mr Stewart's death, at once pushed on to Mweniwanda. He threw his whole heart into the work of this Station, which speedily gained the esteem of the people, and was placed on a good foundation.

Finding that his influence would be much increased by frequent and prolonged intercourse with the surrounding tribes, he aimed at making this a prominent feature of his work. He repeatedly visited them, living among them for a few days at a time, and telling them of God's Book and His salvation. He made some remarkable missionary journeys in every direction, over tracts never crossed by a white man. The record of these, written by himself, contains many interesting descriptions of the people and district. In such missionary journeys Mr Bain's way lay sometimes over high and grass-grown hills, and at other times through dark forests, where enormous trees stood clad with moss and creepers from base to summit. Everywhere he found the people friendly and ready to receive the Gospel—a pleasant contrast to the treatment at first received by the Mission in Ngoniland. In this way he laboured constantly—preaching, travelling, and healing—often without the company of a white man, and sometimes with insufficient food and no comforts. He suffered greatly from fever, too, but never was known to complain of this or any of his hardships.

He was joined in 1886 by Mr Hugh Mackintosh, carpenter evangelist, and in November of the same year by Dr D. Kerr Cross, M.B., C.M., and Mrs Cross. Two of these, Mrs Cross and Mr Mackintosh, were removed by death a few months afterwards, and were sorrowfully laid to rest in a calm, lovely spot by the side of the murmuring Chirenji, and at the foot of the giant Chiwuru—seventy miles further inland than any previous missionaries. They had just started to hopeful work among these far-off Wanda tribes when God took them.

Dr Cross and Mr Bain, however, did not lose heart. In addition to the services at the Station, they addressed large gatherings almost every Sabbath on the village green, where on

week-days the people conducted their judicial councils and their superstitious *muavi* drinkings. They also made Mweniwanda a centre from which they extended their operations. Karonga, on the Lake shore, at the commencement of the Stevenson Road, was made an out-station, work being also carried on at Chinga to the north.

But dark clouds came—much darker than ever appeared in Ngoniland. The Arabs, bent upon slavery and butchery, commenced a fierce war in 1887, in the immediate vicinity of the Mission. In a future chapter we hope to describe the terrible events connected with this two years' war. Here it need only be said that these two heroic missionaries passed through many months of danger and suffering owing to the persistent hostility of the Arabs and their slave-trading confederates. Mr Bain, after being besieged, along with a small party of Europeans, within a rudely constructed fort at Karonga, was compelled to give up work for a while through fever, and left in February 1888 for Bandawé, with the intention of returning home on furlough. Dr Cross, however, was able to continue at Mweniwanda's for fully two months during this dangerous time, although entirely alone and cut off for three or four weeks from all communication with his fellow-countrymen. Over and over again he sent messengers to the Lake shore, but they were repeatedly fired at, until men refused to go. It was only when he received word of the retreat of the white community from Karonga, and of a projected Arab attack upon his defenceless Station, that he bolted for his life. He returned, nevertheless, a few weeks afterwards, accompanied by Mr Monteith Fotheringham, of the African Lakes Company, and others, feeling that to leave the district would mean the abandoning of the Mission and the subjection of thousands of helpless people to these brutal slavers. A strong stockade of trees was then erected round the school, and the place turned into a city of refuge until reinforcements should arrive from the south of the Lake. But ultimately, on 30th March 1888, Dr Cross was summoned to the assistance of the British Consul and a small band of Europeans, who were surrounded by hordes of enraged Arabs thirsting for their blood, and had no medical assistance in case they should be wounded. For a long time he had to act as surgeon on the battle-field during this crisis, attending both British

and Arabs, and he suffered a good deal from the strain of events.

In the meantime Mr Bain was improving in health at Bandawé. Freedom from worry, regularity of meals, a good house to live in and other blessings were rapidly restoring him to his usual vigour. Finding himself thus improved, he was unwilling to go home, and returned to the north end of the Lake, where he joined Dr Cross again. As the district around Mweniwanda was practically in a state of warfare, they did not consider it wise to expose themselves to unnecessary danger there. The Master himself had said to the first evangelists, "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another."

But good was brought out of evil, and the cruelties of the Arabs were made to praise God. While these two missionaries were taking refuge at the north end, along with Rev. A. C. Murray, who had just been sent out by the Dutch Reformed Church of Cape Colony to co-operate with the Mission, they managed to open up a new Station in August 1888, at Malindu—a place situated on the Ukukwé plateau, at the north of the Livingstone Mountains, and within the territory of a chief named Kararamuka. Here there was a large population of friendly people, as yet untouched by the Arab slave raiders. The villages were altogether different from the poor, stockaded places between the two Lakes, and were studded with magnificent banana trees about 20 feet high, with large broad leaves, which the natives used as umbrellas and as carpets for sitting or lying upon. In these peaceful villages, with their beautiful groves, the natives strolled about perfectly nude, in Arcadian simplicity, singing and beating their curious drums, while the cattle, with their merry tinkling bells, wandered free over the rich pasture land until night, when they gathered around the fires or went to sleep with their owners in the long-shaped, low-roofed wicker houses.

But owing to the terrible sufferings incurred during this Arab war, these two missionaries were often driven to great straits. Between anxiety, fever, pestilence, and ceaseless toil, they had become sadly weakened. Mr Bain was persuaded to leave, with the intention of returning home immediately on furlough. He reached Bandawé in April 1889, "shattered," as he himself confessed, "in mind and body." But, seized with violent fever, he succumbed on May 16th, leaving a blank in the Mission which

it was by no means easy to fill. He had wrought hard for six years, carrying the light of the Gospel over a wide area; he had acquired a large knowledge of the language at the north end of Nyasa—a knowledge which would have been of immense service to the Mission had he been spared; and friends at home looked to him with hopefulness for the future of Dark Africa. It was amid many tears that his fellow Christians, black and white, carried him to his last resting place in the little God's-acre at Bandawé.

Dr Kerr Cross now returned home invalided, but was enabled to leave the north end of the Lake in something like a state of peace, the war having been brought to an end through the intervention of Her Majesty's Government. The good work which had been carried on throughout the whole district had to be left largely in the hands of the natives, who did their best to preserve it. It had by no means failed, however, but rather the opposite. The seed had been sown faithfully and was to grow into an abundant harvest.

On his return to the Lake in 1891, Dr Cross set himself to found a new central Station at the north end. Neither Mweniwanda nor Kararamuka was exactly fitted for permanent work. With a new, central, permanent Station, which would command the northern regions, and be within easy reach of the Stevenson Road, and be suitable also, if possible, as a sanitorium, the whole of this district could be brought under the influence of the Gospel. It was necessary that such a Station should be south of the Songwe River, for by the Anglo-German treaty in 1890 this river had been made the boundary line between the German and British spheres, Germany taking the north and Britain the south of it. To be in the British sphere was an advantage, for several reasons.

For about six months, while exploring the north end with this object in view, Dr Cross made his headquarters at Wundali, seven hours' journey from Mweniwanda on the northern side of the Songwe, in an extremely fertile and productive valley, inhabited by a race of Highlanders, who built their houses on the hill-side in quite a picturesque fashion. He afterwards removed to Ngerengé, on the Lufira River, thirteen miles north-west of Karonga, and here he built a temporary school. This place consisted of many important villages hidden in banana groves,

and extending for about ten miles along the river bank. The people were numerous, the Arabs had little or no influence among them, and food was abundant; while the chief, Chirnpusa, was, in the expressive language of the natives, "a great white man's man."

Direct missionary work was carried on here for several months, but after a large amount of exploration, it became evident that Karonga, on the Lake shore, was the best and most convenient centre for missionary work at the north end. Multitudes of natives, some of them Christians, were settling down around it, in the hope of being employed by the Lakes Company, who had a large central depôt there. It became apparent that this place, so near to Ngerengé, would soon become a most important sphere, and it was necessary that it should be held for Christ. Otherwise, by coast influence and vice, it would speedily develop into what Dr Laws termed a "wee hell." Mr Blair, the agent of the Lakes Company there, had erected a school building, and offered it as a donation to the Mission—an instance of how well this Company has wrought for the evangelisation as well as the commercial prosperity of Nyasaland.

Karonga, nestling close by the blue waters of Nyasa, at the entrance to the Stevenson Road, was therefore made the permanent centre of missionary work among these intelligent north-end tribes, and has continued so ever since. From October 1894, when the Mission took possession of it for Christ, the work has rapidly developed and extended to neighbouring regions. A new church and schoolroom have now been erected to accommodate the vast crowds that flock to hear the Gospel. Many people who suffered for years from the cruel thralldom of the Arabs have been brought under the influence of the Gospel, and learned something of that glorious liberty which Christ alone can give. The old perilous days of slavery, cruelty, and warfare have passed away, and given place to remarkable soul-stirring times. As in wild Ngoniland, so here in the peaceful, lovely Kondé country, with Karonga as a permanent, far-reaching centre of operations, the Gospel of Christ has become an eternal possession. It has broken on the country, through darkness and cloud, like a sunbeam out of heaven, regenerating, purifying, and emancipating. Here, where barbarism and cruelty once reigned in the persons of brutal slavers, and

“ Where the sand has drunk hot tears
From the brimming eyes of millions
Through the long ungracious years,”

churches, better filled than many at home, are standing beneath the equatorial sun, silent witnesses to the triumphal march of Christianity, and natives are living in peace and happiness, with songs of Christian victory on their lips, and bright hopes of heaven in their hearts. Truly, “He that is mighty hath done great things, and holy is His name.”

CENTRAL NGONILAND

This populous region was opened up through the energetic assistance of the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa. This Church had formed a Ministers' Society for Evangelising Work in Central Africa, and in July 1888 this Society sent out Rev. A. C. Murray, and some months later an artisan evangelist, Mr T. C. Vlok, to assist Dr Laws and his staff and start a new centre of operations. The Livingstonia Mission, at its commencement, had had the warm assistance of the United Presbyterian and of the Reformed Presbyterian Churches of Scotland; now it received considerable help from the Dutch Reformed Church.

Mr Murray belonged to a well-known Aberdeenshire family. It was in 1822 that the Rev. Andrew Murray left his Scottish home and settled in Graaf-reinet, where he trained a large family to become ministers and missionaries. Among the earnest, devoted workers for Christ that Scotland has given to South Africa, few have been more respected than Professor John Murray of Stellenbosch, who was cut off in the mid-time of his days, and Rev. Andrew Murray of Wellington, whose books on devotional religion are known throughout the world.

Shortly after Mr Murray's arrival at the Lake he settled down for some time with Dr Kerr Cross and Mr Bain at Kararamuka, where he gave much assistance; but in October 1889 he managed to plant the new Station to which we refer in Central Ngoniland, at Chiweré's village, sometimes called Mvera, which is about fifty miles west of Domira Bay. It was one of the localities marked for future occupation by Dr Laws and Mr James Stewart on their exploratory journey in 1878. It has an altitude of 3400 feet above the sea, and is a healthy and fertile place.

Along with Mr Vlok, he first made an interesting exploring expedition from Bandawé to this region, with the view of discovering the best locality for the new Station. A few extracts from his letter, describing the people and their circumstances, may be interesting :

“On Monday morning, 15th July 1889, my companion and I set out with some fifty carriers for the countries of the two great chiefs Mwasi and Chiweré. Mwasi’s people are sadly corrupted by Portuguese subjects, who come over from the Zambesi to hunt and buy ivory. We met several of them there. They seemed noted for immorality and intemperance. We also found in Mwasi’s village two Arab traders (from Zanzibar and the coast), who supply the natives with a kind of adulterated gin, and in return get ivory, and, I believe, slaves. In fact, five slaves with gori-sticks were seen in the village during our visit. Mwasi himself, a man of about thirty-five, with one hundred wives, though always smiling, is not a man one would care to trust. His one great desire was *gin*; nor would he believe that we had none. Even our water-bottle was accused of containing gin, until it was emptied on the ground before his eyes. Besides gin he wanted handcuffs, and brought us a pair to show what he meant. It is significant that gin and handcuffs go together.

“On speaking to Mwasi about mission work among his people, he said he would like a white man to live there, and would send the children to school. When, however, I told him that a missionary would not help him in his wars, nor supply guns, powder, gin, etc., he seemed less anxious for the white man to come.

“Travelling for about a week in a south-east direction, we reached the country of the Ngoni chief, Chiweré, where we found people in abundance, but fortunately no elephants, and hence no Portuguese subjects nor Arabs. Dr Laws passed through part of this country in 1878, and was very favourably impressed with it. We remained with Chiweré about ten days, and not only enjoyed his kindness, but, I believe, won his confidence. On the second Sabbath of our stay we addressed his people, some two hundred being present, as well as the chief himself and his principal counsellor, an old man of great influence.

“The rest of our journey was very prosperous, thank God! and with grateful hearts we reached Bandawé on the 17th of September,

after an absence of a little over nine weeks. Dr Laws and myself decided that we could find no more suitable and desirable place to commence work than at Chiweré's. Thither, then, Mr Vlok and I purpose proceeding in a week's time."

Mr Murray and his Dutch assistant laboured hard at this centre of heathenism. They found the chief, as they expected, utterly careless about spiritual matters. When asked why he did not attend the services in his village, he pointed to his beer pots, saying, "I prefer *moa*." Unfortunately, he was only too fond of this liquor, one of the native curses of Africa, and the missionaries had usually to visit him before eleven o'clock in the morning to find him sober. Yet there seems to have been a vast difference between him and his father, the former chief. According to the stories told, the old man used to delight in shedding blood, and when any person became ill, he would give him to his dogs to be devoured!

Fortunately, as the language spoken was a dialect of Nyanja, the missionaries were able to use the Nyanja school-books already published, including the New Testament translated by Dr Laws. People at first were rather afraid to send their children to the school, lest, having a sufficient number, the missionaries should suddenly march them off and sell them as slaves! But this was only a natural dread that passed away in time. These poor, helpless subjects of Chiweré had been so accustomed to Arab scoundrels searching the land for human plunder, that their first thoughts on seeing white strangers may well be excused.

With additional helpers from the Dutch Reformed Church, the work made excellent progress; and after some time a sub-station was commenced at Kongwé, about twenty miles north-west of Mvera, among the Achewa tribe.

There was found to be an immense population throughout the whole region of Central Ngoniland. Not only around Mvera and Kongwé, but in whatever direction Mr Murray travelled, he found villages upon villages, with thousands of people, all willing to have a missionary among them. "Besides this kingdom," he wrote, "we are surrounded by heathen on every side—north, south, east, and west. Towards the west especially, kingdom follows upon kingdom, until one is lost in the darkness. All these natives are unconsciously looking to us for the light of the Gospel, and what can we do? A couple of hundred listen to the preaching on the

Sabbath, while, during the week, a few children learn to spell. We need more labourers, we need all your prayers, lest we be overwhelmed, as it were, in the darkness."

If the reader has never thought about these vast heathen "kingdoms," he is surely unconscious of their wretched condition. He has not realised how they are dotted over with villages where God is unknown, where scarred and bestial faces look out from the low huts, and food and lust are the highest thoughts. He has not considered what it is to be without any knowledge of Christ's love, or any hope of a future life. If Christ, tender and true, has dwelt among us, and we have beheld His glory, let us not keep the great vision to ourselves. It is too grand, too fair, too heavenly to be selfishly enjoyed. Let us rather show it to all the sunken tribes of earth, saying with the apostle, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye may have fellowship with us and that our joy may be full."

SOUTH NYASA

In 1887 a most important Station was opened up in the Livlezi valley, to the south-west of the Lake, about two hundred miles from Bandawé. The country around was occupied by a race of Ngoni, of a very superstitious kind, and was sometimes called South Ngoniland. But Nyanja was the prevailing language, although the councillors and headmen spoke a dialect of Zulu. This was a great advantage, as school-books and translations were ready for the work.

Chikusi, the paramount chief of this race, was visited by Dr Laws and Mr James Stewart in August 1878, three years after the commencement of the Mission at Cape Maclear. His village was situated in an open, desolate part of country, over which one could look in almost any direction for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles—the view being obstructed only by weird-like rocky peaks or scraggy bushes. As the expedition approached, two of the carriers were despatched to acquaint him with the fact. If a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet he could not have been more terrified. "No, no," he said; "tell them not to come near Chikusi's village, because if I see them I am a dead man." Scarcely had he uttered the words when the whole party appeared in sight, close to his stockade. His mother at once issued orders

that all should flee for their lives. Much confusion ensued, as the councillors were loth to believe that the expedition could have come for peaceful purposes, and insisted that there must be some underlying reasons. It was a long time before they were assured to the contrary, and it was only after a delay of four days that Chikusi made himself visible. He summoned up courage to sit at some distance on an ant heap, but kept a strong body of retainers round him lest anything "English" should touch him and kill him.

After a prolonged discussion this dark-minded Ngoni chief gave his cordial approval and support to the planting of a Mission Station in his district; but he was so terribly superstitious on the whole matter, that as the expedition quitted his village, he begged them not to leave any evil spirits or any medicines that would bewitch him!

Nothing could be done for a few years owing to lack of workers, but in the end of 1885, Albert Namalambé, the first convert at Cape Maclear, was sent to the district in order to make observations and pave the way for a white man. He wrote a graphic account of his visit in the Nyanja language, a few translated passages of which may be of interest, especially when we remember who the writer was:

"Early in the day I came to the headman of Chikusi. He received us with his heart, and gave us a house and a goat, and I was there on Sabbath. Then I asked him to take me to the chief; and I gave him four fathoms of my cloth, equal to eight yards.

"Doctor, I tell you of the customs of the Ngoni. They are a thinking people. When I arrived they sent messengers to all the villages to understand how the white men are coming to their country. Then they brought together ten councillors and hundreds of people. Those councillors received us with heart and body and soul. Then they asked, 'What do you come for?' They thought we came to spy their country, so as to bring war again. Some said, 'They are the Makwangara'; some said, 'They are the people of Makanji. It is good for us to kill these men!' But the headmen said 'No!' Then all the people were angry with us because the headmen refused to kill us. They then asked, 'What are you come for?' We said, 'The white men have sent us, saying, Go to Chikusi, say that the white men are coming to teach the Word

of God, to give sick people medicine, and to teach their children the Kalata (letters). We did not come here for your country or to be your chiefs. No!' Then they asked and said, 'Is he Dr Laws? If it is he, we know that it is well; but if another, we don't want him.'

"There was no rest to the questioning. I had not with me cloth to buy food, and I became very lean with hunger. I took my cloth for covering myself, and finished it in buying food. Doctor, I saw Chikusi with my eyes, and I saw his country with my eyes! His country is good indeed, and his people have ears, and cleverness, and sense. He wishes medicine, and the Word of God, and a school."

This somewhat amusing letter shows that the people only dimly comprehended, on account of their superstitions, the true reason for a white man venturing into their midst. Verily, they were steeped in heathenism.

Another visit, however, was made by Dr Laws in October 1886, when further explanations were given and final arrangements made for the commencement of missionary work; and the following year this long-contemplated Station was opened up in the beautiful, Scottish-like valley of Livlezi, about thirty miles east of Chikusi's villages, by Rev. George Henry, M.A., M.B., C.M., and Mr Maurice M'Intyre, teacher. The spot selected, though so many miles from the chief's quarters—the magnificent Kirk range of mountains, with the Chirobwé peak lying between—was a very suitable one in many respects. It was considered to be fairly healthy, being about 3000 feet above sea-level, and far removed from any swamp. It had also an immense population: there were villages upon villages—or rather townships—all round as far as the eye could see. Dr Henry could count as many as twenty within a walk of twenty minutes.

The inhabitants of this beautiful Livlezi valley were peaceful and industrious, having no great desire for war and blood, and carrying on their daily work in quietness when unmolested by enemies. But the Ngoni on the plateau to the west, where Chikusi lived, were of the same Zulu stock as those on the uplands near Bandawé, having once been a subject tribe under Chaka. Some of them showed a similar tendency to brutal raiding and fierce warlike methods of existence, especially when excited

with native beer. At one time they made a great raid across the Shiré into the Zomba district, burning many prosperous villages, and throwing the white population at Blantyre into a state of excitement. Often large numbers of them visited the Livlezi valley for purposes of plunder, massacring many of the timid, peaceful inhabitants, and causing the rest to flee to the bush for safety. To describe their cruel depredations would simply be to repeat the blood-curdling records of Mombera's warriors. They did not hesitate even to attack parties connected with the Mission. One day a band of them set upon and plundered eight of the Mission carriers, with five bales of blankets and handkerchiefs, two cases of lead, a box of Dr Henry's containing valuable manuscripts and notes, and numerous other things. Two of the carriers fled to Cape Maclear, other two reached Livlezi, having escaped in the darkness of the night, while the remaining four lost their way in the bush in their attempt to save themselves, one of them ultimately dying of hunger and thirst.

The work at this southern Station continued successfully, and without interruption, until the end of 1890, when it had to be left in the hands of the natives, owing to the death of Mr M'Intyre and the subsequent illness of Dr Henry. For some time the former had been showing symptoms of breakdown, and, having almost completed his first five years' term, was urged to go home on furlough. He left Livlezi in October 1890. At Blantyre he seemed to be well, but while on the Kwakwa River he was seized with fever. He managed to reach Kilimane on November 30th, but though carefully nursed by Mr A. C. Ross of the Lakes Company and two local doctors, he succumbed next day. It was no small loss to the Livingstonia Mission, as he had spared no pains in his work, and had laboured incessantly for the spread of the Gospel in this dark, superstitious region. His removal was all the more felt because of Dr Henry's illness about the same time, necessitating his leaving for home. There was now no white man left to take charge of the Station. The staff of Livingstonia missionaries being as yet small, and some of them being engaged at Bandawé, some in Ngoniland, some in North Nyasa and elsewhere, no one could be spared from his own important work to go to Livlezi until reinforcements arrived.

The work was, however, preserved by natives, under the protection of Chikusi, until the return of Dr and Mrs Henry

in December 1891. It was then recommenced with much earnestness and faith, a vast amount of preaching, teaching, and healing being accomplished every day. Month after month Dr Henry laboured in a quiet way, doing incalculable good, both to the bodies and the souls of these poor Africans, and yet fighting hard against an amount of heathenism and degradation that can never be described in words. Only the day will declare what courage, what faith, what perseverance many of our missionaries have manifested in the midst of a sea of troubles, receiving at the same time little sympathy and help from professing Christians at home. Often struggling with abounding wickedness, their hearts almost broken with care, their hands worn with labour, their work sometimes thwarted and cramped by the lack of necessary funds, they have, nevertheless, struggled onward with unbroken faith in God, until at last they fell as martyrs in a noble cause.

On 5th May 1892 Dr Henry's wife was taken from him through fever. She had been an ever-faithful helper to him, especially in conducting classes among the girls, and her death left him heartsore and crippled in his work. But he remained heroically at his post, healing the sick, ministering to souls diseased, and extending his work in all directions. He made Livlezi a centre, from which various outposts were wrought. In August 1892 work was commenced at Gowa, about fifteen miles south, by Mr W. Govan Robertson, who gathered together a successful school in spite of many difficulties. About the same time an outpost was planted at Mpondera, on the skirt of the plateau, about sixteen miles north-west of Livlezi, by Mr James H. Aitken. Other populous places round about were also taken possession of for Christ, and an immense amount of work was carried on in a quiet and successful way. Altogether, in the whole district, Dr Henry and his assistants preached the Gospel to more than a thousand heathen every Sunday.

But on July 5th, 1893, this hard-working missionary fell a martyr to fever—about a year after his wife. He was hoping soon to make further extensions, both at Livlezi and in all directions; and he had just written home for a bicycle to enable him more rapidly to visit the people and out-stations. Two bicycles were offered, and one was about to be packed for despatch when the sad news of his death arrived. Never was any Christian missionary more busy and more hopeful of results, when the

“black” fever—that dread disease which had sent him home three years before—cut him off altogether.

The circumstances attending his last moments are very pathetic. Feeling very ill, he left Livlezi along with Mr Aitken *en route* for Blantyre, in order to receive medical treatment. He was carried in a *machila* * and was so weak that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. At the Rivi Rivi stream he began to complain of pain, and while the party were resting at the Kampeni River, his case became serious. Mr Aitken asked him if he would be able to go on to Blantyre. He smiled and said, “If you are willing, I am ready.” Not properly understanding him, Mr Aitken called on the men to proceed; but the wearied missionary held up his hand and said, “No, no, not that.” Then the end came, and his spirit fled to the better land.

A stranger once accosted an old villager in Derbyshire, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes, once a well-known family there. “Findernes?” replied the old man. “We have no Findernes here now: but we have something that speaks of them—we have Findernes’ flowers.” The stranger was led into a field, where traces still remained of a house. “There!” said the villager, pointing to a bed of flowers, “there are Findernes’ flowers brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land. Nothing seems to kill them.” Even so, Dr and Mrs Henry had passed away, but they left behind them traces that could never be obliterated. The converts from superstition and barbarism, living by faith in the Son of God and exhibiting newness of life, are so many undying flowers that tell of these honoured missionaries and their labours there.

The work was continued by Mr James H. Aitken, Mr Govan Robertson, and Rev. Alexander Dewar. The first of these, however, was soon called away from his earthly labours—on February 8th, 1894—and was sorrowfully laid to rest beneath Africa’s soil.†

At last, through the shifting of populations, and the gradual advancement of civilisation in Nyasaland, it became advisable that Livlezi station should be handed over to the Dutch Reformed Church, which was anxious to undertake it along with Mvera, and that our Scotch Livingstonia missionaries should concentrate their

* A hammock or wicker-work couch slung on a pole and carried by porters.

† See “Home in Heathen-Land,” by his brother George Aitken, who went out with him in 1890. Aberdeen: G. & W. Fraser.

attention on the more important and northern regions of Nyasaland. Accordingly, in September 1894, Livlezi, with the whole of South Nyasa, was taken charge of by Rev. W. H. Murray, an agent of that Church.

This devoted missionary and his staff of willing helpers did not find the work easy. They experienced many hardships and dangers peculiar to the district. They suffered almost daily from fever and weakness, owing to the continual heat and unhealthiness of the place; and worse still, their lives were constantly in danger through the hostile attitude of the young chief Gomani, aged only 17 or 18, who had succeeded his father, Chikusi, on his death in August 1891. This impulsive, ill-conditioned young fellow unfortunately fell under the influence of the Yao chief, Mponda, and entered heartily into his slaving depredations. One of his first exploits was to murder most of his father's old rulers, who were friendly to the Mission, and to substitute reckless young councillors of his own mind, who strongly supported him in his slave-raiding schemes. When firmly established, he began a wide system of plunder and warfare. He fought for a long time with Chifisi, another Ngoni ruler, until he was compelled by the British Administrator to make peace. This and other matters left a certain amount of rancour in his mind against the white men, and led him to threaten the Livlezi Station, putting Mr Murray and his friends in circumstances of great peril. At last, in the autumn of 1896, encouraged, doubtless, by the Matabele successes south of the Zambesi, he attacked the south-western portion of the British Protectorate, massacring many people, but was speedily defeated, captured, and executed by the Administrator.

During this time of danger the Station at Livlezi had to be abandoned by the Dutch missionaries, who removed to the high plateau in Central Ngoniland, about eighty miles to the north-west. Here they founded an excellent Station at Mkhoma, about twenty-seven miles from their brethren at Mvera. The work here has prospered so rapidly, and the district is so cool and healthy, that this station has become the central permanent one, and Livlezi has been handed over to the care of native teachers.

And thus, as the persecution of the early disciples at Jerusalem drove them away and led to the extension of the Gospel, so the opposition of this wild Ngoni ruler, and other adverse circumstances, have been used by God for the expansion of the Mission.

Events which appeared to the eye of man to threaten inevitable destruction, so that it was a question whether missionary work at Livila could continue to exist or would be annihilated, have on the contrary been converted into the means of invigorating and strengthening it.

TANGANYIKA PLATEAU

This chapter would not be complete without the mention of another advantageous field in the north which was taken possession of for Christ in 1894, viz., Mwenzo, on the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau, among the once powerful Winamwanga tribe. For some years this valuable post on the road to Tanganyika had been waiting for the Gospel, and was ready to receive a white missionary; and so, in August of that year, it was opened up by the Rev. Alexander Dewar.

The word "Mwenzo" means "heart," this district being the source of the Congo and Zambesi waters, and in reality the heart of Africa. It is a very healthy place, being the highest part of the plateau, about 6000 feet above sea level, and well watered and wooded.

It is seven days' journey from Karonga, but only four miles from the Lakes Company's important station of Fife, where a large number of natives are employed, the carriers from Nyasa completing their week's journey here, and a new set of men taking up the loads and carrying them on to Tanganyika.

It is inhabited immediately to the south-west by the warlike and dreaded Wemba, who are a numerous and most intelligent tribe, and may be said to be the aristocracy of the plateau. They are the last of the fierce tribes now left in the Nyasa region since those once savage Zulus, the Ngoni, were led by our missionaries to beat their assegais into ploughshares. They are believed to have come originally from the country of Itawa, on the south-west coast of Tanganyika. Soon after settling down in their present district, they came under the evil influence of slave-raiding Arabs, who made them allies, and supplied them with guns and gunpowder. By their extraordinary zest for slave-hunting, and their constant attacking and burning of innocent villages, they have terrified nearly all the tribes on the plateau and even in the German territory, and broken them up so that they are now mere remnants of what they once were. They show terrible cruelty to



NATIVE GRAIN STORE AND HUT, BANDAWÉ.



MISSION HOUSE, MWENZO.



captives and slaves, sometimes putting out their eyes, or cutting off their lips, hands, ears, or nose, through mere caprice, or for the slightest disobedience. Occasionally a few people are mercilessly mutilated or killed, simply to show the power of the chief, and keep them in constant fear of him. On one occasion four unfortunate men were killed by spear thrusts and their heads battered with axes, merely for acting as guides in connection with the African Lakes Company.

The Livingstonia Mission, by planting this Station at Mwenzo, is on the very border of this bloodthirsty tribe and yet on neutral ground, with a good prospect of carrying on successful operations among them.

Mr Dewar arrived at this distant outpost ill and weak, owing to the unhealthy climate of the lowlands, and without even a trained native to help him. He first visited the paramount chief of the Winamwanga, in whose district Mwenzo lay. This chief, Chikanamalira by name, but called "Chik" for shortness, lived with his fifty wives and most of his people in German territory on the plain at the foot of Chingambo Mountains, and two days distant from Mwenzo. Mr Dewar found that here, as elsewhere, the first desire of the chief and his people was a selfish one—to get something and become wealthy in calico and beads—and that it would require months, perhaps years of patient zeal before their hearts could be directed to better and higher things. When he offered the chief a fine blanket and other luxuries, this representative of loyalty was far from satisfied, and demanded his travelling rug, paraffin lamp, teapot and boots! The last-named, Mr Dewar says, "were fortunately too small, yet he wouldn't believe me until he had tried to get his foot into one."

Mr Dewar had to set about building his own shelter. As famine and disease were rampant at the time, and few helpers could be obtained, he had to do most of the building himself. There was no time to lose, as it was September, and in two months torrential rains would fall. Besides, lions and leopards were constant visitors round his temporary grass hut. "It was nothing," he says, "but work, work, work, from morning to night, without time even for a noonday rest when the heat was great." At last, by New Year's Day, 1895, the building was completed. When we remember that Mr Dewar could procure no nails for the work, and that suitable trees for uprights and couples could only

be found a day's journey off, we cannot but admire his perseverance and excellent pioneering abilities.

Direct missionary work was zealously commenced. The first school and church services were held in the open air. The children—with little or no clothing on their brown bodies—learned the alphabet from a sheet fastened to a tree. With the assistance of Mrs Dewar, and, later on, of Mr and Mrs Peter M'Callum, the degraded Winamwanga round about and the native carriers at Fife learned something of God's love and man's salvation.

The neighbourhood was overrun with slavers, notwithstanding the stringent measures of the British Administrator and his execution of the Arab ringleader, Mlozi. Several wretched caravans were made up in the vicinity or passed near the Station on their way to the coast. One day in 1896, while the resident official of the British South Africa Company was superintending work near Fife, he received word of the presence of a slave-caravan in the district. He set out at once for the spot, and was successful in capturing one of the leaders, the other committing suicide to escape capture. The Arab mail was also taken, and a large quantity of ivory. Fifty-seven poor emaciated slaves were rescued, some of whom were so small that they could give no intelligent account of themselves. Six of the homeless children were handed over to Mr Dewar to take care of and educate.

May God richly bless this distant outpost of the Livingstonia Mission, and make it a blessing not only to the miserable, degraded Winamwanga and kindred tribes, but also in due time to the fierce, untamed Wemba savages.

OTHER DISTRICTS

The writer has said nothing of the remarkable Training Institution at Livingstonia* in North Nyasa, founded by Dr Laws in 1894, but hopes to describe it later on. It may be mentioned, however, that another important Station has just been commenced at Kasungu, in the Marimba district, among Mwasi's people, by Dr George Prentice, who explored this *hinterland* at the end of 1897.

* Friends of the Mission should note that the name "*Livingstonia*," by itself, now applies exclusively to the Institution. Bandawé and other places are Stations of the *Livingstonia Mission*.

Thus there is now a continuous line of Stations from South Nyasa, along the west side of the Lake, to Mwenzo, five hundred miles inland, and the Dutch and Scotch sections of the Mission are coterminous. To God be all the praise for this extraordinary progress, unequalled perhaps in the missionary annals of the world !

The rapid sketch which the writer has given in this chapter will afford some idea of the extending power of the Gospel. In 1881 there was one small Station on the west coast of Lake Nyasa ; within a few years afterwards there were flourishing Stations in the north, south, and west, and these, too, ever-widening in their operations. The Gospel spread like leaven into surrounding regions, taking root in the hearts of men, in face of the bitter opposition of slave traders, and in spite of war and death. The small seed planted at Bandawé amid many prayers and tears has now become a flourishing, wide-spreading tree.

This extension is much wider than we would at first imagine, for these various centres are not within a few hours' reach of Bandawé—they cover a tract of country nearly twice the size of Scotland.

CHAPTER XII

THE SLAVE-TRADE

As already stated, one noble work to which the Mission set itself from its commencement was the suppression of slavery, which has been rightly denounced as "the summation of all villainies." It was the one great scourge which existed throughout all that beautiful region, and the suppression of it was certainly a work which had the gracious smile of Him who came "to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

No one can read the descriptions given by Livingstone and other travellers without being appalled at the magnitude of the traffic, and the terrible devastation and demoralisation which flowed from it. The story is an old one, but some of our readers may not be acquainted with it. The Arabs of Maskat from the Zanzibar coast and the half-breed Portuguese from the Zambesi were the principal agents. Having secured an abundance of arms and ammunition, they would make their way into the interior of the country with the two-fold object of obtaining ivory and securing slaves to carry it to the coast. When they had collected or purchased a large pile of tusks, they would then seize multitudes of poor, defenceless natives for slaves, burn down the grass huts, and slaughter in cold blood all who endeavoured to escape. The scenes which took place when they were seized—men, women, and children alike—in their own quiet villages by these merciless bloodthirsty slave-drivers, and had the huge wooden yoke * thrust on their necks to prevent escape, were heartrending and revolting. Readers can imagine the misery caused simply by the breaking up of families, and the separation of brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers in different gangs.

* The slave-yoke, or *gori*, usually consisted of a young tree, with all the branches removed except a bifurcation at the end. Into this bifurcation the slave's neck was thrust, and the ends were united by an iron pin, so that this heavy log was attached to his body, preventing his running away.

This system, well organised by the leaders, and determinedly carried out with the aid of the gun, meant not only a tremendous amount of suffering to the helpless, unfortunate slaves, but a speedy devastation and depopulation of the country. It meant lamentation, mourning, and woe. There is an old legend of a goblin horseman who galloped over men's fields at night; and, wherever his foot struck, the soil was so blasted that nothing would ever grow on it again. So was it with the Dark Continent, in nearly all its central regions, over which the baneful feet of slavery were allowed to tread. For hundreds of miles inland, and away far beyond the west of Lake Nyasa, the country in certain directions had become a wilderness. When Livingstone ascended the Shiré to Nyasa in 1858, his heart was melted at the sight of desolation which met him. Dead bodies floated down the rivers and became food for the crocodiles, while in many places the paths were strewn with skeletons.

But the sufferings which these poor natives endured when captured were nothing compared to the frightful journey, worse than death, that they had to undergo to the coast—from which they were shipped off to the markets of Pemba, Madagascar, and the French Tropical Colonies, or taken to fill the harems of Islam. The despotic cruelty and brutality which they received during this journey of two or three months passes all description, many being often starved or tortured to death for every one that reached the sea alive. The slave-leaders accompanied them, and in appearance did not look like monsters. Mr Frederick Moir, of the African Lakes Company, in a description given of a caravan which he saw, speaks of its Arab leader as polite and white-robed, with silver sword and daggers and silken turban, and riding sedately on a richly caparisoned donkey. But this was all outward, evidently, for he manifested a large amount of cold-blooded cruelty, and was quite indifferent to the misery he was causing. With such heartless leaders, the slaves were goaded onward—emaciated, wounded by the whips of their drivers, often burnt by the falling wood of their flaming villages, and torn by the rapid march through forest tangle.

Any becoming weak and disabled for the march were put to death. A terrible blow on the nape of the neck with a wooden bar, a piercing cry, and then the convulsions of death! It was easily done and struck terror into the hearts of all laggards, nerving

them to almost superhuman efforts. Starving and exhausted mothers were sometimes relieved of the burden of their children by seeing their brains dashed out on the trunk of a tree, or their living bodies cast into the bush to be devoured at dusk by hyenas and other wild beasts. A heavier tusk could now be given to them to carry. Strange to say, the slave-leaders do not appear to have been actuated by motives of commercial expediency, but rather the opposite.

All this is not an imaginative picture, but one which has been over and over again enacted, in all reality and in various forms, in the interior of down-trodden Africa. As we sit in our quiet homes under the flag of freedom, we can never realise the shamefulness of it all. The writer cannot further unroll the infamous and almost incredible story. Readers would feel as if they were looking into the palpable circles of Dante's *Inferno*. Who would not echo the poet's feelings—

“ Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
 And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush,
 And hang his head, to think himself a man? ”

When the existence of such a traffic in human flesh became realised in this country, the hearts of many were melted. Christianity, among its other unspeakable blessings, has taught us the original equality of mankind, the fraternal love which should bind all men together, the oneness of the great human family of which tyranny alone has made two races, the dignity of man created in the image of God, and above all the noble destiny of man, who becomes a freeman through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Because of such eternal truths, slavery is inadmissible, and is a violation of every principle of humanity. It is a consolation to think that Britain, although one of the first to participate in the horrible trade, was also the first to acknowledge its immorality and injustice, and to interfere for the suppression of it. As a result of Livingstone's revelations, Her Majesty's Government appointed a Commission in 1869 to make enquiries, and three years afterwards sent

Sir Bartle Frere on a special mission to Zanzibar to negotiate with the Sultan regarding the prohibition of the evil.

Yet it went on increasing under Arab and Portuguese agents, who were generally heartless villains. Some of them, no doubt, were really civilised men, who welcomed any anti-slavery policy, and who talked of Livingstone as a beneficent being. But the most of them were the sweepings from the coast—Zanzibaris, Swahelis, and Rovuma men—who upheld the traffic and schemed hard for its increase. Such men lived and moved principally under the protection of Portugal, which claimed to rule the east coast of Africa and much of the inland country, but in her weakness failed to do so properly. She had been one of the first Powers to abolish slavery by edict. As early as 1836—only two years after the British Emancipation Act—she had prohibited the export of slaves from any Portuguese dominion, and again in 1858 she had issued a Royal Decree ordering the manumission of every slave belonging to a Portuguese subject in twenty years from that date. And so, the evil continued and developed to a most alarming extent, in spite of all protestations and efforts to prevent it.

Our readers will have noticed from previous chapters how the traffic was thoroughly established in the vicinity of the Mission at Lake Nyasa. When Mr Young and his pioneer party first sailed up the river from the Cataracts, they found armed Arabs there, who were scouring the district for slaves, and who did their best to prevent the settlement of the Mission by circulating false rumours as to its object. One of the missionaries' first heartbreaks was the sight of gangs of slaves with the heavy yoke on their neck. "At Mponda's," says Mr Young, "there were several Arabs, with a great number of slaves bound for the coast. I saw them viewing me through the crowd when I landed. They were very much frightened, and were astonished beyond measure to see a steamer up there."

When the missionaries became acquainted with the country around, they found that this dreadful traffic in human beings flourished on all sides. Streams of slaves poured steadily down from these inland regions to the coast settlements of Ibo, Mozambique, Angoche, and Kilimane. The number that passed close to the Lake, or was shipped across its ferries eastward, was supposed to be not far short of 20,000 annually. The Bisa, an industrial people that sometimes traded with the coast, and other

important tribes to the west, were being carried across the Lake amid harrowing scenes of cruelty. There was also a vile and degrading kind of domestic slavery which existed all over the country. Every great man was a slave-owner, who kept men and women in bondage for his own benefit and aggrandisement, and who thought nothing of selling into Arab hands any of these who had incurred his jealousy or ill-feeling.

What the duty of the missionaries should be was a difficult question to solve, as forcible interference was outside of their province, and could only do harm instead of good to the Mission. To pursue an active warfare against the slave-dealers, whether Arabs or natives—to fire even a single shot at them, would at once place the missionaries in a position of peril, so that they could not venture far from the Station without endangering their lives, and might even lead to the complete destruction of the Mission—a result, certainly, which could not be compensated by a temporary liberation of slaves. It was very painful to think that this nefarious traffic, an insult to God and man, should be allowed to go on in sight of the British flag flying from the Mission steamer, or in close proximity to the Mission Station. But the missionaries, guided by the written instructions received from the Committee when they left Scotland, made it an absolute rule that armed interference should not be resorted to, except in cases of self-defence or of actual attack. Their principle was rather one of conciliation and moral suasion. They endeavoured by the teaching and preaching of the Gospel to undermine the system, showing the chiefs and others, in a kind Christian way, that it was an evil, and that they were acting against their own interests in allowing it to be carried on.

The Mission party had not long to wait before their influence was felt by the Arabs. No sooner had they arrived than fear took hold of these savage oppressors. The very presence of white missionaries on the Lake, under British prestige, made them tremble. The slave-traders were not ignorant of the power of Britain—some of them had seen her ironclads along the coast and had probably heard their terrific guns; and now, when they saw the British flag at the masthead of the little steamer—that flag which had become known in every sea and on every land as the symbol of freedom—they naturally thought that their nefarious work would be irretrievably damaged, and that just punishment

might follow. We need not wonder, therefore, that when Mr Young and his party arrived, the slave-raiders became somewhat terrified, and conveyed no slaves across the Lake for some time.

The Mission settlement at Cape Maclear soon became an anti-slavery centre, to which many fled for the protection of the "English." Formerly, the slave-dealer had only to tell his unfortunate victims that "the English eat black people," when they would of their own accord flee from the presence of a white man. The terror of slaves when Livingstone confronted them was often beyond description. But now a change had come over the native mind. The people had discovered that the missionaries, instead of being white cannibals, were true and heroic friends. Often when slave-gangs were made up in the vicinity of the Station, some managed to escape from their merciless oppressors, and made their way at great risk, by day and by night, to where the "English" were. They were no savages, but kind true-hearted people, and were always welcomed at the Station so long as no serious crime could be proved against them. They looked upon Cape Maclear, with its British protection and Christian treatment, as a magic spell, bringing them inexpressible happiness and security. Even some of the slave-drivers, hard and inhuman though they were, came to regard it as a centre of heroism and kindness, for not long after the Mission was planted there was an instance of a slave, who could not keep pace with the caravan, being directed to the Station—about fifty miles off—instead of being massacred in cold blood, or left on the road to die. "After great hardships," wrote Mr Young, "he arrived, very bad with diseased spine, and was frightened when he saw people with white skins and straight hair."

After Mr Young's return home, in the beginning of 1877, his public statements on the slave-trade, and especially on Portuguese implication in it, caused considerable commotion at Lisbon. Portuguese ministers made patriotic speeches denying that their country had been inactive in suppressing the evil, and manifesting intense indignation against Dr Livingstone, Captain Cameron, and Mr Young. They asserted that the Portuguese authorities had vigorously co-operated with Britain in opposing the trade along the coast; but the evidence adduced was unsatisfactory, and was more or less contradicted by the British Blue-Books. Further, these Portuguese champions were significantly silent

concerning the *inland* traffic carried on or supported by their countrymen, to which so many trustworthy travellers had drawn attention. According to Mr Young, this traffic was ramified far and wide in regions controlled by Portugal, and was even more disastrous than that on the coast. Slaves from the Senga and Bisa countries in the Luangwa valley and from much of southern Nyasaland were taken to the Portuguese settlements of Tete, Sena, and Kilimane. Dr Livingstone himself seized the Governor of Tete's servant by the throat when he found him leading eighty-four women and children to Tete, and heard his confessions of his master's misdeeds. It may emphatically be said that an enormous system of slavery and tribal war was pursued by the Portuguese in order to supply tribes along the Zambesi with women and children.

Perhaps the Lisbon Government was not fully cognisant of these infractions of treaty obligations by its authorities and colonists in East Africa; or if cognisant, perhaps it could not, in its weakness and inability, take the necessary measures to enforce obedience. But that its representatives in Africa were, to a very serious extent, participators in this shameful traffic was certain; and the fact that it denied any knowledge of this did not affect the question.

The hands of the missionaries were somewhat strengthened by Seyyid Burghash, the Sultan of Zanzibar—a Mahommedan prince with more liberal notions than most of his co-religionists—whose House had been the habitual ally of the British for many generations. On the earnest representations of Sir John Kirk, the British Consul-General, this Eastern Ruler issued, on May 1st, 1876, a Proclamation abolishing the slave-trade in his dominions by land as well as by sea. He had been forced by public opinion to do this before—in 1873—but now he did it apparently with more determination, and in all honour and good faith. He tried to stop the passage of slave-traders through his dominions. He seized and burned several vessels carrying slaves. He imprisoned the Governor of Kilwa on account of an infraction of the Proclamation, and certainly gave some traders to feel that the traffic in human flesh and blood was full of risk and cost. Many merchants on the coast were alarmed out of their senses, as they found loss after loss coming back on their hands.

Copies of the Proclamation were given to Captain Elton, the British Consul at Mozambique—a man of energetic character, whose African travels are well-known to many. Thus armed with the Sultan's authority, and with the permission of Her Majesty's Foreign Office, he visited the various chiefs around Lake Nyasa, distributing to them copies of the Proclamation in Swahili and Arabic, and warning them of the punishment they incurred if they disobeyed it. In these visits, he was accompanied by Dr Stewart, Dr Laws, and others from the Mission staff, the whole party proceeding from place to place in the *Ilala*. Among the powerful slave-trading chiefs visited were Jumbé and Mankambira on the west coast, and Makanjira and Chitesi on the east coast. Of these, Makanjira was perhaps the greatest offender, and in this character was well known, by name at least, to Sir John Kirk and the other British authorities on the coast.

The Proclamation was so emphatic and the Sultan's treatment of transgressors so stringent, that many people believed the slave-trade would be at once shaken to its centre, and that the miserable edifice of cruelty would speedily totter to its fall, never to be repaired or set up again. But, alas! it was of little avail. No efforts, missionary or political, seemed to make any permanent change in the existence of the traffic. The Arabs who formerly carried it on at such great centres as Kota-Kota and Losewa, betook themselves further inland to Wisi, Rua, and other places where the Sultan's influence could not reach them. Others remained at the Lake, considering the Sultan's authority over them to be merely nominal, and regarding his Proclamation as little more than a good joke so far as Nyasaland was concerned. But whether at the Lake or further inland, they were all unanimous in declaring that they intended to continue as before. "You may shut up the Zanzibar coast," they all said, "but the traffic will go on as before, only we shall march our slaves in another direction." The Mission, too, was becoming known in its true character—as a peaceful settlement, and not as a colony armed against slavery. The little steamer was beginning to be regarded now as a mere Mission ship, and not as a Government cruiser intended to burn and sink slaving daus as at first imagined: and when the Arabs came to realise this, they did not fail

to carry on their nefarious traffic with all the energy they possessed, although they concealed it when possible from observation. They got a fright at first, but that was now over.

And so, with disappointed hopes, the missionaries continued their works of rescue. The Sultan's Proclamation had failed, and the Mission had lost much of its terror; but they did not sit idly by while the horrible traffic went on around them. Over and over again they tried to liberate slaves without using force, and were generally successful. In 1877 they saved a band of twenty-two men, women and children from Arab captors. These poor slaves had managed to escape from a brutal raid at Mpemba's to a rocky island about fifteen miles north-west of Cape Maclear, from which they were delivered by the *Ilala* and brought to the Mission. Part of the touching tale may be told in Dr Stewart's own words, written shortly afterwards:

"One morning lately, between five and six o'clock, Dr Black put his head in at the door of my hut to report that a man had arrived in the middle of the night with a strange story. He said this man had come alone in the fragments of a canoe consisting of two pieces, which together were not more than six feet in length. We were at first a little suspicious of this story; but we all went down to the dock to look at the wonderful craft. It was an extraordinary sight. The two ends of a large canoe were tied together by ropes made of bark and palm fronds. It must have admitted so much water that the bailing to keep it afloat during the voyage must have been harder work than paddling. How desperate must have been the love of liberty and the dread of being sold to a slave caravan before a man would venture himself in such a structure! The Lake is deep, constantly liable to storms, and with voracious crocodiles everywhere. No white man would venture a hundred yards from the shore in such a thing, and yet it appeared that this native had been nearly two days and two nights in this crazy affair. He had slept the second night on the beach at Cape Maclear, having arrived at midnight, and made his appearance at the Station in the morning. He was in a woeful condition, but he told his story with directness, and said that he and twenty-one others were about to be sold by Mpemba, a slaving neighbour of ours on the western shore of the Lake. They had seen the dau which had come to take them away, and having got information from a friend, they fled in the night in

a large canoe, and made for an island north of Cape Maclear, about five hours distant by steamer. Their canoe had got completely broken as they landed in the darkness on that rocky island. Yet he had patched up the fragments in a wonderful way, and had come to ask the assistance and protection of the English."

Under such circumstances no time could be wasted. These poor terrified people were without food, and had no means of reaching the mainland. Steam was at once got up on the *Ilala*, and the island was reached about midday. The missionaries found the man's story to be only too true. The people were there, in extreme wretchedness, with nothing to eat but a handful of maize in a calabash, and a few wild roots which they had gathered on the island. They were soon sitting down in the steamer, enjoying a well-cooked meal, without any fear of being sold or carried away captive. In the morning they were fugitives on the island, terrified beyond description; in the evening under the flag of Britain flying above the Mission Station, they were as free as the air they breathed, and as happy as human beings could possibly be. Who will not say, Well done!

In 1879, another gang of eleven—seven men, three women, and a child—was rescued by Messrs Gunn and Ross at the south of Mpemba's village. The yokes were taken off their necks, and they were set at liberty. The men, who had been bought on the hill country of Chipeta, returned to their homes, while the women at their own desire were taken in the boat to the Mission Station. No force was of course used towards those in charge—in fact, they were very glad to escape without being punished.

It soon began to be discovered, however, that to attempt to liberate slaves in this way brought down upon the Mission the wrath of neighbouring chiefs interested in the traffic. But who will not admit that the whole matter was a very difficult one to deal with? Let the reader imagine his own feelings in such a case, where he has the power in his hands, and is yet compelled to stand aside. Would there not arise an impulse to release them *coûte que coûte*, and would not any other procedure be very much like refusing a rope to a drowning man? "However much non-interference," wrote Dr Laws, "is correct theoretically—and I uphold it as the best order that could have been given on the

subject—there is still in the breast of every free-born Briton such a hatred of the horrid traffic, that when one comes across a gang of poor, half-starved, way-worn fellow-creatures, on their way to the coast—if not first in their graves—and is morally certain that a word from his lips or a flash from his eye is enough to set them all at liberty, need it be wondered that the temptation to do what is at the moment good for these creatures should overcome the patient waiting which the judgment of calmer moments pronounces to be the better plan?”

As, however, the liberation of slaves roused all the ill-feeling of owners, it was necessary to be careful; and so the Committee at home, while neither approving of nor condemning the actions of the missionaries, recommended that in future great caution should be used in case the Mission should be involved in difficulty and danger.

Apart from the direct liberation of slaves, even the reception of fugitives at the Station caused great offence, as according to native custom, such fugitives should be returned. Segoli, a noted slaver, on the east side of the Cape, suffered most in this way and was loud in his murmurings. To prevent any undesirable result, the missionaries began in 1879 to adopt a safer method in such cases. With the consent of the Committee, they agreed to give protection and refuge to all slaves who came to the Mission, on condition that no crime could be proved against them within a month, and that they were willing to work out their ransom. They were to live in the Mission settlement until they had earned the price which the slave-owner had paid for them, or the usual price of slaves in the neighbourhood, and this price would then be handed to the slave-holder on application for it. This was giving compensation to the masters, as Britain herself had done in 1834, when she abolished slavery in all her colonies; and it was also a test of the slave's real desire for freedom.

Not many months afterwards, however, Dr Laws was informed by the nearest British Consul that it was illegal to interfere even in this way. No slave, he was told, could be liberated as had been done; much less could any fugitive slave be received and sheltered at the Mission Station. The Committee at home, on being made aware of this, communicated with the Foreign Office, and enquired whether the missionaries might not at least give fugitive slaves “the right of sanctuary,” in order to escape death, or the terrible

poison ordeal which was of common occurrence. Surely no person flying for refuge to the Station should be molested while there, thus giving the missionaries time to intercede on his behalf, if necessary. In reply, Earl Granville stated that the only rights which missionaries, or persons similarly situated, could claim were those which were conceded to them by the chief in whose country they settled. "Considering the strong feeling of resentment," he said, "which a direct interference in disputes between slaves and their masters is certain to excite, Her Majesty's Government can only advise the exercise of great caution, tact, and patience, in order to gain in time the noble objects which the Free Church of Scotland have in view."

From this time onwards the slave-trade in Nyasaland was allowed to take its own course, so far as direct missionary interference was concerned. The missionaries could now do nothing in the matter, except act as spectators and informants of it, and teachers regarding its evils, since it was now established that they had no legal right to receive slaves.

The traffic continued to grow in all directions under Portuguese and other influences. Large bands of slaves were transported every now and then from Nyasaland. Taking their departure from such chiefs as Jumbé, Mponda, and Makanjira, many of the caravans at this time crossed the Lujenda at Matarika's and made their way to Mwalia, the capital of the Medo, and thence by several roads to the coast. In 1881, two Universities' missionaries, passing through the country east of Nyasa, came across a caravan of not less than two thousand souls taking this route to Kisanga. Fresh slave-dépôts were formed in many parts around the Lake. Chiefs who had hitherto remained passive began to assist with remarkable activity. Remonstrances, appeals, threats were all in vain to prevent these things. The Arabs were determined to have slaves even at the cost of wars and bloodshed. The old dread of the British missionaries on the Lake was wearing away from their minds, and they began rather to assume threatening airs towards the Mission. Realising the powerlessness of the missionaries to deal with the matter, except in a moral way, both Arabs and Swaheli began to commit deeds and to use liberties which they would not have dreamt of shortly after the first arrival of the Mission band. In 1882, for example, three girls were actually seized on their way home from the Mission School at Bandawé.

Two men, who evidently knew the weakness of the Mission, rushed out of the bush, seized the helpless girls, carried them off to Kota-Kota, about seventy miles south, and sold them as slaves to Jumbé. This resulted in all the girls being withdrawn for a time from the school, as no parents wished their children to be kidnapped. In the beginning of 1883, a large caravan actually took up its headquarters at Chitesi, on the east side of the Lake, the very centre of the Universities' Mission, causing no end of trouble to Rev. Mr Johnson, the missionary there. And it was the same with the London Missionary Society at Tanganyika. When Mr Frederick Moir and Lieutenant Pulley made a journey to the south end of this Lake, carrying with them sections of the steam-launch *Good News*, they found the Lake shore desolated, most of the people having fled from the slave-traders. Thriving villages had been obliterated, and Captain Hore of the London Missionary Society had been forced to change his headquarters forty miles further west along the southern shore.

Representations were being continually made by the Committee at home to the Foreign Office on the seriousness of the matter, but in spite of all attempts to arrest or prevent the traffic, it continued to exist to an alarming extent, and to assume a more organised character.

Worst of all, the missionaries could do nothing but look on. If they had obeyed their own feelings they would speedily have used force, but prudence and the orders of Government prevented them. They could preach deliverance to the captives in a spiritual sense, but alas! they could give no deliverance from the terrible *gori*. "Again and again," wrote Dr Laws, "have those in the Mission Station been awakened by a timid knock at the door or the bedroom window, or by the wailing cry 'Mzungu' ('white man') in a woman's voice, and on asking the reason, the answer would be returned that some slave-trader had come, and that her master had resolved to sell her. The warning whisper of a friend had told her of her danger, and as soon as deep sleep had fallen on the villagers, she would dare the risks of the wild beasts prowling about in search of their prey, in the hope of finding at the Mission Station a safety and protection it is not in the power of the missionary to afford."

A step forward was, however, taken in October 1883. For some time there had been a British Consul, Lieutenant H. E.

O'Neill, R.N., at Mozambique, but now the British Government, at the repeated request of the Committee, appointed one in Nyasaland and the Lake districts—Captain Foote, R.N., “for special service in connection with the suppression of the slave-trade, and with the development of civilisation and commerce in Central Africa.” Along with Mrs Foote he arrived at Blantyre at the end of the year; and, at the request of Earl Granville, he received every assistance and co-operation from the Missions. Unfortunately, however, he died at Blantyre on 16th August, after a very short experience of the country, and was laid in the little God’s-acre there; but a successor was appointed in the person of Captain Hawes, R.N., who arrived in the end of 1885.

The same year that Consul Foote was appointed a most important step was also taken. In November of that year, in connection with the formation of the Congo Free State under Mr H. M. Stanley, fourteen Powers, including Great Britain, Portugal, and even Mahommedan Turkey, met at Berlin in conference regarding Africa, at the invitation of the German Imperial Government. This Conference had reference not only to the Congo, but to a much wider commercial district, including the Nyasa Territory. To give information regarding Nyasaland, Dr Laws, Mr F. Moir, and others had interviews with Sir Edward Malet (the British Ambassador), Sir Percy Anderson, and other British officials, as well as with King Leopold at Brussels, all of whom were untiring in their efforts to help, not merely in the matter of the slave-trade, but of other evils affecting the Missions. On 26th February 1885, all these Powers, through their nineteen plenipotentiaries, signed a general compact of thirty-eight articles—one of the greatest compacts in history—which gave to all Central Africa, not only freedom of commerce, and protection for missionaries and travellers, but the prohibition of this inhuman traffic in slaves, and the punishment of all who should engage in it.

It is needless to say that this compact promised to do more for Africa than any isolated actions of our own Government had done for a century past. It promised to give a new future to the Dark Continent. But alas! this hope speedily vanished. Difficulties of the gravest kind arose within a short time. An extraordinary rising of Arabs took place, extending even to the

countries lying west of the great Lakes. They had redoubled their efforts and extended their organisation, and were resolved to fight to the bitter end rather than allow the hope of their gains to be taken away. Most appalling descriptions were given by travellers of the awful scenes that they were compelled to witness at this time. Lieutenant Weissman, on one of his journeys, entered the west side of a town at six a.m., and marched for five hours till he reached its eastern side; and when he returned the Arabs had cleared it all away. No wonder his heart was boiling over with what he actually saw!

It was a most lamentable state of affairs. Livingstone had awakened Britain to the inhuman horrors of the evil. As a result, the power of the Arabs at Zanzibar had been checked and weakened. A British fleet had been stationed near Zanzibar, and the Sultan himself had gone so far as to disown all his subjects who engaged in the traffic. With one accord, too, men had arisen inspired with Christ, and ready to carry their lives in their hands. They had gone forth in the name of Heaven, and unfurled the Gospel banner in these down-trodden regions, had planted stations along the great waterway of the Shiré and the Lakes, had spent an immense amount of money in the maintenance of the work, had proclaimed amid much persecution the guilt of selling any human being, and were beginning to be filled with the bright hope of throttling the slave-trade, and bringing in the kingdom of peace and righteousness. But now, alas! fourteen years after Livingstone's death, in spite of treaties, compacts, and missionary labours, the land was still filled with all that bloodshed, rapine, and desolation, which he gave his life to end,

“And the slave, where'er he cowered, felt his sympathies with God
In hot teardrops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawled round unburied, delving in the nobler clod.”

At length, in 1887, the Arabs and coastmen pounced down with renewed force upon Nyasaland, determined to seize the shores of the Lake and have slaves at all hazards. They threatened Ngoni-land, keeping Dr Elmslie and Mombera's people in great anxiety for a long time, and intensifying the war-spirit there. Ultimately they settled at the north end of the Lake, where they came into dire conflict with the Livingstonia missionaries located at Mweni-

wanda and at the neighbouring stations. They also managed to influence for evil the large and influential tribe of the Wemba, whom they provided with weapons in exchange for slaves. This tribe began to scour and plunder the vast plateau between the two Lakes, placing all the inhabitants in bodily terror of their lives. No man, woman or child, who wandered for two or three minutes outside their village had any certainty of ever returning. "In May 1877," wrote Dr Kerr Cross, "a village five miles from us was fired on at dead of night, and soon every creature bolted for his life. Many were killed, and many captured. It is the custom to shoot every man, capture and take prisoner every strong young woman, boy and girl, and to chop off the hands and ears of the old and infirm. The day after this midnight onslaught our houses were besieged by the poor creatures who fled to us for refuge, while Mweniwanda's village was blocked with people. That was one of the most harrowing scenes I have ever witnessed. In October of the same year, while on a journey across the plateau, I came across several villages that had lately been ravaged. One especially, Zochi, had recently been destroyed. It was early morning when I arrived, and crept with my carriers through the village gate. Every house seemed entire, but not a creature was within. Innumerable broken pots, and gourds, and bones were strewn around. I wandered over the village, and came across the spot where the death-struggle had taken place. Here the wooden wall of the black man's village had been hewn down, and the bloody ruffians had rushed in. Oh, God! This is man's inhumanity to man!"

Shortly after such events the matter came to a crisis. A deadly war ensued against the Lakes Company, the missionaries, and the friendly natives—a war which lasted two years. At the outset some of the missionaries and their helpers were besieged in Karonga, while continual fire was kept up by the Arabs upon them for about a week. They managed to keep the Arabs off, and were at last rescued by reinforcements arriving from the south.

But the whole north end of the Lake was by this time in the hands of these Mahomedan slavers, who carried on a fierce campaign of slaughter and seizure in all directions. Volumes could be filled with descriptions of Arab cruelty enacted there at this time. One or two instances may be taken out of a great multitude.

At daybreak, one day, Mr Bain was roused from sleep at Kararamuka by a number of shots fired in rapid succession, and at no very great distance. It was only a very ordinary Arab attack on an adjoining village, yet upwards of thirty women, with their babies and several young girls, were captured. The slavers, having securely entrenched themselves within the village stockade, settled down to enjoy themselves in their own brutal way, seizing the spoil, and giving vent to their beastly lust. Two children who disturbed their revels were flung into the flames of some burning houses. Only two poor women who escaped by night would ever know the comforts of home again. The people at Kararamuka, we are glad to say, were not attacked, because of Mr Bain's presence. "They regard their deliverance," wrote Mr Bain, "as due to the white man. You may tell them that God is over all and overrules all; they will turn round and tell you that you are God. Poor people! their ignorance and helplessness are terrible to contemplate."

Again, one day a large band of these brutal Arabs attacked a village on the Lake shore, killing eight men, and capturing all the women, boys and girls. Two of the men rushed into the Lake and were drowned. "That night, at midnight," says Dr Kerr Cross, "we learned of this atrocity, and sent out a band of men to intercept them. Next afternoon our men came on their path and followed it up. When the Arabs saw them they bolted. One man, cutting the rope, which bound all the women, from the neck of a young girl, and throwing her over his shoulder, made off. The chase was too keen, however, and he was forced to throw her down and bolt. Twenty-nine women were thus rescued. All of them were tied and were bearing loads. On being released, the women told our men that on the early part of the day the Arabs had thrown three of their sucking children into the bush, because the women could not carry the grain and the infants too. Being guided by the mothers, the men went to the spot, and found the three infants still alive. Old Mdoko was a happy man when next day his women were led back to the village."

Over and over again the missionaries heard of villages being attacked, and so many men being killed and so many women captured. This was continually going on, not only at the head of the Lake, but all along the Nyasa-Tanganyika Plateau.

"Six years ago," wrote one of our missionaries, "when the road to Tanganyika was opened, there was a village every six or eight miles all along the way. Now you can travel for three or four days at a time and scarcely see a village or meet a creature. These villages are all destroyed, and the people captured as slaves by the Arabs. It makes one's blood boil at the awful deeds of these red-handed ruffians, who are engaged in a work which Livingstone long ago could only compare to hell itself."

Bitter, indeed, it must have been for the missionaries to witness these heartrending scenes. The cruelty, lust, and murders were ever before them by day, and startled them like a hideous nightmare when they closed their eyes for sleep. To hear the wail of grief from these unhappy people, to see them cast themselves on their knees, and to know that nothing could be done to save them, was saddening in the extreme. It was Ethiopia on her knees stretching out her hands to Great Britain.

It was not merely the north end of the Lake, or the plateau, that the Arabs invaded. Many of them settled down in the southern regions. They infested every town along the Lake. They actually fixed a station near the Bandawé Mission, and were making themselves known as far south as Blantyre. It was nothing but slavery, slavery everywhere. Here is what Rev. Mr Scott, the head of the Blantyre Mission wrote at the time: "The Arab slave trade is making frightful progress. Caravans of Arabs are pouring in—for trade? No! Hardly a bale of cloth goes up country from the east coast; it is guns and powder—not even spirits. It is simply slaughter, and slaughter of thousands, and the desolation of the fairest lands—lands where the natives were at peace, where industry and thrift and happiness ruled; where, to get through one village, you might start in the early morning and not pass out of it till the sun was half-way down, journeying straight on; and these are now desolate. Fresh routes are opening up to them, and the desolation is spreading. It is not slave-trade; it is ruthless massacre of the most barbarous type."

Various remedies were suggested by British statesmen for this lamentable state of matters. It was urged by some that Britain or Germany or France should take a firm and uncompromising stand at Zanzibar, and by others that a system of military and

patrol operations should be undertaken along the great waterway of the Shiré and Lake Nyasa, with depôts of armed men on the higher plateaux. Britain, however, found it absolutely necessary to do something, and in the end of 1889 instructed Sir Henry H. Johnston, K.C.B., at that time Consul for Portuguese East Africa, and afterwards Commissioner and Consul-General for British Central Africa,* to proceed to the interior in order to bring about, if possible, a state of peace between the Arabs and the white men, and the cessation of slavery. But in the face of such things as we have described, what could the Consul do? He showed himself a courageous man, anxious to suppress the evil and carry out the wishes of the missionaries. But his task was an impossibility without an armed force to help. He could not check matters by moral suasion. He could not turn these brutal slavers and Swahili coastmen into sober, well-doing individuals by merely talking to them. It required a strong force of another kind to deal with these red-handed Arabs, who were placing Africa beneath the yoke, and murdering all who would not become tools of their lust and greed. He was able, after a week's negotiations, and with the influence of the Sultan of Zanzibar, to bring to an end the *war*, which had reigned at the north end for two years; but the slave-raiding, the cruelty, and the devastation continued as before.

Fortunately, in the beginning of 1890, Nyasaland was made into British territory, with Sir H. H. Johnston as Commissioner. What the Livingstonia missionaries had been doing by moral suasion and Christian influence the British Commissioner now commenced to do by administrative means, using his powers in a cautious way for the destruction of the horrible traffic. To the downtrodden sons and daughters of Africa around Nyasa, the British flag meant life, joy and freedom; while to every slave-hunter it was a "meteor flag, which for a thousand years had braved the battle and the breeze," associated with trained soldiers, mighty war vessels and the roar of guns, and inspiring him with wholesome dread.

The slave-raiders, while somewhat terrified at the inclusion of Nyasaland within the British sphere, could not be expected to abandon their efforts at once. They were not to be so easily subdued, for slaves still continued to be seized in hundreds in

* Now British Commissioner in Uganda.

spite of all the Commissioner could do. Slave caravans were as numerous as ever. From Deep Bay, south of Karonga, large cargoes of guns and powder passed into the interior, and large batches of starving slaves were ferried across to the east side. The savage Wemba and the Gwangwara, who assisted the Arabs, were becoming more and more threatening in their attitude, and were sending menacing messages to the missionaries and natives. The feeling of antipathy between the slave-dealers and the Europeans was gradually approaching a white heat. It was beginning to be seen that if no definite action were taken soon to suppress the evil, every European in North Nyasa would be exterminated.

Whether all this continued savagery was partly due to the pro-Arab policy which the Commissioner at first adopted, it would be difficult to say, but, at all events, matters could not long remain in this critical condition. Nor did they. The overthrow of the traffic speedily came. It was immensely helped by the action of a large important Anti-Slavery Conference which had been held at Brussels in 1889-90, at the suggestion of Her Majesty, and under the presidency of Baron Lambert of Belgium. This was really a world conference, at which seventeen Powers, both European and Asiatic, were represented. No meeting so important to mankind had ever been held before. It came together explicitly to suppress this African slave-trade, to prevent arms of precision entering the country except for self-defence, and to choke the liquor traffic among the native races. For the first time in human history Mahommedan Governments took serious counsel with Christian Powers as to the wrongs wreaked on Africa. The Free Church of Scotland, which knew so much of the evils of Africa, represented her views to this conference by means of memorials. Dr George Smith, the Secretary of her Foreign Mission Committee, also waited on Lord Vivian, the British representative at the conference, and urged on him, among other things, firm action against trade in slaves.

The result of this conference was that the Powers who took part in it unanimously agreed to prevent by force the trade in slaves, arms, and distilled liquors in Africa, a decision which speedily brought a new day to this dark land. It was a supreme triumph over evil, and when it became known,

“Through the broad earth’s aching breast
 Ran a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west :
 And the slave, where’er he cowered, felt the soul within him climb
 To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
 Of a century burst full-blossom’d on the thorny stem of Time.”

This act came into operation in January 1892, and not long afterwards Sir H. H. Johnston enforced it in Nyasaland, with the co-operation of the German authorities at the north end of the Lake. He issued a Proclamation, by authority of the British Government, forbidding slave-raiding and other evils, and resolved to sweep the country clean of Arab offenders and any chiefs who abetted them. The Tonga tribe, which had been taught by Livingstonia missionaries around Bandawé, offered their friendly help, and were formed into a native army. A military force of Sikhs and Punjabees, under experienced British officers, was also drafted into the country. Gunboats were placed on the Lakes and on the Shiré river. The African Lakes Company and the British South Africa Company united to help. Thus was witnessed at length the ethics of the Gospel marching behind bayonets, and the thunders of Sinai making themselves heard beneath the roar of British guns. It was the irresistible force of Christianity, which could not be silenced or subdued, overruling European nations, rising above politics, governing battle, and exerting itself in the destruction of an inhuman traffic.

The campaign was not immediately successful, as it was by no means an easy matter to subdue Arab organisation. For a long time severe fighting took place ; there were sharp and sometimes bloody encounters. But into the many details of this the writer need not enter, as this sketch is meant to deal rather with the relation of the traffic to the missionaries. He would only say that the last day of 1895 virtually brought with it the end of this great open sore within the British Central Africa Protectorate at Lake Nyasa, although it still continued in the regions beyond. Thousands of slaves were liberated by British officers, and they were told that they were free to go and do what they pleased, as long as they did not break the law. Mlozi, the most murderous slave-dealer of all, was hanged after a fair trial, and the country was cleared of other scoundrels. A chain of forts was also erected along the border of the Protectorate, all the way from the Ruu River up the shores of the Lake and along the Stevenson Road,

as places of refuge round which natives might settle, and as a warning to Arabs and others like-minded.

The country now enjoyed rest for the first time in its history. The people, who for years had been hunted like wild beasts by these out-side oppressors, could now live without fear. In Turkey, at this time, Mahommedanism, in its most dreadful form, had gained a temporary triumph through the butchery, outrage, and robbery organised by the Sultan upon defenceless Christians; but here in Central Africa it was almost wiped out in the defeat of these Arab slavers at the hands of the Commissioner. It was swept away with all its slavery and butchery by the justice of Heaven, as boulders and trees are swept down by the breaking of an ice-dam, and the terrible rush of its liberated waters. A sense of peace and security has now settled on the natives, which has never before been known. They feel that they have now nothing further to dread from their foreign oppressors or from the more turbulent among themselves. In this great achievement God has given mankind another answer to the prayer of David Livingstone as he knelt by his lonely deathbed at Lake Bangweolo.

Whatever thanks we may have must be given to the British Administration and our Christian missionaries—to the former for their brave and persevering actions, and to the latter for calling such actions into existence. This much is certain, that, if Christianity had not entered Nyasaland, there would have been no British Administration there to-day, and no sure refuge from the yoke of slavery. Central Africa would still be a land of darkness, of spoliation, and of blood. No doubt commerce, civilisation, industry, and various other side-forces have had a share in the triumph, and the writer would be the last to deny this. But it is plain that Christianity, with its superhuman energy and beneficence, gave primary impulse to all the movements referred to, and sustained and advanced them until they culminated in the annihilation of the traffic. If we look without prejudice for the source or effective promoter of anti-slavery in British Central Africa, it will be found in the little trickling stream which entered the country in 1875, and passed all banks, until now it has spread its waves, like the inrush of a flood, over widest expanses. It is Christianity, as first borne thither by Livingstonia missionaries, that is the triumphant victor.

Let us remember, however, that even yet something remains to be done in other parts of Africa and of the world. Slavery still reigns supreme in regions beyond Nyasaland, especially among the Wemba and similar tribes. The whole system has been so deeply rooted that years of vigilance will be required before freedom becomes the happy lot of every African. But the daylight is already appearing, and soon we may expect the fulfilment of these words of a poetic writer :

“ Oh, Africa, long lost in night,
Upon the horizon gleams the light
Of breaking dawn. Thy star of fame
Shall rise and brightly gleam ; thy name
Shall blaze in history's later page ;
Thy birth-time is the last great age.
Thy name has been, Slave of the World,
But when thy banner is unfurled,
Triumphant liberty shall wave
That standard o'er foul slavery's grave ;
And earth, decaying earth, shall see
Her freest, fairest child in thee.”



TURBINE FALLS ON THE MANCHEWE.

CHAPTER XIII

CHRISTIAN COMMERCE

FROM the outset the missionaries encouraged the natives to trade knowing that legitimate Christian commerce would not only prevent many destructive tribal feuds, but, as Dr Livingstone often said, would considerably help in the improvement of the natives and the suppression of the slave-trade. "We ought to encourage the Africans," wrote this renowned missionary in 1856, "to cultivate for our markets as the most effectual means, next to the Gospel, of their elevation."

Such commerce would let the chiefs see that they could supply themselves with goods in a better way than by the sale of their people—that it was useless for them to steal and sell a man, when they could get quite as much for a canoe load of potatoes. It was sometimes no use to exhort these people to give up war and slavery, when it was calico and other things that they really wanted. The Arabs had become dominant on Lake Nyasa, and slavery had become established largely by means of calico, looking-glasses, beads, hatchets, and similar things; and one practical way of undermining Arab influence, and establishing a Christian civilisation, was to commence a proper system of trading, by which the people could obtain what they wanted.

Not only so, but the missionaries felt that such a thing would be the truest philanthropy, for the natives were really in need of calico and other material things, and were miserable for want of them. It was useless to carry on a mission in such regions without supplying the natives with the necessaries of everyday life. It is well known how the excellent Bishop Patteson acted on this beneficent principle among the South Sea Islanders, and thereby won the hearts of many savages to Christianity. "If a man is naked," as Dr Stewart wrote, "the best thing you can do to convince him that you are his friend is to clothe him—to give him calico and not words. If he wants to cultivate, to induce

him to buy tools. If he wants to build a house, and has nothing better than a wretched little axe to fight against the forest ever encroaching on him, despite of both fire and axe, the best thing to do is to give him, in return for his labour or for anything he has already produced, a suitable weapon that will give him heart, and result in the success of his struggle."

The mission band realised this, and, as soon as they were settled down at Cape Maclear, they invited the natives to bring articles and provisions for sale. They found that the natives were anxious to trade with them, and that, wherever they could get a market for goods, they took advantage of it. Almost every day natives came from very long distances with "*malonda*," or "things for sale." They were encouraged to bring every useful thing, and a point was made of purchasing all that they brought—goats, fowls, cotton, mapira, ufa, rice, ground nuts, fish, ivory, pots, twine, fishing-nets, hoes made from iron smelted by native smiths, mats woven from split bamboos, empty snail shells to make lime for white-washing, and many other things. This was certainly a beginning in the way of a wholesome trade; and we are not surprised to find Dr Laws writing as follows about two years after the establishment of the mission: "The natives at Cape Maclear having found a market for their produce, have increased their cultivation to a great extent, in order to supply our demand. Now, even in event of a partial failure, famine will be avoided by the produce of the increased area cultivated. That you may have some idea of the extent of this, I may mention that during the first year we had often difficulty in obtaining a few small baskets of grain, or native flour, in a week; while one day recently, more than a ton of grain and three-quarters of a ton of sweet potatoes were brought for sale. We have bought up a good deal, so that we may not be at the mercy of sellers when food becomes scarce just before the crops are ready. A good deal of sugar cane has been bought recently. Formerly they did not grow much of it; but learning that we would buy it, they have planted a good deal. This, I think, may be taken as a fair guarantee that the natives are ready to exert themselves beyond what they have been accustomed to do, were lawful commerce introduced among them."

In this part of their work the missionaries laboured for some time to the best of their ability and with much success. But as

spiritual labourers, they began to feel that it was rather outside their province. They did not care to do anything that would defile their hands with filthy lucre, or lead to a suspicion that they had any desire after such a thing. When Dr Stewart went to the Lake in 1876, he saw plainly the necessity of freeing the Mission altogether from this kind of work, and wrote home several times to the Committee about the matter, recommending that a number of men in Glasgow, or elsewhere, should form a small company and send out Christian traders to look after goods and stores, and undertake all commercial dealings with the natives. Mr Cotterill, who accompanied the second Mission party, in the hope of trading, had been unable to do much single-handed, although he did pioneer work in this direction. What was needed, as Dr Stewart suggested, was a Company, with sufficient capital, with business connections in Scotland, and with responsible agents at the Lake. It was also felt by friends at home that such a step was necessary, even for the safety of the Mission, which might otherwise have to be abandoned owing to difficulty of access.

In the meantime the matter had been taken up by Mr James Stevenson, F.R.G.S., of Glasgow, and some of the lay members of the Livingstonia Committee, as early as 1876. Apart altogether from co-operation with the Mission, which they anxiously desired, they saw that a Company would be a good thing to carry on Livingstone's policy of keeping open the water highways. They made a move in the matter at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce in November of that year, and afterwards, through Viscount Duprat, sent political and geographical papers, written in a conciliatory spirit, to Lisbon, and were thus fortunate in obtaining concessions from the Portuguese Government, who were anxious to bring to their province the trade of Central Africa. These concessions, though informal, made commercial work possible in the Zambesi and Nyasa regions.

This led to the formation, in 1877-78, of the "Livingstonia Central African Trading Company"—better known now as the "African Lakes Corporation"—which included members both of the Livingstonia Committee and of a Committee previously appointed by the Chamber of Commerce. This Trading Company was put under the excellent chairmanship of Mr James Stevenson, the prime mover in the whole affair, as well as one of the most generous founders of the Mission, and the first Convener of the

Livingstonia Sub-Committee. The management in Africa was undertaken by two brothers, John William Moir and Frederick L. Maitland Moir, sons of Dr Moir of Edinburgh—men who would do honour to any enterprise in the world. "They were well-educated gentlemen," says Professor Lindsay, "come of 'kent folk,' as we say in Scotland, and had already begun life in a way which promised successful business careers. If ever two men had it in their power to live at home in ease, these men were John and Fred Moir; but there lay Africa open at last, with its great central waterway, and there was the dead Livingstone, and One greater than Livingstone calling them, and they felt, as many a noble soul has felt before their day, that 'necessity was laid upon them,' and they left all and went."* They had been previously in the employ of Sir William Mackinnon, surveying a road which that philanthropist intended to construct from Dar-es-Salaam, opposite Zanzibar, to Lake Tanganyika.

As stated, this Company was formed largely with the object of assisting the Missions and other Christian agencies in East Central Africa. Its promoters were wealthy Christian merchants and others in Glasgow and Edinburgh, belonging principally to the Free Church, who were in thorough practical sympathy with the Mission, and who were anxious, in co-operation with it, to preserve Nyasaland pure from unprincipled trading. These merchants knew how commerce, carried on without any thought of God and righteousness, led to deep vice and dire evils. They had seen lamentable results in some parts of Africa, where greed and fraud were holding sway, and a spirit of commerce, unaccompanied and unruled by Christianity, was crushing and demoralising the natives—where trade in gin and gunpowder was causing frightful evils, besides which any good achieved was hardly discernible. Some of the West African settlements, especially, instead of being bright jewels in Britain's crown, were standing monuments of disgrace, preventing everything that tended to the elevation of the unhappy tribes. What was a missionary here and there, compared with the thousand agents of unsanctified commerce, who, with untiring and scrupulous industry, were dispensing wholesale the deadly products of Europe? What was a Bible or a bale of useful goods in opposition to myriad cases of gin and an unlimited supply

* In Introduction to Mrs Moir's "Letters from Central Africa" (Maclehose & Sons, Glasgow).

of guns? What chance had Christian virtue where the soil was so overgrown with European vice?

Here, however, was Nyasaland—a great stretch of country where none but a few white missionaries had been, and no commercial Company existed; and so, these men resolved to keep this region pure by sending picked men into it as missionary traders, and giving it a Christian commerce, something, at least, that would help to keep out war and gunpowder and strong drink, and introduce true civilisation into the country—a noble resolution for which there was indeed a loud call.

It need hardly be said that such a Company, carrying on work from the East Coast of Africa to these inland regions, was an undoubted blessing, and that its formation deserved the thanks of Christendom. The benefits that it brought to this part of the Dark Continent turned out to be innumerable.

First and foremost, as the missionaries had predicted, it checked to some extent the debasing traffic in slaves, preventing it from developing in Nyasaland at a more rapid rate than it did. For hundreds of years the chief wealth of Africa had consisted in its ivory, and the only means of transport for ivory was the enslaving of natives to carry it down to the coast. From the Arab encampments, established all over the heart of Africa, caravans of slaves, laden with ivory, passed at intervals to Zanzibar and other places on the coast, leaving in their trail the darkened marks of tyranny and crime. This Company, however, bought up large quantities of ivory and other produce, which would otherwise go to the coast by slave caravans—bought it up on better terms than the Arabs could give—and thus, so far as it could, dried up the source of supply in the interior.

It also opened up communication with the coast, by means of steamers of its own, plying from the mouth of the Zambesi to the north of the Lake. This, of itself, was an immense advantage to the missionaries. The communication previously had been very slow and primitive, the voyage having to be made in a canoe, with a few native paddlers, and taking several weeks to reach the Murchison Falls. Though the boatmen wrought with their utmost strength, only slow progress could be made against the rapid current.

But now, through this trading Company, the journey to or from the coast could be made in a remarkably short time, and the

dangers from malaria and wild animals greatly avoided. Such improved communication with the outside world relieved the Mission of many secular cares and worries, and greatly lessened the difficulty of procuring supplies from a distance. It was also an excellent medicine to the Mission staff. More frequent news from the coast, the sight of a mail-bag coming oftener, and a readier supply of necessaries from home tended, it need scarcely be said, to raise the spirits of the party and improve their health.

Further, this Company proved a considerable benefit to the natives themselves, by revealing to them the blessings of trade, and showing them how they could live honestly and perhaps enrich themselves in an honourable way. Africans, it is well known, are quite capable of becoming prosperous traders. In ancient times there was an excellent system of commerce carried on by the natives on the East Coast and adjacent parts. Early historical accounts speak of very prosperous and commercially disposed communities. Unfortunately, this condition of things entirely passed away before English navigators and the Arabs of Muscat appeared on the scene; but it is an evidence of the capabilities of the African race for successful trading. This Company developed these capabilities. It taught the natives of Nyasaland, as nothing else could do, how to trade with their fellows, and showed them the resulting benefits. It opened up trading stations on the water highway to the Lake, purchased the various products of the country, and introduced many additional sources of wealth.

It need hardly be added that this Company greatly advanced the interests of Christianity in Nyasaland. Facts go to prove that commercial intercourse of a right kind becomes a handmaid to the Gospel. In God's overruling Providence, it prepares the way for the spread of Christianity, and helps in the extension of Christ's Kingdom. No doubt, a commercial company, though anxious to assist in such noble work, may have its disadvantages. The natives, with their crude ideas, cannot always distinguish between it and Missions. Mistakes made by the former—perhaps unintentionally—may be sometimes attributed to the latter, tending at times to injure missionary work. Trading complications, dealings with hunters and carriers, the punishment of theft, the quarrels and ill-will of ivory shooting, and similar things may be apt to compromise

missionary operations in the eyes of the natives. A commercial company, too, may not always manage to secure the best of men to do its work among the natives. In spite of much precaution, some of its agents and traders may be bad characters, having rather a pernicious influence upon the natives, and bringing discredit upon neighbouring missionaries. But admitting all such possible disadvantages, if we take into account the immense accompanying benefits, there can be no doubt that a Christian company, allied to conscience and charity, and carrying on its dealings in a truly honourable way, is instrumental in accelerating the march of Christianity. This was certainly the case with the African Lakes Company. In spite of defects—and there were such, as in all human institutions—it was a powerful agent in the spread of Christianity. It was not the divinest force working in Africa, but of all human forces, it was one of the most divine. It helped to break the power of Arab tyrants, and in other ways to advance the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Company made its headquarters at Mandala, in the Shiré Hills, near Blantyre. "Mandala" means "spectacles," and was the nickname given by the natives to Mr John Moir because of his spectacles. When he built a house the name was transferred to the building, and so to the little settlement which grew up around it. The place is now practically one with Blantyre, being united by a well-made road, running between a magnificent avenue of tall trees, and according to the testimony of both merchants and missionaries, is a pleasant Scotch Arcadia, set in the midst of harsh African savagery. From this place the Company's hospitable managers, the Messrs Moir, directed all its movements, and gradually extended its operations. It began in a very cautious way with small capital—most of which was personally raised by the Messrs Moir—but it progressed steadily from year to year, multiplying its trading centres and increasing its resources. It did so at the earnest request of all the missionary societies working in these inland regions, and of the British Consuls and others, who were desirous of seeing the country opened up, thus fulfilling, in some measure the words of the prophet, "Prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people." It gradually extended westward to Lakes Tanganyika, Mweru, and Bangweolo, including all the country rendered sacred by the journeys and the death

of Livingstone, and down to the great bends of the Central Zambesi.

In a few years it had several good steamers. On beginning its operations in 1878, it sent out a little paddle-steamer, the *Lady Nyasa*, to run on the Zambesi and Lower Shiré rivers below the Cataracts. Then, in 1882, it purchased the *Ilala* from the Mission, for work on the Upper Shiré and on the Lake, as the possession of this little steamer by the Mission was not so necessary now, when the civilisation of the district was advancing, as in the pioneering period. Besides, the Mission had a very good iron sailing boat, the *Herga*, 28 feet long, which had been generously presented to it by Mr Cotterill. In 1886 the Company provided a new steamer, the *James Stevenson*, for the Zambesi-Shiré traffic, which proved an inestimable boon to all the missions, for it carried larger quantities of supplies, and made the passage quickly over the unhealthy reaches of the river, thus being an undoubted gain to the health of the missionaries. Since then several new and commodious passenger steamers, as well as many large steel barges, have been placed on the rivers, both for the lower and the upper navigation, very largely increasing the carrying power of the Company. A steel sailing vessel has also been placed on the Lake Mweru, in addition to the *Good News* on Lake Tanganyika, to open up further trade with these distant shores.

The Company imported into the interior not only calico and other soft goods, but such articles as cinchona, cacao, tea, fibre plants, and various drugs, to be grown in the soils and localities suitable to each. It formed and irrigated an immense nursery, and imported many kinds of the best fruit and flower seeds, which got gradually distributed throughout the country. In addition to ivory, it exported and still exports indiarubber, oil-seeds, beeswax, cotton, and other products suitable for the home market. Should the gold-bearing quartz, extending through the South African gold-fields and Mashonaland, be found to exist on the western shores of Nyasa, as geological experts predict, an immense impulse would doubtless be given to the Company's development.

It also commenced a very successful coffee plantation, although it has never gone in largely for this Central African industry.

The history of this Nyasaland coffee is interesting. As so many different accounts of its origin have been put in print, it is right that a true statement should be made. On account of representa-

tions made to friends at home by Mr John Buchanan of the Blantyre Mission, three small plants, of the Mocha variety, were taken out in 1878 from the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens by Mr Jonathan Duncan. Two of these died on the voyage, but the one that survived took root in rich African soil. From this one specimen plantations were formed in the Shiré Highlands; and now many hundreds of thousands of coffee trees claim direct descent from this Edinburgh plant, and many hundredweights of the finest coffee have been produced and sent home from Central Africa as the fruit of it. It has verily turned out a commercial success, and it may be said without much exaggeration that it is Scotch coffee which is the staple growth of Nyasaland.

But this Company's civilising actions extended much further than what the writer has stated. It was of an eminently peaceful character, and refused to sell guns and ammunition to Arabs and other disturbers of the peace, as the possession of such things by them was a distinct gain to the slave-trade, and, moreover, tended to place the missionaries and the Company in circumstances of peril. Since the decision of the Brussels Conference in 1890, the Company's hands have been strengthened in this matter.

Not only so, but it set itself against the importation of intoxicating drink into the country. The large Foreign and Portuguese houses at Kilimane and on the Zambesi made strong drink one of their staple articles of universal sale, and drew large revenues from it. This Company declined to do such an evil. It resolutely and nobly refused to have any connection with such a traffic, or any share in the profits of it. Strong drink is known to have been a source of ruin to many native tribes in Africa. It has often broken down trade, and made the Christianising of a tribe impossible. It is a matter for deep lamentation that merchants in Germany, Portugal, France, and Britain should carry on such a disgraceful traffic, deplored by all friends of Africa, both white and black. It has gone on for generations, until in some parts the rum cask and the demijohn are as well known as beads and calico, the usual currency of the country. The continued existence of it is a scandalous shame and a blot on Christian civilisation. Mr Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S., and other experienced African travellers, have hardly been able to find language strong enough to condemn it.

It was therefore a blessing to Nyasaland when this Company of honest Scotch traders and missionaries refused to poison its unhappy inhabitants with rum, gin, and similar things. As followers of David Livingstone, and servants of a Divine Master, they strenuously opposed these liquors gaining admission through any door. At the Berlin Conference of 1884, Mr F. Moir, who represented the interests of the Company, Dr Laws and others were successful in getting the traffic arrested throughout all the central regions. At first there was a refusal on the part of Germany; but ultimately the traffic was prohibited throughout these regions, as part of the new commercial basin of the Congo. With its hands thus strengthened the Company endeavoured to keep down the evil on the Nyasa route, and to minimise it wherever it was able. Happily, when the government of the country was undertaken by Britain, this beneficent policy of the Lakes Company was continued by the Administration. The further provisions of the Brussels Act were enforced, and due restriction was forcibly placed on the importation of fire-arms and alcohol, both of which were, and still are, denied to the natives.

The people, of course, use their own native beer, as all the tribes of Africa do. In Nyasaland this beer is a very common article of consumption. But bad enough though it often is, it is not for a moment to be compared to ardent European liquors. It is often a cause of quarrels, fights, and even deaths, and is a great difficulty in the way of missionary progress; but no havoc is wrought by it comparable to what is done by the ardent spirits of our own country. If the "pombi" pot of Central Africa has destroyed its thousands, alcohol has slain its millions. All good men may well thank this philanthropic Lakes Company, and the Administration for preventing the sale of it to the natives of British Central Africa.

The Company's agents in Africa—who were and still are selected, as a rule, first of all for their Christian character—became willing helpers of the Mission, especially in its earlier days, and planted the Gospel banner wherever they had the opportunity. Some of them were earnest Christian workers, elders in churches at home, and men whom missionary societies might be glad to employ. They often took charge of meetings and schools for the missionaries, working side by side with them for the good

of the people. "Service is held daily at our main stations," wrote Mr F. Moir, in 1884. "During journeys also the agents of the Company have ample opportunities of teaching the natives who accompany them. Many do so regularly, and on the march natural curiosity draws numbers of outsiders to hear what the strangers have to tell. The mere fact of our not working on Sunday leads to frequent enquiries, so that, before missionaries arrive, natives along the route have at least their curiosity aroused, and want to hear more of the 'white man's God.'"* It is not often that a man's own personal character comes well through the dust of mercenary complications, but in addition to the Messrs Moir there were many others connected with the Company, such as Fotheringham and Harkess, of whom this statement can be made—men who were missionaries wherever they went, and were respected and admired by all. It was truly the only Company in East Central Africa, which by its example, moral behaviour, and precepts, showed the natives how to live and what to live for. Only lately it offered to subscribe £75 yearly towards the expenses of a travelling Mission Agency on the Zambezi and Shire rivers.

Mr Low Monteith Fotheringham, just referred to—or "Montisi," as he was affectionately called by the natives from the Zambesi to Tanganyika—died of fever at Chinde on his way home in 1895. He was a genuine Christian, and was highly trusted and respected by all who knew him. Before leaving for Africa he was an office-bearer in Free St Mary's, Govan, Superintendent of one of its Sunday Schools, and President of its Young Men's Christian Association. He went out in 1882, and was for a long time the only white man at Karonga, acting as forwarding agent also for the Mweniwanda Mission Station, fifty-five miles over the hills. He was a man of upright disposition, of great bravery, and absolutely just in his dealings. Not only the North Nyasa natives, but the Mambwe of the Tanganyika Plateau, and the Tonga of West Nyasa, came to regard him as their friend and leader. When the Arab slave ruffians, under Mlozi, pounced upon the country, the poor Konde tribes looked to Fotheringham for advice and protection. Hundreds of natives fled to his station at Karonga, which was then unfortified. On being asked to give them up he refused, and answered the Arab threats by commencing to fortify the place.

* "The Eastern Route to Central Africa," by Fred L. Moir, p. 3.

During the Arab war, which resulted, he nobly defended the helpless people from their cruel oppressors, thus helping to rescue the whole of the beautiful Konde region for the advance of civilisation, commerce, and Christianity.* On the commencement of the British Protectorate, he was offered a post under the Administration, but preferred to remain in the employment of the African Lakes Company. It is an instance of his devoted and useful life that to the last he continued to interest himself in the affairs of Free St Mary's, and, in addition to donations for other objects, sent a yearly contribution of £5 for those children who showed the greatest proficiency in Bible knowledge.

The two years' war against the Company and the missionaries, to which the writer has just referred, was a serious matter. Both John and Fred Moir were wounded. The Company's resources were considerably crippled, and it was brought to a critical point in its career. A "Nyasa Anti-Slavery and Defence Fund," of £3400, was speedily raised, but it was still felt that if its hands were not greatly strengthened, and something very effective done to put down Arab and Portuguese influences, it might have to give up all it had gained and leave these important regions to the rapidly increasing villainies of slave-dealers. The good work of David Livingstone, Dr Stewart, Dr Laws, the Messrs Moir, and others, seemed about to be obliterated. The British Government would have stepped in at this time and annexed the country, but was prevented by political influence. The only solution seemed to be for the Company to obtain a Charter, as the British East Africa Company, under Sir William Mackinnon, had just done, for many of the most powerful chiefs had made treaties in legal form with the Company, for the administration and protection of their countries. A meeting, presided over by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, was held in Glasgow on 2nd May 1889, for the consideration of this proposal. It was agreed that steps should at once be taken either for the formation of a new company, or for an extension of the African Lakes Company, under Royal Charter, and it was resolved to approach the Government on the subject. The British South Africa Company was also applying at this time for a Charter to develop the country in which its interests were situated, and was willing

* See Mr Fotheringham's Book, "Adventures in Nyasaland" (Sampson Low).

to amalgamate with the Lakes Company, or otherwise make some agreement with it. Discussion as to such matters went on for two or three months, but at last, in the autumn of 1889, it came to an end by H.M. Government granting a Charter to the South Africa Company for territories south of the Zambesi, and about the same time casting its protecting aegis over Nyasaland and the whole adjoining territory; and next year, when difficulties arose as to the means of administration in this northern region, the British South Africa Company intervened with statesmanlike generosity, and guaranteed the cost, subject to certain conditions. H.M. Government accepted the offer, and in the spring of 1891 publicly proclaimed a British Protectorate over the regions immediately adjacent to Lake Nyasa and the Shiré, to be administered directly by a Commissioner under the Imperial Government; and as one of the conditions it also extended this Chartered Company's sphere of operations from South Africa to the vast territory north of the Zambesi and west of the Protectorate, now known as British Central Africa.

This action of the Government removed all obstacles in the way of British trade, and gave security for the unmolested continuation of that commercial and missionary work which had already proved so fruitful. This Chartered Company undertook to govern this immense region outside the Protectorate, and preserve public order, to establish and maintain a force of police, to abolish the slave-trade, to prevent the sale of alcoholic liquors to the natives, and to administer justice with a careful regard to the customs and laws of the people, and otherwise to act in a philanthropic spirit. Whatever may be thought of some of its actions in Africa, it has of late given grants of land to the Livingstonia Mission at Kondowi, Karonga, Mwenzo, and other Stations, for the furtherance of missionary work—mineral rights alone being excepted.

The African Lakes Company, in order to assist in the better development of commerce and civilisation in the country, entered into several agreements with this Chartered Company—both before and after it received its charter—so that the two might go hand in hand, and in doing so took special care to secure the attainment of the object for which it was mainly instituted, viz., the prosperity of the Missions and the moral improvement of the natives. It was reconstructed in August 1893, and was

strengthened and enlarged under a new name, "The African Lakes Corporation, Limited," in order to meet the growing requirements and opportunities of the country. It also granted to the British South Africa Company shares in the new Corporation, instead of amalgamating with it as at first intended.

Since the final settlement of all such commercial and administrative matters, the African Lakes Corporation has made remarkable progress. It has now begun to reap the rich fruits of its past labours. For a number of years it paid no dividend, but as a Company managed on honourable principles it got its return in philanthropy. At last, however, it has been placed on a thoroughly secure foundation, returning substantial remuneration for the capital invested, as well as doing excellent missionary work for Africa.

But, in addition to the African Lakes Corporation, another instance of the persevering efforts of the Livingstonia Mission for the commercial good of Africa must be recorded. We refer to the construction of the "Stevenson Road" between Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika. There were many reasons which led to the undertaking of this difficult piece of work. Mr James Stevenson, that most willing friend of Africa, saw what an incalculable benefit such a road would be, and had it sketched out as early as 1876. It would connect the two lakes, and thus make one continuous route from the coast to the north of Tanganyika in the heart of the Dark Continent, allowing merchants and missionaries to reach these central regions from the Zambesi, instead of going over the country from Zanzibar. The London Missionary Society, which had to reach its destination on Lake Tanganyika by the long overland route from Bagamoyo to Ujiji, had encountered innumerable difficulties and vexations, leading to enormous expense and to the loss of valuable lives. But with such a road as this, Africa would be opened up to its centre—at least to Tanganyika—by that natural water way pointed out by Livingstone, *viâ* the Zambesi, the Shiré, and Lake Nyasa.

With a view to this road, the fine district between the two lakes was roughly surveyed in 1879 by that valuable member of the Mission, Mr James Stewart, C.E., who was an experienced engineer. He had been at work on the construction of the great Sirhind Canal in India; and since he entered the Mission service in 1877, he had made the sixty mile road round the

Murchison Rapids, *viâ* Blantyre, had laid out the Established Church settlement, and had mapped out the coast-line of the Lake.

He entered upon this survey of the Nyasa-Tanganyika Plateau with much enthusiasm. Accompanied by Mr John Moir, he left Cape Maclear in the *Ilala* on 10th September of that year to accomplish the work. He took with him forty-three natives, some of whom served as guard and the rest as ordinary carriers. Chimlolo, one of the Mission's faithful men, acted as caravan leader. After being compelled to leave Mr Moir footsore behind, Mr Stewart pushed on to a ridge 5400 feet high, from which he got his first view of Lake Tanganyika. At Pambete, on the southern shore, he met Mr Joseph Thomson, of the Royal Geographical Society, who had journeyed from Dar-es-Salaam, and had only arrived the day before. Mr Stewart found the country to be level and the natives friendly; and he calculated the shortest distance between the two lakes to be about 210 miles. It was a great undertaking in these early days to cross this extensive region, and to pass through the domains of so many strange and barbarous tribes; but the journey was completed without any disaster except the death of one of the native attendants through fever. Mr Stewart reached Cape Maclear on 20th December in good health, after an absence of over three months. "We would desire," he wrote, "to acknowledge the goodness of God to us throughout this journey, and to return Him thanks and praise for all His loving care of us."

In his report on the district he favoured the road scheme, and recommended that it should be carried out. Only the first forty or fifty miles, he showed, would present any difficulty of construction, requiring considerable excavations in sidelong ground and in breaking and removal of rocks, but throughout the rest of the way there would be little trouble. The report was welcomed by the Royal Geographical Society and by scientific men all over, and excited a good deal of interest among all anxious for the welfare of Africa. Mr Stewart returned home on furlough in 1880, and in recognition of his valuable services was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

In February 1881, not very long after Mr Stewart's report had been received and discussed, Mr James Stevenson—the first mover and supporter of the scheme—offered to the Livingstonia Mission

to provide the munificent sum of £4000 for the purpose of constructing this road, £3000 of which was a free gift. The offer was made on the following conditions, which were necessary to make the road serviceable in the cause of Christianity and civilisation. First, that the London Missionary Society would permanently adopt the Shiré and Nyasa route to their Mission Stations on Lake Tanganyika, would send out a steamer for that lake, and would plant a Station near Tanganyika on the line of road between the two lakes. Second, that the Livingstonia Mission would establish and maintain a Station on the same road near Lake Nyasa. Third, that the Lakes Company would widen its organisation, and develop its operations as far as Tanganyika. While laying weight on these conditions, Mr Stevenson's letter stated that he gave the money "as a contribution towards the civilisation of South-East Africa, believing that the accomplishment of this whole scheme will be for the glory of God, and for the good of the natives of these countries"—a generous sign of his constant, philanthropic interest in oppressed Africa.

It deserves to be said that this respected member of the Free Church of Scotland is the one man, more than any other, perhaps, who has had the making of these inland regions from the Shiré to Tanganyika. The Messrs Moir and our missionaries have, of course, laboured hard on the spot, early and late, in a way the general public has little knowledge of; but it is nevertheless true that Nyasaland is to-day what it is very largely owing to the thoughtfulness and unwearied diligence of Mr James Stevenson—a fact which is not generally known. He is one of those workers who labour, steadily and quietly, without haste and without rest, on behalf of a great cause; and when the historian of the future comes to write the history of the Dark Continent, he will give to this generous, self-denying Scotchman the credit that he so much deserves. British Central Africa would be a poorer place to-day if it had lacked his services.

The Livingstonia Mission and the Lakes Company were not long in signifying their acceptance of Mr Stevenson's terms and their preparedness to do the work desired; and the Company further promised to undertake the maintenance of the road—some of the more prominent members agreeing to take a larger interest in the Company, if necessary, for furthering this object. The London Missionary Society, also, after a few months' con-

sideration, agreed—with some variations—to the conditions laid down by Mr Stevenson, although it was not altogether dissatisfied with the overland route from Zanzibar, Captain Hore especially being a strong upholder of this route.

The Mission entrusted the construction of this great highway and the founding of the Missionary Station to Mr Stewart—the missionary who had mapped out the district. Before he left Britain to commence the work, a valedictory service was held in College Free Church, Glasgow, and excited extraordinary interest, many being unable to find seats. The Rev. G. Reith presided, and the Rev. Dr Andrew Bonar delivered the solemn charge to Mr Stewart and the two artizans, Messrs R. S. Ross and Donald Munro, who were to accompany him. The party left Britain on 13th May 1881, and carried with them some valuable instruments lent for the work by the Royal Geographical Society.

It was no easy task that lay before Mr Stewart, for it had been arranged to make the road ten feet wide. Immense difficulties lay in the ascent from the Konde plain, which is only about fifty feet above the level of Nyasa, to the great plateau between the two lakes, which averages about 5000 feet in altitude. Once on this elevated ground, however,—the source of the Zambesi and Congo waters—little required to be done, the ground being more or less level, made up of large undulating patches with river beds in the hollows. The crux of the difficulty lay in reaching this plateau from the plain at the north of the Lake. The road had to go through the mountains and away up over precipitous ground.

But Mr Stewart laid his plans with much hopefulness. He intended to make the road start from the extreme north of the Lake, and pass through the beautiful Buntali country, along the Songwe valley, and thus up to the plateau. His object was to avoid as much of the steep ascent as possible. But he found some of the ground here very rocky, and the route longer than that from Karonga. An unfortunate event also happened which led him finally to change his plans. Through the influence of slave-dealers, who regarded this Junction Road as a blow against their evil traffic, a massacre of his native porters took place in the Buntali district.

The story of this terrible deed may be briefly told. Having other work for Messrs Ross and Munro, Mr Stewart could not

keep them constantly marching down to the Lake for goods, and so he sent the native carriers by themselves—most of them trusted men whom he had brought from the mission at Bandawé. They had already passed six times along the road in safety—a white man being in charge four times. On this particular occasion to which the writer refers, they were accompanied by eight men from Chiwinda, a friendly chief on the plateau. On November 17th, while passing through the district of a chief named Mwembera, they were barbarously attacked by him and his men, and, out of twenty-two, nineteen were savagely murdered. One man from Mazaro, one from Blantyre, one from Bandawé, eight from Cape Maclear, and eight from Chiwinda's, were killed. Some of these had trudged many a weary mile with Dr Laws and the other missionaries, and had in various ways endeared themselves to the Mission.

On hearing the news, Mr Stewart started with Mr Ross and a few of their reduced party to make enquiries. On reaching the place which was the scene of the massacre, they were stopped by blood marks on the road side. After a little search, they found a newly made grave, and a little scratching with sticks exposed a dead man's hand. "Let us trust that this is all," said Mr Stewart, overcome with emotion. But further down the valley they were told the sorrowful tale that none of the nineteen had escaped. Poor Matopa, who had been the first volunteer for the Blantyre road four years before, was the first to be speared! The rest made no resistance, and were killed as they ran. Three nearly escaped after running several miles, but, on sitting down at a village exhausted, they were speared as they lay helpless on the ground.

Mr Stewart was terribly disheartened over the matter. To add to his difficulties, Chiwinda insisted on some compensation, and threatened war on Mr Stewart and his workers if they did not obtain it for him. Although he would doubtless have been defeated, his enmity would have made Mr Stewart's position in the district one of extreme peril and wholly untenable. The heroic engineer would have had to abandon all his goods and fight his way to the Lake against people with whom he had no quarrel whatever. To satisfy Chiwinda, or failing that, to effect a safe retreat from the district, he set out for Mwembera's on 3rd December, along with Mr Ross, Captain Fairlie of the *Ilala*,

Mr Moir of the Lakes Company, and a strong and well armed party, to do what might be necessary in the case. "Candidly," he wrote, as he was about to leave, "I see no escape without fighting either against our present friends or against Mwembera. I pray God that we may yet find a way out of these troubles, which are quite beyond our power to control." Most providentially, however, the expedition found the place to a great extent deserted—Mwembera and all his people having cleared out of the valley after failing to get help from the neighbouring chiefs. Only once were they attacked by a few men, who, however, at once retired to the hills. "In prestige," wrote Mr Stewart, "I have no doubt that Mwembera has suffered severely, and that he will not think of doing anything similar again. The whole matter has, I think, raised a good deal of friendly feeling between my party and the people throughout the district."

On returning to Chiwinda's, Mr Stewart soon saw that he could not count upon any further help from him. He gave him a present of hoes and cloth, and also a present to the relatives of the men massacred, and with great regret abandoned the district, and resolved to seek another route, as such perils made the construction of the road in this quarter a dangerous matter.

Eventually, after several months' delay during the rainy season, the road was commenced from Karonga and carried through Mweniwanda's country. Five miles of the road near Karonga consisted of solid cutting, from eight to fifteen feet deep, in the side of a hill above the river Rukuru, and extending to the foot of the Virauri hill. This portion of the work was very tedious, as it had to be done by pick and heavy crowbars. The solid rocks that were displaced—many of them several tons in weight—are still visible in the form of an embankment on the riverside. It was in this cutting that some interesting fossils were discovered by Professor Drummond. At other places, heavy cuttings had to be made, many miles of the road being terraced out of the hillside, and forming a piece of substantial work that cannot fail to be observed by travellers. Considering that the only labour to depend on was that of unskilled natives, the work accomplished was surprising, and Mr Stewart deserved the more credit if we remember that the tools which would have been used at home in similar work, such as cranes, barrows, and dynamite were not available, and that the work was executed principally with native

instruments. "I shall not soon forget the impression created on me when I first saw the work," wrote Captain Hore, of the London Missionary Society, in 1884. "Coming as I did from the interior, and not unacquainted altogether with the work of pick and shovel, etc., the road appeared to me to be the most wonderful undertaking, as indeed it is under present conditions, and with such appliances only as are available here."

But it was not long before Mr Stewart laid down his life in this noble attempt to open up Africa to commerce and Christianity. Scarcely had the first and most difficult part of the road been made, when news came of his sudden death. He was busily engaged at the time in making Mweniwanda missionary station secure, and in pushing the road forward to the high plateau. In his construction he had reached Maramurra, a difficult and unhealthy district, and was hoping in a short time to transport to Tanganyika the London Missionary Society's steamer *Good News*, which he had already brought up in sections to the top of Lake Nyasa. But in the height of this work, while he was busy planting the Gospel, casting up the highway, and lifting up a standard for the people, the call came to him to cease. He was found by Mr Fred. Moir lying under a tree, weak from fever and other troubles, but able to sit up and speak. A few days afterwards—on 30th August 1883—God touched him and he slept.

It was no small loss to the Livingstonia Mission, for he had been a most efficient colleague to Dr Laws, working with him amid storm and sunshine, trial and triumph, sorrow and joy; and he had endeared himself to all by his kindness, his self-denying labours, and his Christian life. He was a sincere and upright man, and, being also self-possessed and courageous, he could be trusted in the hour of danger or in any emergency. His steady hand had more than once been Dr Laws' best help at the operating table. His work for Africa was thoroughly genuine, and flowed from that love to Christ which filled his heart. His last letter home protested against the slave-trade, and against European travellers "soiling their hands by touching this accursed traffic." It was a beautiful testimony that Dr Laws gave of him in the Assembly of 1884: "I have lived with Mr Stewart on shore and on board ship, amid circumstances of sorrow and of joy, of danger and of pleasure, on the march and

in the camp, and in every variety of condition found him to be the same faithful, upright friend, actuated by one motive—a single-hearted desire to extend the kingdom of Christ. His death has been an unspeakable loss to the Mission; and the blank felt in our little circle is great indeed, as we look in vain for the kindly glance of his beaming eye and the bright smile lighting up his face, as he heard of the success of some part of the work which had been undertaken.”

Who that thinks of such a noble-hearted missionary will not say in that appropriate lay of Kirk and Covenant—

“I bless Thee for the quiet rest Thy servant taketh now ;
I bless Thee for his blessedness, and for his crownèd brow ;
For every weary step he trod in faithful following Thee,
And for the good fight foughten well, and closed right valiantly.”

Only a short time afterwards Mr James White, the honoured Convener of the Livingstonia Committee, was also called away from the toil of the vineyard to “the rest that remaineth.” Mr White’s ripe judgment and administrative ability had often helped the Mission in days of difficulty; and the loss of these two servants of God at such a time seemed to be irreparable. Friends of the Mission could not help feeling that some of the brightest lights had gone out and left the Mission in darkness. Yet God, in his loving kindness and tender mercy, gave some measure of compensation. These devoted men had gone from the service of earth; but Mr Stewart’s grave, under a great baobab tree near Karonga, was another and an advanced milestone in the progress of Africa’s regeneration, while Mr White’s mantle fell, with a double portion of his spirit, upon his gifted and much respected son—now better known as Lord Overtoun—who has ever since guided the Mission with most remarkable wisdom and success, and whose generosity to Africa, both in its central and southern regions, is too well known to be recorded.

Mr William O. M’Ewen, C.E., a young and skilful engineer, was sent out to take up Mr Stewart’s work. Leaving Glasgow in February 1884, he reached Karonga in August, and, along with Mr Donald Munro and forty-nine workmen, at once commenced operations. Mr Stewart, up to the time of his death, had constructed twenty-six miles of road out of the fifty-five from Karonga to Mweniwanda, but as there had been no attempt as yet at main-

tenance, much of it was now overgrown with grass and young trees, owing to the power of the African sun on vegetation, and one part of it was blocked by landslips. After clearing away all such obstructions and overgrowth, Mr M'Ewen set to work on the new part, completing about seventeen miles of it during the available months of the dry season. Mr Munro, who was a thorough workman, deserved much of the credit for this satisfactory progress.

On being stopped by the rains, Mr M'Ewen prepared an expedition, with the intention of journeying to Tanganyika, in order to examine the plateau at its worst, and lay out the probable line of road beyond Mweniwanda. The expedition left Karonga in December, at the height of the rainy season, when there were heavy tropical showers, with thunder and lightning, and the streams were red and swollen. Mr Munro was taken ill near Chirenji with a severe attack of fever; and as alarming symptoms began to manifest themselves, Mr M'Ewen sent him back in a machila to Karonga, and not being well himself, he abandoned all thought of attempting the long journey at such an unhealthy season.

In April 1885, when the rains were mostly over, he resolved to resume operations on the road. Accordingly he left Bandawé along with Mr Munro and one hundred and twenty natives, and proceeded overland to the plateau by way of Ngoniland. His feet were blistered by the much tramping of which Dr Livingstone complained, and he had to be carried nearly all the way. Footsore and weary, in lack of proper food, sometimes soaked to the skin with rain, and often as tired as if he had walked instead of being carried, he nevertheless pushed on to the scene of his labours. "My God and only Father," he wrote in his diary, "give me grace and counsel, and direct my ways here and elsewhere, that I may have a life like Christ's; make me to know my duty, and give me strength to do it, so that all may tend to increased good in this Thy beautiful earth. Thou alone knowest the future, and I trust in Thee, in Christ." But this long journey amid the rains told its own tale. On reaching Karonga, Mr Munro became seriously ill with fever, suffering much pain. Mr M'Ewen remained constantly by his bedside till he saw him convalescent, and then he himself was laid low, and was soon beyond all earthly hope. At last, on a Sabbath afternoon—May 24th—he quietly breathed away his spirit. He was laid to rest under the large baobab tree alongside of James

Stewart, about a hundred natives to whom he had endeared himself following him to his grave.

About a month after this young engineer's death, Mr Munro started single-handed to the road, although in a very feeble state of health; but in a few weeks he was compelled to relinquish the work and return home. The whole of the road up to Mweniwanda's was, however, finished by this time, and as there was a good native path from there to Tanganyika, the two lakes were practically brought together. The work would have been continued to perfection under the zealous care of Mr Stevenson, if it had not been for the Arab war, which seriously interfered with any further undertaking at the time. As it was, there was now a great highway from Karonga to South Tanganyika—the completion of a route of fully 1400 miles from the ocean in a nearly straight line, with only about 260 miles of land carriage throughout the whole of it.

Surely this was much easier than the long wearisome journey of some 800 miles overland from Zanzibar to Ujiji, and was, without doubt, a great advantage to the London Missionary Society, most of whose agents declared from experience that the two routes were not to be compared. Even Captain Hore, who was somewhat opposed to this Nyasa route, but was led to try it, remarked that the journey of two hundred miles across the Plateau was to him nothing but a delightful picnic all the way—a very different description to that given by missionaries of the other way, *viâ* Zanzibar to Ujiji. Certainly, with perfect means of carriage, at regular intervals, on the rivers and lakes at the hands of the African Lakes Company, no better entrance to the interior could be desired, as Livingstone himself had often pointed out. Since the founding of the British East Africa Company, Lakes Victoria and Albert can now be more readily reached from Mombasa overland; but so far as Tanganyika is concerned, the conditions are unchanged, and the most convenient and comfortable, as well as readiest access to that region is by this water route of the Zambesi, Shiré, and Nyasa. No railway from the coast can ever supersede this great water highway.

Truly, in the construction of this road and in similar matters, God's Providence in Africa was marching with marvellous rapidity. Less than ten years before, it was a most difficult and trying matter to venture from the coast, even as far as Nyasa. The

unknown sand banks, the dreaded shallowness of the Lower Shiré and the numerous portages involved made the journey slow, fatiguing, and risky. But now, not only had these difficulties been largely overcome, but there was a missionary and civilizing highway carried almost to the very heart of that mighty country! How much easier it made it for all who entered Africa from the east coast! Leaving the sea at Kilimane, a traveller could be borne over 200 miles on the Zambesi and Shiré rivers to the Murchison Rapids, doing the journey in about a week in a saloon steamer. Past the Rapids he could walk or be carried about 60 miles along a ten foot road. An excellent steamer would then convey him up the Shiré to Lake Nyasa, and along 350 miles of the Lake to its northern extremity. Arrived here, he would find the Stevenson Road, engineered and constructed by Scottish missionaries. This road would carry him over 200 miles north-westward to the southern end of Tanganyika. From here a well equipped steamer would bear him along 450 miles of this long and narrow lake to its northern end, where he would find himself not far from the equator and the source of the Nile. Altogether, he would pass over about 1400 miles in an almost straight line, steaming on African waters, or treading through primeval forests, and coming into contact with teeming populations. From beginning to end also, he would find a chain of medical, evangelising, and industrial missions. Surely, all this was the rapid marching of Divine Providence for the benefit of Africa!

Since then God has done even more wondrously for that once darkened Continent. It is no longer the country it once was. It is a New Africa, brought within the range of missionary and commercial enterprise. And God will do mighty things yet for it. No man can comprehend what advances in favour of commerce and the spread of Christianity may be made within the next five hundred years. Matters are taking rapid strides every year, and if we mistake not, future generations will witness miles upon miles of roads and railways. There will be large European colonies on its highest plateaux. There will be great cities and huge manufacturing centres on its rivers. Wheat fields, cotton fields, and coffee plantations will be found everywhere. The great and valuable forests of timber will be coined into untold wealth. Native trading companies will carry on an immense business. And Africa, once the home of nakedness and barbarism, will be covered—let us

hope and pray—with the white robe of a Christian commerce, and occupy an important place in the councils of the world's progress. All this may seem like Utopia. But if the signs of the times are correct, these are changes that will probably be wrought before the next few centuries have rolled into the past.

“There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to gleam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight darkness changing into gray—
Men of thought, and men of action, clear the way.”

CHAPTER XIV

PEACE AND GOODWILL

IT is well known that the success of a mission depends greatly on its attitude towards the surrounding tribes. Realising this, the Committee, in their early written instructions, had recommended the missionaries to adopt a peaceful and conciliatory procedure in all their relations with the people; and this the missionaries have always done in every possible way.

It must be remembered that in earlier years bloody wars and huge tribal disturbances were common occurrences in Central Africa, entailing severe suffering upon many people. With some tribes, war was the general pastime, murder the greatest luxury, and plunder the daily industry. Bloody feuds often began without any serious provocation at all, arising from quarrels that in civilised countries would be mere law-suits. All that a chief had to do to declare war was to steal another chief's grain, or kidnap some of his slaves. Then came fire, rapine, destruction, and terrible massacre, followed by innumerable deaths through famine. There were generally no limitations, the awful maxim "*jus belli infinitum*" being supreme. The slain were invariably mutilated, and their heads were hung on poles round the chief's stockade, or displayed somewhere as relics.

Fortunately, when the Mission band first went to the country, a certain amount of tranquillity was reigning on the Shiré and in the surrounding district, the natives working peacefully in their fields and gardens. There was no rumour of any great war. This peaceful state of matters gave much encouragement to the missionaries, as they had been somewhat anxious regarding the condition of the country, no news having been received from it for about eight years. But such tranquillity did not long continue, for soon there were horrible wars, which took place between large tribes, and in which the missionaries found themselves bound to interfere. As for raids and minor conflicts, they were of constant occurrence,



POUNDING AND SIFTING CASSAVA.

even in the neighbourhood of the Mission Station. A chief's army, desirous of slaves or plunder, would often pounce upon some innocent village, capture many people, and kill all the rest, except those fortunate enough to escape. The Ngoni, under Mombera, were especially guilty of these brutal raids, as already mentioned. But in this they did not stand alone: the practice was a common one all over. So late as 1896 the British expedition despatched against Chikusi passed a great number of villages which had been burned by him, and about which were lying heaps of speared and mutilated bodies. Such events, happily uncommon now, on account of our British Administration, were of daily occurrence in the earlier years of the Mission. Fierce gangs of men often stalked through the country, leaving tracks of bloodshed behind them, and terrifying quiet and industrious people. No wonder that many people were victims of fear, afraid not so much for their property, which was perhaps of little value, but for dear life! They never knew when they lay down at night but that they might awake to receive a mortal stab, and see their children and friends carried away captive.

All these were actions which had to be strongly condemned by the Mission. It was a difficult matter to carry out the condemnation in such a way as to secure peace to all concerned; but to this end the missionaries strove, with all the wisdom of serpents and the harmlessness of doves. They had to be very careful sometimes. When two neighbouring tribes happened to be at war with each other, or had some point of disagreement, an attempt was sometimes made by the one to get the Mission to take its side or to assist in the feud. The missionaries always declined to make such an alliance—in spite of the fowls, tusks, and oxen offered to them as a bribe—seeking rather in an amicable manner to condemn all tribal enmity. They told the people that war in self-defence might be justified, that the blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man—that it was well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind, but that all the rest was vanity and crime. They let them see that the better way still, and the teaching of the Bible, was to leave vengeance to Him whose it was, and that might safely be done.

It was certainly a most difficult task to interfere in such things, requiring an extraordinary amount of carefulness and wisdom. But

it is matter for deep gratitude that, through the Mission, chiefs have over and over again been pacified, many villages have been saved from plunder, and multitudes of defenceless people have escaped the hands of cruel marauders. In a few years after the arrival of the missionaries there was a remarkable willingness to settle quarrels in an amicable way by first consulting the "Mzungu" (white man), and without having recourse to clubs and spears. Wars and quarrels continued all along, but year by year they became less frequent, owing to the teaching of these ambassadors of Christ.

On this point the independent testimony of Mr Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S., who visited the Central African Lakes in 1879, only four years after the planting of the Mission, may be quoted. "Where international effort has failed," he says, "an unassuming Mission, supported only by a small section of the British people, has been quietly and unostentatiously, but most successfully, realising in its own district the entire programme of the Brussels Conference. I refer to the Livingstonia Mission of the Free Church of Scotland. This Mission has proved itself, in every sense of the word, a civilising centre. By it slavery has been stopped, desolating wars put an end to, and peace and security given to a wide area of country." After further reference to the good work accomplished, he says, "Surely here are exploits being done which ought to make us proud of our nation, showing, as they do, how thoroughly the broad and catholic spirit of Livingstone still survives among his countrymen."* This is no mean tribute, coming as it does from a man of large African experience; and every word of it is truth. These Christian heroes, filled with the noblest aspirations of Livingstone, and the best characteristics of Scotland, planted the flag of Heaven on a rock, and unfurling it to the breeze, proclaimed peace in the name of Christ and humanity. Without any earthly force to back them up, but simply by the exercise of discretion and fearlessness, and sustained by the good Providence of God, they have prevented or quelled many a bitter war and bound up many a bleeding wound.

The whole history of the Mission is filled with examples of the truth of Mr Thomson's words. There were times, of course, when

* "To the Central African Lakes and Back," vol. ii. p. 277.

no action on the part of the Mission could prevent dispeace and bloodshed, as when the terrible Arab raids took place in 1887. But apart from such exceptions, the annals of the Mission abound in cases where disturbances and wars were averted, and peace was brought about through the wise intervention of these messengers of the Gospel. Soon after the settlement of the Mission one man said, "You see these spears: we received them from our fathers, and we keep our lands in safety; but if you will show us a better way we will take it." They *were* shown a better way, and in many cases were prevailed on to accept it. It is literally true that numbers of them have beaten their spears into pruning-hooks.

The Ngoni, especially, are a living proof of the peaceful influence of the Mission. When Mr E. D. Young was living among the Makololo on the Shiré, in 1876, waiting for Dr Stewart's arrival with reinforcements, he heard that an Ngoni army were encamped not far off, and intended to make a raid on the Makololo, or visit them, no doubt, in some barbarous way. On the evening of the expected visit the Makololo gathered together in considerable force, heavily armed, ready for the first symptoms of attack by their much dreaded enemy. Mr Young, to prevent any bloodshed, resolved to confront this desperate horde of Zulus, whose terror was known from the Zambesi to Tanganyika. He seated himself on a box at the door of his hut and waited their arrival. They advanced in true military fashion, three hundred in number, each carrying his spears and shield, and having his hair plastered in warlike style. They halted opposite Mr Young, his white face causing much consternation in their ranks. Presently their valiant warrior chief approached in an excessively nervous way. Mr Young managed to give him a clear account of the missionaries, their desire for peace, their dislike of all cruelty, and their object in being in the country. "I was listened to," he says, "with the very deepest attention, and was glad to see that all I said was thoroughly appreciated."

A few years afterwards, when a station was first established among these Ngoni savages, Mr Koyi testified that the scenes of bloodshed were sickening. For a hundred miles around the Mission Station there constant war raged owing to these fierce warriors. It seemed as if nothing could tame them.

The story which we have already told of the planting of the Mission among them shows the extent of their warlike spirit.

In 1881-82 a fierce war between the Ngoni and Tonga was considerably checked, and almost ended through the influence of Dr Laws and his party at Bandawé; while during this war, William Koyi, by his influence with the Ngoni, saved a large Tonga village from attack, and was thus instrumental in preventing a horrible scene of bloodshed. Later on, in 1887, when a thoroughly exterminating war was threatened by the Ngoni upon these Lake tribes, the whole affair was again amicably settled through the wisdom of Dr Laws and his colleagues. The brothers of Mombera, the great Ngoni chief, could not get his consent to an army being sent down to the Lake shore because of his promise to Dr Laws years before, which he had scrupulously kept during all the time, though often at the expense of his popularity.

Readers would be surprised if we were to quote even a tenth of the cases where the Mission has been instrumental in saving life, and bringing about a state of peace between the Ngoni and surrounding tribes. It was only when the missionaries settled among this warrior people, and taught them peace and goodwill to men, that their proud spirit became tamed and their hearts changed. Then their spears were thrown aside, and the war spirit was subdued. They no more sought to kill the poor Tonga, and plunder their villages, but they learned to treat them as friends. Before long members of this hostile and savage tribe were found sitting at the Lord's table with some of these once oppressed Tonga, and treating them as brethren in Christ Jesus. An intelligent young man of the Tonga tribe gave his native estimate of such a result in these words: "I said in my heart, can these be the Ngoni submitting to God, the Ngoni who used to murder us, the Ngoni who killed the Henga, the Bisa, and other tribes? As I saw men with scars of spears, clubs, and bullets on them, I marvelled exceedingly. And then, at the Lord's table, to see these people sitting there in the still quiet of God's presence, my heart was full of wonder at the great things God had done."

If the reader has any doubts as to the value of such statements, let him consult the Reports sent to the Foreign office by Sir H.

H. Johnston, the British Commissioner. In his 1894 Report he declares that the total extirpation of the Tonga tribe has been prevented by the Livingstonia missionaries. Here are his own words: "But for the intervention of the Livingstonia missionaries who settled in their midst in 1876, the Tonga would have been almost wiped out of existence by the raids of the Ngoni. . . . By the judicious payment of a small tribute to the Ngoni chief, and friendly remonstrances, the missionaries, to a great extent, stayed the advance of the Ngoni towards the Lake shore, and thus safeguarded the existence of the Tonga, until now, at the present day, it is possible that the Tonga would be able to render a very good account of themselves if they were hard pressed by the Ngoni. In return for this the Tonga have peculiarly identified themselves with the white men's interests."

These Ngoni have not only become friendly to the Tonga, but to all the other tribes whom they once sought to slay in these Lake valleys. At the Livingstonia Institution they may be seen working peacefully side by side with the Poka and other people whom they once drove into mountain fastnesses, and whose brothers and fathers they killed in their cruel raids. Their hands, once red with blood, are now extended in friendship to members of every tribe in Nyasaland. What could have done these things but the gospel of Christ? What could work such a mighty transformation in a few years but the teaching of Him who said, "Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you? And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

We have referred to Ngoniland. Let us now take some cases from the Lake shore.

Long before the Mission was removed to Bandawé, when there was only a small station in the neighbourhood, at Marenga's, with Archibald C. Miller as the only white man, some of the chiefs were in the habit of taking their quarrels to him, and he generally succeeded in preventing any outbreak. One day two chiefs, each followed by about three hundred armed men, met to urge some dispute. A few angry words from one side lit the tinder, and before Mr Miller was aware, arrows were flying and blows were exchanged. Mr Miller and his men, rushing at the com-

batants, began to knock aside their shields and spears, and succeeded in disarming about thirty of them. Dr Laws happened to arrive next day, and was able to settle the matter satisfactorily—an instance of how ready the natives were to accept missionary advice in such matters.

In February 1886, there began among the Tonga chiefs one of the bloodiest wars that had ever been seen since the commencement of the Mission. It seems that the two chiefs Marenga and Chikuru revived an old slave quarrel of many years' standing, and resolved to fight it out. Soon every chief in the neighbourhood had taken part in the matter, and within two days the whole Tonga tribe was in arms. For a short time a kind of guerilla warfare was carried on, in which they killed one another with flint-lock guns, and stabbed or hacked one another frightfully with spears. But the matter speedily ended in a pitched battle. A Livingstonia missionary, who was summoned to the battle-field, gives a graphic account of the feud and of the bloody work that followed. What might have been the result had he not succeeded in stopping the battle, our readers may imagine. "We had great difficulty," he wrote, "in keeping out of the quarrel; indeed, it seemed almost impossible. During the first day Marenga suffered very much, and that evening, late at night, he came to us begging assistance. Was he not our friend? Had he not built us a school? Did he not sign the Kalata treaty, in which we offered to help him against his enemies? He asserted one cause of the war was the fact that he was despised by the other chiefs for being so friendly with the white man, going to the service every Sabbath, etc. As a last resort he begged a little powder, and again had to be refused. He left us that night in anger, saying he had all along been the friend of the white man, but now the white man had cast him off.

"On the third morning of the war thirty-two armed men belonging to Chigo, one of the greatest of the Tonga chiefs, and belonging to Chintechi, called at the Mission, saying their chief had had his arm broken by a bullet, and wished medicine. After carefully considering the matter, we both agreed to go and see the wounded chief. It was to some extent a risk, as the way led right through the battle-field. We went, however, believing it to be a call from God. The bush on every hand seemed to us crowded with men. Every tree and shrub hid a black armed warrior. We found the

chief lying in a grass hut surrounded by his men, who supported the disabled limb. After examining the arm, we dressed it and bound it up with splints. Of course we lectured them on the foolishness of quarrelling among themselves, and cutting and killing one another like wild beasts.

“On the way back a messenger called us to the opposite camp, and of course we had to go. All the wounded were brought forward that we might give directions. What a sight they presented! Arms and legs broken, great ugly gashes and assegai wounds. It was the most ghastly sight I ever saw. We were then surrounded by three or four hundred armed men, and had a conference with them for upwards of an hour. At last we got them to agree to peace, and immediately sent a messenger to the opposite camp. I am glad to say that in God’s good providence we were the means of staying the bloody affair.”

Over and over again events of a similar nature happened around Bandawé, peace being always brought about through the influence of the Mission. The missionaries even intervened on behalf of Arabs who had no friendly feelings towards them, but rather the opposite. In 1885, Jumbé, the great Arab Sultan at Kotakota, declared war against Chintechi to the north of Bandawé, and set out to prosecute it. He had an army of over a thousand men, armed with guns, and had women and children with him to occupy the place. He, however, had to take refuge at Bandawé Mission Station, and ask the aid of the missionaries to convoy him away back safely. A white man was his protector on the way till he and his army were past all the Tonga villages. Had it not been for help thus received from the Bandawé staff, he and his army would have perished.

From the north end of the Lake, where Dr Kerr Cross and Mr Bain were, many interesting cases might be cited. When Dr Cross opened a Station at Wundali one of the first things that fell to him was to settle a war that had lingered on for months between the two chiefs of the country. “We called on both chiefs,” he wrote, “spoke to them privately, and then had a free discussion of the points of difference. The one blamed the other for keeping back the rain, for catching women, stealing cattle, and killing certain men. After much talk and manifestation of feeling, we were successful in bringing the protracted fight to a close. An ox was killed, and, as their custom is,

equally divided among the contending parties. Thus our influence was established."

In the annals of the Livlezi Station we find abundant instances of a similar kind. The overland road to Blantyre ran past this Station, and was much traversed. Numerous bodies of people passed and repassed, especially during the dry season. They were, for the most part, quiet and peaceable travellers, either on the way to visit their friends, or carrying produce for the markets. But several times travellers of a far less desirable type passed along, men armed with spears and shields, or bows and arrows, who were bent on some marauding expedition. When Dr Henry first went to the district he would often hear afterwards, in cases of this kind, of defenceless villages having been attacked, plundered and burned, and of numbers of people having been cruelly butchered. This was something that happened, not once a year, but often two or three times a month. But he had not been long there before his influence in such matters began to be felt. Not only did he manage to prevent any attacks upon those villages nearest to the Mission Station, but he ultimately brought many of these savage individuals to see the error of their ways.

From the Mvera Station also we might cull stories of bloody encounters between tribes, and of the successful interference of the missionaries there. "We have only just succeeded," Mr Murray wrote in 1891, "in again establishing communication with the Lake, after being cut off from the outside world for two months by war." On this occasion the notorious Arab chief, Makanjira, from the east side of the Lake, had sailed across with an army, and attacked the chiefs who lived near the landing-place for Mr Murray's goods and mails, not only destroying their villages, but seizing a large number of slaves. In spite of it being the rainy season, Mr Murray ventured down to the Lake to settle the differences between the parties, and was successful in bringing the war to an end, and establishing peace throughout the whole district.

Apart from all such cases as the writer has referred to, let us not overlook the fact that Britain owes the peaceful acquisition of all the Nyasaland territory to our Livingstonia missionaries and Christian traders. There was no need of maxim guns, or cavalry charges, or a work of subjugation, such as Mr Cecil Rhodes

required in the case of the Matabele. Our missionaries won over the land. They pioneered the way for a British Protectorate. The writer does not mean that they used their powers to serve political purposes. From all such politics, both at home and in Africa, they kept themselves free. But he means that by the free proclamation of the Gospel and their peaceful policy, they gradually, and indeed unconsciously, paved the way for the administration of the land by Britain. No others did it, no others *could* have done it in such an effective way. If the British Government had attempted to take possession before the entrance of our missionaries, a series of bloody wars, like those in Matabeleland, would have been unavoidable. But through these ambassadors of peace she threw her mantle over a territory about the size of France, without any real opposition. The only natives with whom it was necessary to fight were the Yaos to the east and south-east of the Lake, who were untouched by Mission influence, the brutal Arab slavers in North Nyasa, and certain small sections of the Ngoni Zulus in the west, including Chikusi, Mpeseni, and Mwasi, who were all persevering slave-raiders. In not one single instance has it ever been necessary to take warlike proceedings against the many powerful tribes influenced by the missionaries. On the other hand, these tribes have readily offered their services in the support of the Administration, and have gallantly stood by the white men in their efforts against slavery and anarchy.

So far we have described the peaceful procedure adopted by the missionaries. But this is not all. They manifested a spirit of *goodwill* to the natives, showing them every kindness and courtesy, although at the same time acting firmly and decidedly with them when necessary. In this matter they took a lesson from the noble life of David Livingstone, whose name will ever be remembered with deep affection in Central Africa, because of the kindness of his heart. The natives did not know his language, but they felt the love that radiated from him, and for this the children of Africa will never forget him. So these followers of Livingstone at Lake Nyasa have endeavoured to carry out the same Christian principle.

They had many opportunities of doing this—for instance, when chiefs and others visited the stations. Not long after the Mission was settled at Cape Maclear, a distant chief, with a strong retinue,

arrived on a visit. He was courteously received and shown over the Station. He was quite bewildered, of course, with the various tools and implements, the workshop, and the medicine room. He drove the grindstone with the greatest zest, and ran about with the hand-cart in a lively manner, ultimately finding vent for his feelings in the remark—"Ah! why do I wonder, are not these the great English?" After receiving a small present, he took his departure, highly delighted at the civility and kindness experienced. In such a way chiefs with their followers have often visited the Mission to satisfy themselves as to the friendly nature of it, being always hospitably entertained and kindly treated, with the result that they have gone home convinced of the goodwill of these white men and their friendly intentions in the district.

To exercise goodwill is not always an easy matter. It implies a good deal of patience, forbearance, and meekness. This is so in our own civilised country, but it is much more so around Nyasa, where the missionaries are placed in peculiarly trying circumstances. They have to deal with a confused and almost unmanageable mass of fierce, savage human life, full of barbarous impulses, wild passions and implacable animosities. Often they have had to guard themselves firmly against the selfish and overreaching propensities of some of the natives. Often they have been laid under the necessity of reproving, in a decided manner, the abounding evils of the district—a duty from which no true missionary has ever sought to escape. But anyone who has closely followed the history of the Livingstonia Mission cannot but observe how kindly, patiently, and forbearingly these representatives of the Christian Church have acted. Even when war has been proclaimed against them by some neighbouring chief, they have gone straight to the aggressor, courageously and peacefully, as if nothing had happened, thereby disarming all opposition in the strength of Heaven.

One case may be mentioned out of multitudes. In last chapter the writer stated that in 1882 nineteen of Mr Stewart's porters were cruelly put to death near the north end of the Lake. In 1885 Rev. J. A. Bain resolved to visit the authors of this terrible massacre—the Buntali people—with the view of removing any misapprehensions they might have, and endeavouring to restore

friendly relations. How he dealt with Nymberi, their most important chief, is described in the following quotation from his diary :

“We left at sunrise and got to Nymberi’s before noon. We took with us a man whom we found by the way to lead us to Nymberi’s. He seemed doubtful whether to refuse to go or to go was the more dangerous. When within a few hundred yards of Nymberi’s house, I sent my man with our guides to tell Nymberi I had come and wished to see him. He refused at first, but came. They laid down their spears, seeing I was unarmed. I went forward and spoke to Nymberi, told him that he had done wrong, but white men could forget a wrong—that I was willing to be his friend. Poor fellow! He was much afraid, lay down, and clapped his hands. I gave him a present, and he asked me to come with him to his house, as he wished to give me food. This we did, and soon were very friendly. The men were impatient to be off, and were very averse to remain at or even to go to his village. They asked me, should they take up their loads? Nymberi asked if I was going to leave him so soon—would I not remain with him. I said I would; he was my friend, I would sleep with him. All afternoon he stayed with me in my tent and brought his men to see me. Next morning Nymberi went nearly a mile with me. I told him that I had shown him that I had nothing in my heart against him, and I had proved it by sleeping in his village, and he must show me he had nothing in his heart by coming to see me and sleep at my village (*sic*). Three days later he, and perhaps thirty people, came to see me. He was accompanied by Masewa, another chief, who brought a big ox. True to our agreement, he slept all night and left next day.”

The missionaries generally reaped the full benefit of such actions, as the case just cited goes to show. Sometimes, it is true, there was little gratitude on the part of the people, and occasionally, indeed, very ungrateful conduct, bringing sadness and disappointment. But is this not the same all the world over, among civilised and heathen alike? Who that labours among human beings, even in Scotland, has not often felt wearied with the persistent ingratitude of some? Yet there are many to whom kindness is never lost, and who amply compensate for the rest. So did the missionaries find it in Nyasaland. Some

cases there were to sadden, but many more to encourage and cheer them in their labour of love. Often, when visiting villages, they received a most cordial welcome from those to whom they had showed help or Christian treatment, and at times incidents occurred which proved that such treatment was not forgotten and never would be.

CHAPTER XV

AFRICA'S EVILS

IN addition to slavery and war there were a multitude of other evils, standing like grim barriers before the missionaries, opposing their labours for Christ, and requiring to be overthrown before the religion of Christ could take possession of the country. A Mission like this, to the wilderness of heathenism, required morally and spiritually what a settlement in some wild, unreclaimed tract of country requires physically. In the latter case, there are gigantic growths of centuries, of all shapes and forms, which must be felled to the ground, foul or pestilential marshes which must be drained or trenched, ugly uncultivated wastes which must be ploughed or harrowed before much fruit can be reaped. So in missionary pioneering, and Nyasaland was no exception. When the Mission band first went, there were evils of great magnitude, as dark and horrible as those once existing in Polynesia, Satanic ordeals, deceptions of witchcraft, hideous cruelty, senseless and inhuman customs, brutal and bloody superstitions, which harrowed their souls and which they plainly saw would require to be stamped out before this dark place of the earth could be reclaimed.

But they set to work in the power of the Gospel—certainly the best weapon that they could have. Twenty centuries ago Britain was as low as Central Africa when first these missionaries steamed up the Zambesi. Wild, warring, brutal savages waded in the fens of Lincolnshire. They observed bloody rites and sacrificed human beings among the rocks of Scotland and Wales. But they became transformed through the power of Christ as manifested in the Gospel. In the same way, what could Christianity not do in Nyasaland?

Superstition and sorcery were undoubtedly the greatest evils in the way of the Gospel. It must be remembered that all kinds of polydemonistic ideas hold sway in Central Africa, the only religion being the fear of evil spirits. In the opinion of the natives the

influence of these spirits is well nigh omnipotent. To the east of Cape Maclear the natives pointed to a large rock rising out of the water, which they considered to be the abode of spirits. When passing it in their canoes they used to scatter flour on the water as an offering to ensure their safety, believing that if they did not do so the spirits would upset their canoe and drown them. They also pointed to other spots regarding which they entertained the same superstitious notions. Evil spirits, indeed, were everywhere, occupying the earth, the air, and the water. At North Nyasa, a great evil spirit, Mbase, was supposed to dwell in a cave in the side of Mount Ikombwe, and was constantly worshipped and propitiated. When Dr Cross visited the cave, it was nearly blocked up with old broken pots and rotten calico, which had been deposited as offerings for hundreds of years.

These spirits, unless propitiated, were continually doing harm. As they were supposed to have immense power for evil, they were the daily terror of the poor natives. If a man fell ill, he believed himself to be in the power of some evil-disposed witch or wizard who had doomed him to death by secret spells. He appealed to the witch-finder—generally a woman—who would go through various incantations and absurdities, accompanied usually by frantic gesticulation and even self-induced convulsions. If recovery followed, all was well; but if not, death was considered to be due to some obstinate witch or wizard, *Mfiti*. So with every misfortune—it was the result of evil influence. If some valuable ox died, or if a defeat took place in battle, it was traced to some mysterious occult agency. If a wife ran away, it was put down to the powerful “witchery” used against her. Poor deluded Africans! Such was their savage, darkened life: a continual dread of evil, either real, like their enemies, the fierce Ngoni, roaming around their quiet villages, or else in the form of spirits or indignant ancestors, jealous of the observances of rites, and ever ready to avenge neglect by sending war and famine, or in other ways bewitching, smiting, killing.

The natives had recourse to sorcery, magic, and other superstitious practices, in order to appease these evil spirits or drive them away. Among other things they had the most implicit belief in the power of charms against every ailment and accident, against wounds and snake bites, against illness or drowning. A man once came to Dr Cross asking a charm against being killed

in hunting. He was told that a brave heart was the most necessary thing. He seemed disappointed, and asked what bravery would do for him when chased by an elephant? Seeing a *Free Church Monthly* lying near, he asked for it, and, rolling it up, wore it round his neck with a string; afterwards he told his friends of the undoubted effect of the white man's charm! But sometimes weird and awful charms were carried. Portions would be cut from some body, and then burned to ashes. These would be rubbed into the arm as tattoos, or stirred among the food and eaten. One headman near Blantyre, who had been very successful in war, attributed the fact to his having eaten in this way "the whole body of a strong young man."*

Perhaps one of the most horrible things was the *Muavi* poison ordeal, which caused great social havoc and innumerable deaths. The drinking of this rank poison was supposed to be the test of peoples' innocence or guilt. If they vomited up this wretched stuff, they were innocent; if they failed to do so, they died through its effects, and were thus considered guilty. Occasionally, in small offences, the poison was given to a fowl, or some other animal representing the accused. This was administering the ordeal by proxy, and was undoubtedly more humane. But, as a general rule, the suspected individuals themselves had to drink it. In this way thousands in Nyasaland, as elsewhere in Africa, were cruelly brought to premature death. The bodies of all who died were left unburied, as people refused to inter them; and they were often mutilated in a frightful manner. The ordeal was one of the oldest institutions in the country; and a sad point in connection with it was that the natives had an unbounded and deeply-rooted confidence in its virtues, seeming even to rejoice when any one died from its effects, under the belief that a dangerous witch had been removed from their midst. A bad feature also was that the witch-doctor was rewarded for every death.

The cases of *Muavi* poisoning, in the history of the Mission, are so numerous that the writer can only choose two or three at random.

In 1882, at a village near Bandawé, a man who had been accused of some crime was compelled to drink the poison, and died. His corpse was then beaten and hacked to pieces with clubs and axes, and was burned next day; and at the very time

* "Africana," by Rev. Duff Macdonald, vol. i. p. 170.

when this horrible scene was being enacted, the second convert was being baptised at the adjoining Bandawé station. It was a strange contrast! Heaven's light and earth's weird darkness in such close proximity!

In 1887, we read of an immense *Muavi* ceremony in Chikusi's district, resulting in the death of fifty who took the ordeal, and the leaving of several who vomited the poison in a dangerous condition. Shortly afterwards, in the same district, Dr Henry, the missionary there, thus describes what he witnessed. "During our stay we twice saw what was probably the most extreme case of the disgraceful custom. The chief, suspecting some crime among his people, resolved to settle the matter by making all the men and women of his own and some surrounding villages drink *Muavi*. His plan was to bring so many to his village at one time, and, placing them in a circle, make them drink the poison in public. The scene occurred on the meadow where our tent was pitched. After the people were assembled, a fantastic figure, dressed up with a head-dress of feathers, danced about the circle for a time. The poison was then beaten with a rude mortar and pestle, and being put in water, was drunk by the suspected, who came up in twos for this purpose, and then ran off to vomit or die. This was given to about two hundred and fifty people the first time I saw it, and to more than a hundred the second time. Walking out the day after one such exhibition of African heathenism, I saw a horrible sight—some dogs eating the unburied remains of a person who died."

Again, when Chikusi's mother died in the end of 1887, the event gave rise to another of these horrible cases in which all the people were compelled to drink the poison. Great loss of life took place on the hills around Chikusi's village, while on the plain near the Livlezi Station more than twenty died from the effects. One of these was the father of a mission boy, who, when he heard of it, poor little fellow, was much frightened and inclined to run away from the district. Similarly, when this great Ngoni chief himself died in 1891, hundreds of people were compelled to drink the poison to show whether they had, by witchcraft, caused his death, those who succumbed being thrown out to the wild beasts to be devoured.

But over and over again the missionaries interfered with the administration of this poison. They reasoned with the chiefs

about the sinfulness and stupidity of the ordeal ; and many a time they went out to the scene of action to prevent the drinking of the horrible stuff. On one occasion at Cape Maclear they heard that a chief seven miles distant—named Nunkumba—had lost a child by death, and that a Ngoni doctor was dispensing *Muavi* to the people—that forty had already drunk of the poison, and that two had died. To prevent further mischief and a recurrence of the same act, they lost no time in manning a boat and three canoes, and proceeded at once to the spot. The party consisted of five white men, with an interpreter, and upwards of a dozen natives. After reaching the place, and passing through a perfect network of palisades, they found themselves inside the harem enclosure. They called for the chief, but learned that he was conveying the witch-doctor, who was now on his return journey carrying several packages of native salt as the reward of his labours. “A large crowd gathered round us,” says Mr John Gunn, “and were eyeing us with considerable suspicion. Among them we could easily distinguish by their shaved heads, those who had drunk the poison. Next day Nunkumba appeared. Our charges were stated, and he proceeded to defend himself. He did not ask the people to drink *Muavi*, he said ; they took it of their own accord. If the people died, he did not kill them. When told that the English did not take it, he said the English had other ways of finding out things ; but this was their way for long ages past, and it wrought well. We told him that God made man and took him away when He pleased.” After a discussion that lasted for three hours, and showed how deeply superstition was rooted in the land, he promised never again to allow *Muavi* to be given to his people. This was a victory worth all the trouble taken, as Nunkumba was a man whose superstition knew no limit. He dared not look to the hills behind Cape Maclear for fear he should die, his father having died suddenly on looking at them !

If the missionaries failed to prevent the administration of this terrible poison, they endeavoured to empty the stomachs of those who had drunk it. Arming themselves with a strong emetic and a basin for water, they started at once for the spot where the drinking had taken place. Here they would sometimes find hundreds of all ages lying or sitting among the bushes. A few, perhaps, had thrown up the poison and were on the way to recovery, but the larger number would be found lying in various

stages of weakness, and some very near death. The missionaries would set to work immediately and administer the required medicine, with the result that most, if not all, of the patients would recover.

On one occasion, in 1892, when Dr Henry, of Livlezi, received word at night that a *sing'anga* (witch-doctor) was administering the poison to the village of Madunga near his Station, and was likely to continue his infernal work next day, he hurried away early the next morning to the scene of the action, to find that everybody round about, men, women, and children above nine or ten years old—many of the school children among them—had swallowed the poison, and that only a few from a distance remained for that day's drinking. Seven were found to be dead—cast out to the wild beasts—including an old white-haired man and wife, and the headman of the district. With commendable courage, Dr Henry seized the "officials" who were superintending the ceremony. The witch-doctor fled, but Dr Henry captured all his poison and apparatus, consisting of a considerable quantity of the dry *Muavi*, a measure, two large gourd cups for its administration, and the death-gong and striker. Afterwards he let the "officials" go, but sent a warning message to the responsible party that such a thing would not need to occur again, and he managed to inspire the villagers with the courage necessary to bury the victims.

It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of lives have been saved in this way by the action of the missionaries, and a great deal has been done towards the abolition of this deadly custom. Faith in its efficacy is now completely broken down in all the Mission districts; and as the British Administration has also taken stringent action in such matters, the ordeal may be said to have ceased out of the land.

Another great horror that existed among some sections of the Lake tribes was that of burying people along with the chief when he died. A chief never died alone, but required a company of his people with him. Otherwise, according to the native mind, what would come over him in the spirit world, with no one to help him? This barbarous custom sometimes varied, but as a rule, when a chief was about to die, some of his attendants left him and walked to the door. If any of his slaves were sitting outside, they were told that their master was better, that he would soon be well; but suddenly a capture began, and three or four

of them were made fast in the *gori*. Shortly afterwards they were brutally killed, and their bodies placed on the top of the hut in which the dying chief lay. Then, on his death, a great pit or grave was dug, and these bodies were put at the bottom of it. Many others were then killed—in some cases upwards of a hundred—and also put in till the bottom was covered with bodies. Handkerchiefs and coloured cloths were then spread over them all, and on these the body of the chief was laid.

This was an exceedingly horrible custom, and was common not only among some Tonga tribes, but over the most of heathen Africa. When Marenga, near Bandawé, died, over one hundred were put to death in this way, in order that they might escort him to the next world. "We heard to-day," wrote Dr Laws, in 1883, "that a chief beyond Chintechi is dead, and that forty of his slaves have been killed, to be buried along with him."

This terrible custom, we are thankful to say, rapidly vanished in the Mission districts. It is something to read in the Mission Journal, as early as 1884, such a sentence as this, "The friends of the late chief Katonga came in and told us they had done as we requested them, and put in no bodies with the chief."

Among other barbarous practices, it was customary in some places, when a chief died, for the nearest relative to come with his armies and fight the tribe of the deceased chief. When Mtwaro, chief of a section of the Ngoni, died, in 1890, his brother Mombera should have done this according to custom. It had long been expected by the missionaries that, on the chief's death, such a war would break out, and, knowing the effect that this would have on their work, they were naturally very anxious. But Mtwaro prevented the occurrence of any such thing by sending a special message to his brother just before he died, asking him not to come with war and destroy all the people. This was the direct result of Christianity. Mtwaro had come under the influence of the Mission, and had often listened to the Gospel.

Such cruel practices as the writer has referred to, and similar superstitions, were terrible barriers in the way of missionary enterprise. It is well known that superstitious ideas have sometimes brought missionaries into dire peril, leading in some cases to death itself. So was it also to some extent in Nyasaland. Our missionaries there had the superstitious dread of many people to contend against, and although their lives were never threatened

on account of this, they found it to be an immense obstacle in the way of missionary progress. Once or twice the natives flocked in hundreds to the service at Bandawé after deliverance from warlike attacks, believing that the white men had saved them by some powerful medicinal charm! But more often, perhaps, their superstitions led them in the opposite direction, filling them with a mysterious dread of the white man. Spirit, as well as matter, seems to have its *inertia*, or love of rest, and tends like every heavy body to retain its original position; whilst whatever would disturb that condition is readily resolved into the miraculous and mysterious. It was so when printing was first invented: it appeared to our forefathers as a piece of monstrous magic. So amongst these ignorant, deluded Africans, the powers of the white man, real or imaginary, raised strange feelings within them, developing occasionally into fear and terror. In 1885, for instance, a native in the neighbourhood of Bandawé died, and his father charged the missionaries with bewitching him, as the deceased had once stolen some calico from the Mission store. He railed against the missionaries for a long time, being convinced that they were dangerous characters. In fact, this idea that a white man could bewitch and kill was very prevalent in the early days of the Mission, and is far from extinct even yet among outlying tribes.

Such superstitious dread existed among many until they came to understand the missionaries better. Then many of these ridiculous notions were undermined. The more enlightened people around the Mission Stations came to see that the white man had none of the peculiar powers often ascribed to him. His actions were no longer miracles, nor his clothes and his cooking utensils supernatural. He was not an omnipotent being, who carried charms in the shape of pins or buttons or pieces of paper, and who, if necessary, could deal out death and destruction. It was only at a distance from the Missions that these superstitious ideas continued to prevail, as they still do in large tracts untouched by missionary influence. At the Stations themselves such ridiculous notions began in time to share the fate of the broomstick of the witch in our own country or the terrors of St George and the Dragon. The people were taught that God alone was almighty, and the ruler and dispenser of all things.

Their superstitions extended to the Bible. No sooner was part

of it in print than they regarded it with awe and fear, reminding us somewhat of the medicine-bag of the American Indian, or the horse shoe of our own country. They thought that the missionaries could read anything or tell anything out of it. They believed that it contained prophetic messages from Heaven as to the coming of rain, the existence of drought, the appearance of plagues in their midst, and other remarkable events. It was, in fact, an occult spell—a combination of words, characters, or emblems, by which the missionaries could foretell mysterious and wonderful things. It contained the words and commands of the white man's God, the greatest of all Spirits. A story is told of a wily native—an Ngoni—who had acquired a little knowledge. Taking advantage of this superstitious credulity of his countrymen, he took his stand in the centre of a large village, and, opening the *Inkalata*, pretended to read out of it, that the people should hand over to him a large amount of cloth and ivory, leading them to believe that this was a Heaven-sent command, the neglect of which would bring untold calamity. It is almost needless to say that this view of the Bible is rapidly disappearing before the light of missionary instruction.

One matter which often caused the missionaries great anxiety was the rain question. In a previous chapter the writer has given an instance of this in Ngoniland. A sample may now be taken from Bandawé. On one occasion, when war was raging among the Tonga tribes, no rain had fallen for a long time, and all attributed the matter to the missionaries. They said that the white men, being displeased at them for fighting, had prevented the rain from falling. A great discussion arose on the subject. "You worship the rain," said one. "Nay," said the missionary, "that cannot be." "Why," said he, "you have a bottle in front of the house, and whenever it rains you look at the bottle! What is that but worshipping the rain?" The missionary laughed at this glaring superstition. "If that is the difficulty," he said, "we will soon settle it," and he immediately sent and had the bottle smashed. The bottle was a rain-gauge, generally looked at after heavy showers. The opportunity was used to show the people the foolishness of looking to men and not to God, who alone could send rain; but it took a great deal to drive this huge superstition out of their minds. They thought nothing in some parts of killing a man because he was hindering the rain from falling on them.

In Ngoniland, the worship by the people of their forefathers' spirits (*vibanda*) was perhaps the greatest drawback to the progress of the Gospel. These spirits were always thanked at the time of harvest. The people might pluck a cob or two of maize and eat it, but none was gathered and cooked until the ancestral spirits had been publicly thanked. But before long—thanks to Dr Elmslie—many of the people lost faith in these beliefs. They gave up sacrificing cattle to departed spirits, and praying to them. It continued to be done by a few, but more from fear and respect to custom than from any real belief in it. Thanksgiving services to the true God “who gives rain from Heaven and fruitful seasons” took the place of the native feasts and praising of spirits at harvest time. So was it also in other regions than Ngoniland. Before the introduction of Christianity it was customary to make offerings of first-fruits in the huts devoted to the “shades”; but all this has now been greatly changed, and the people look to the true Giver and Withholder.

In Ngoniland, the witch-doctors, who were the recognised mediums of communication with the ancestral spirits, were bitter opponents of Christianity. Their whole practice was a glaring mass of deceit. If their treatment, which consisted largely of unseemly decoctions and external paintings, were unsuccessful, they pronounced the case hopeless, because the spirits were displeased with the patient and his friends. Then, on the death of the patient, these doctors consulted the spirits with the view of averting further sickness and death. They had to be paid well for all this; and the case usually ended by sacrificing an ox to the spirits, the doctors securing the largest share of the flesh. But Dr Elmslie changed all this. He gradually showed the worthlessness of their practice, and succeeded in saving the life of many a patient who had been pronounced hopeless by these witch-doctors. Not only so, but every one of them became favourable to the missionaries. They saw, with the rest of the tribe, that it was no use resisting men who had ventured among them with medical skill, and whose teaching on all points was good. They even sent their own patients over to Dr Elmslie; and one witch-doctor, whose two sons had become converts, thanked the missionaries for the change that had taken place in his own village through the Gospel. Formerly his village had been the scene of wild heathen orgies, of witch-dances to drive

out demons, and of savage revels which disturbed the sleep of the missionaries; but now the voice of singing and praise was heard instead. Out of respect for his two sons, this native doctor removed his consulting-room, with its bones, drums, and other "uncanny" implements, a distance of seven miles from the Mission Station, so that Dr Elmslie might be left alone to carry on his work undisturbed.

So far the writer has referred to superstitions and degrading practices. But this was not all the evil. The social habits of the people were far from right. Polygamy, that fruitful source of jealousy and hatred, condemned alike by the laws of nature and the experience of the world, prevailed to such an extent that a man's social position and power among his neighbours often depended upon his number of wives. It was quite a common thing for a man to have four or five wives, while a chief had a much larger number, sometimes over a hundred. This great evil prevailed both among the Lake tribes and the Ngoni. Among the latter, however, the method of obtaining wives was somewhat different from that existing elsewhere. A man, desiring a wife, and having obtained the consent of her father, had to pay a dowry or pledge for her. This dowry consisted of a certain number of cattle, and in this way a father, with a large number of daughters, often increased his wealth considerably. This custom practically amounted to a buying of wives; and although, in one sense it upheld female virtue and contributed to a higher kind of morality than among the other tribes, yet it did not lessen polygamy, but rather increased its facilities among a certain class.

It was an evil that the missionaries were confronted with wherever they went. It was a rock that they ran against every day. It was no easy matter for them to know what to do. How were they to deal with converted natives who happened to have several wives? Amid the clear light of Gospel times, only one course was open, but that course could not always be rigidly taken. There were many cases of natives becoming thoroughly Christian in all their conduct, except that they were the husbands of several wives. They had become enthralled before the Spirit of Christ touched their hearts, and revealed to them the evils of such a life. Now they would fain escape from the chains, but could not break them. The hearts of these natives would often

become sore when they reflected on their position and saw no way out of it. In some cases they endeavoured to keep one wife, and offered to provide for the rest at their parents' villages. But it often happened that the rest refused to be thus dismissed, and force could not be used to compel them to go. There were distressing cases too in Ngoniland of school teachers and intelligent pupils being forcibly taken as the wives of evil-minded polygamists. When they were young, cattle had been given for them by these men, and now they were dragged away from school against their will to live with men for whom they had no regard, and to mix once more with evil society. The whole question was a difficult one to deal with, and gave no small amount of anxiety and trouble to the missionaries.

But wherever opportunity offered the Christian form of marriage was introduced, and the sanctity of the marriage vow was taught, so that in time, many of the natives—even some who did not profess themselves Christians—adopted monogamy, and came to realise the evil of possessing many wives. Some of these, after marriage, erected better houses for themselves, and otherwise showed that their ideas on the subject had undergone a change. In 1877 the first Christian marriage was performed at Cape Maclear. In 1894 eight Christian marriages were celebrated, and since then the number has gradually increased. Many girls in Ngoniland have made a stand for Christ in this matter, refusing to be forced away to live with old and confirmed polygamists, and preferring Christian husbands to men with four or five wives already. It may, in fact, be said that polygamy has now begun to die. The native Christian Church has absolutely renounced it, and directed all to do the same in accordance with the spirit of God's Word. This shows that the whole question will be solved in due time by the spread of the pure Gospel of Jesus. In so far as the chaste religion of Jesus gains a place in Nyasaland, marriage will come to be regarded as a bond of equal union and the highest spiritual partnership.

Let not the reader think that the combating of such enormous evils as we have referred to in this chapter has been an easy matter. It has not been so, humanly speaking. It has required a large amount of wisdom on the part of the missionaries. Often native Christians, for example, have sought advice from them on these matters. There are many superstitious practices

which the Christians knew to be evil, but which were regarded of such importance by the people that any neglect of them brought persecution and danger upon the offenders. The missionaries have had to enter into such questions with great prudence, using their influence with tribes to put away evil customs, and sympathising with and helping the Christians in these peculiar trials and temptations. It has not been easy from its human standpoint, but the strength of Christ has been behind, and has always prevailed. The preaching of the Cross has been the power of God to confound these evils. They are now fast disappearing before the increasing light ; and if it should be many years yet, or even generations, before they totally vanish, let the reader remember that no Divine ideal is realised in a day any more than a black cloud is suddenly dispersed in the sky, or a stony glacier is at once dissolved into the small stream that trickles slowly from it.

CHAPTER XVI

IN PERILS OFT

THE great Apostle of the Gentiles could only compare himself and his fellow-missionaries to those gladiators who were condemned to death in the arena. "I think," he said, "that God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death." Perils and afflictions were his almost constant companions, and he could say that he died daily. While other servants of Christ spent a luxurious and self-complacent life at home, he lived a precarious and self-sacrificing existence for the extension of his Master's Kingdom.

To a large extent this has been the lot of many who have gone forth to heathen lands with the Gospel of Christ. Who that knows anything at all of missionary affairs has not heard of the murder of Williams at Erromanga, of Hannington on the way to Uganda, of Patteson at Nekapu, of the sufferings of Judson and Dr Paton, and of the perils of Chalmers and others in the South Seas? Few, if any missionaries have had a life of comfort: they have rather had to face numberless anxieties, hardships, and dangers. While others have sat comfortably looking on, they have often had to step into the arena, exposed to conflict, ill-usage, and death. No one can read the missionary history of the nineteenth century without finding this to be true from its opening pages until its last.

In like manner, peril was the lot of the Livingstonia missionaries. They took their lives in their hands when they ventured up the Shiré River to Nyasaland. In the earlier days of the Mission they had to travel on the Kwakwa River for nearly a hundred miles, in leaking wash-tub boats, experiencing in no small degree the uncertainties of life. All the way to the Lake great care had also to be exercised to manœuvre the boats through the large herds of hippopotami snorting around, for it was quite common to see a dozen heads raised above water, all within a stone's-cast, while in shallow places these repulsive monsters, could easily be distinguished

hurrying along underneath. In addition, the water swarmed in some places with venomous crocodiles, which have been known to make bold, unprovoked attacks on human beings, seizing them in their powerful jaws and dragging them away, never more to be seen alive.

Such adventures were bad enough, but to meet with serious accidents on the way up the rivers, as many of our missionaries have done, was much worse. Once Mr James Stewart and Mr Fred Moir nearly lost their lives at Matope through an encounter with a herd of hippopotami. One of the animals seized the bottom of their boat with its teeth, and gave it such a heave that Mr Moir was shot over Mr Stewart's head into the water. Mr Stewart followed, and both men had to swim for the bank, where they fell exhausted. Similarly, Dr and Mrs Henry narrowly escaped death in 1888, as they were travelling up the Shiré, owing to a huge hippopotamus driving its head into the side of their frail boat, which at once began to fill. Dr Henry got the men to row hard towards the bank, but the boat sank a long way off in water so deep that they stood up to the neck in it. All managed to reach the bank in safety, but they had to pass the night in a swamp, after which they completed their journey by a land tramp of sixty miles. Few would care for that experience, which, however, was not uncommon in earlier years! It must have been vexatious also to lose most or all of one's property, as frequently happened. David Livingstone had often suffered in all these and various other ways, and his immediate followers had to make up their minds for the same. Africa, in these early days, was a land of wonders and terrors, a great unknown continent, and to enter it even as far as Lake Nyasa was as perilous as penetrating any of the South Sea Islands.

And when once the missionaries had escaped these initial dangers, and were settled down, they had no earthly means of protection from the persecution or bitter malice of hostile chiefs, as they were beyond the immediate reach of any European State. For many years they had no Consul or representative of Britain or any other Power to assist them in case of attack. They received no Consular aid or protection by our Government when they went out; and so they went forward to the rescue of Nyasa's teeming tribes without any earthly power behind them. Later on, the Committee, on their own initiative—for the Mission party were

quite indifferent on the matter*—made application over and over again to the Foreign Office for Government protection of some sort, suggesting at one time that some one on the spot, such as Mr James Stewart, should be appointed a British Agent, and invested with adequate authority. But the Government, while promising to use its influence as best it could for the protection of the missionaries, could not promise to appoint such an agent, believing that it would be impossible to afford him efficient defence in such inland regions. For many years, therefore, until Nyasaland came under British administration, persecution and danger were to some extent the lot of the missionaries. If plundered of their goods, there was no hope of redress. If detained in bondage, there was no liberty for them except through friendly persuasion. If any of them should be put to death, no demand for reparation could be enforced.

These dangers were not imaginary. They were real, owing to the hostility of certain chiefs and others who refused to recognise the Mission. The chiefs in the immediate neighbourhood, it is true, were friendly, and their confidence in these white men, who had suddenly come to live among them, was great. But still there were some farther off who did not understand the Mission, and manifested considerable ill-will when first visited. They had a natural hostility to a stranger proclaiming truths that they had never heard of, and a certain dread of unknown evils that might follow. Such chiefs had strong enough forces to attack the Mission if they chose, and sometimes showed their power. Moreover, the country was infested with brutal slave-dealers, who would have thought nothing of shedding the missionaries' blood, if opportunity offered, for their personal interest was at stake—an interest much greater than that which provoked the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Even some of the natives were not to be trusted, when bribed or influenced by Portuguese or Arab scoundrels. Indeed, such dangers at first were so real that the missionaries could never undertake long journeys, especially through savage and unknown parts, without being well armed. Apart from beasts of prey, they never knew when they might be called on to protect themselves from the spears and muskets of men.

There were also other perils of a different kind to be faced.

* Dr Laws, indeed, and others personally declined to seek Government protection.



BANDAWE MISSION HOUSE.



THE SCHOOL, BANDAWE.

There were wars and savage conflicts among the different tribes, which threatened the safety of the Mission, until it seemed as if some of the Stations, planted with so much patience and prayer, would be swept away, and the whole Mission band slain. There were deeper perils still in the fever, famine, affliction, and death which crept across the missionaries' pathway. It was emphatically true that they knew not what a day might bring forth.

We have said that there were conflicts among the tribes. It is an easy matter to gather instances, so many and so horrible do they seem to have been. The Ngoni wars have already been mentioned, but a reference may be made to them again as bearing on the *safety* of the Mission.

At the close of 1881 these bloodthirsty Ngoni, actuated by scarcity of food and a desire for plunder, mustered their forces for an exterminating campaign against the Tonga, their weaker neighbours who resided on the Lake shore. The Mission had only a short time before been removed from Cape Maclear to Bandawé, in the midst of these Tonga tribes. Mission premises had by this time been erected, and many of the people were beginning to be influenced for good. But now this disturbance between the Ngoni and Tonga threatened the work of the Mission at this most important period in its history. Several encounters took place, and for many months Dr Laws and his staff had much anxiety. At one time there were rumours that a large Ngoni army was being organised for an attack on Bandawé, and that its commander had volunteered to destroy the white men. Dr Laws resolved, if matters came to the worst, to fire the Mission Station, so as to prevent it from being plundered, and thus holding out any inducement for an attack in the future. But most fortunately, through the timely return from South Africa of Mr William Koyi, the Kafir evangelist, who could speak the language of the Ngoni, representations were made to Mombera, their great chief, and the work was kept in safety. Then, in the beginning of 1882, a representative party of Ngoni were sent down to the Tonga with terms of peace. The two parties met together at the Bandawé Mission Station and spoke in turns. After several hours' discussion, an agreement was concluded between the two tribes, for which the missionaries were heartily thankful, although they felt that peace would not long continue.

The fire of warfare, indeed, was continually smouldering

between these two tribes, and required very little to fan it into a flame. We need not be surprised, therefore, that, in 1877 again, the chiefs of these wild Ngoni threatened another attack upon the Tonga near Bandawé, and for some time the Mission was once more in peril from this quarter. This time the Ngoni demanded that all the missionaries among the Tonga should go up and live with them, thus leaving this weaker tribe alone to be attacked and enslaved; and failing this, they virtually said that all the missionaries in their own district would have to leave. It was a time of great peril to Dr Elmslie and Dr Laws. Precautions had to be taken to preserve Mission and private property. Dr Laws had much of it removed to Cape Maclear, the remainder, amounting to several hundred loads, being ready for shipment in a few minutes' notice. Some of the women were also sent there, and it was expected that all the staff would have to follow for safety to the same place. It was at this time that Dr Elmslie sent down his surgical instruments to Bandawé, and buried his medicines and other things at Njuju in preparation for flight.

But after many months of deep anxiety, the hostility was averted through the tact, courage, and faithfulness of Dr Laws and his fellow-helpers. A treaty of peace was arranged, and the Tonga became practically independent. The whole movement was ultimately overruled by God for the establishment of friendliness between the two tribes, and for the prosperity of the Mission in Ngoniland.

Another source of anxiety and danger to the missionaries lay in the interruptions to free communication with one another. In 1887, during the threatened Ngoni war just referred to, communication with Dr Elmslie in Ngoniland was broken off, as no messengers were willing to go from Bandawé to that wild region. A party of carriers sent by Dr Laws had been brutally attacked, and six of them murdered. Hence no one would venture again. At last Dr Laws persuaded two men to leave with mails during the night and travel in the bush, a system which had to be adopted for many months.

But communication with the coast was more often broken. At one time—in 1884—communication was cut off for some months, on account of the hostility of the Makololo on the lower Shiré. These tribes, which at first were extremely friendly, owing to their chiefs having been trusted carriers with Dr Livingstone, afterwards

became less favourably disposed, because they could not obtain guns and powder from the missionaries at their pleasure, and even withheld their subjects from attending the Mission services and schools, in order to cause annoyance. At last a climax was reached, when, in February 1884, Chipatula, a Makololo chief, who had been one of Livingstone's porters, was shot for some offence by a European adventurer. The whole Makololo tribe now rose in revenge, attacked the Mission storehouses at Matope, and burned some of them, and also threatened war on Mandala, the headquarters of the African Lakes Corporation. An attack upon the *Ilala*, as it lay at anchor in the Shiré, was only averted by its moving away. The Lakes Company's steamer, *Lady Nyasa*, was shot at and seized while proceeding up the river, and all its cargo stolen. The journey down to the coast was blocked for some months, and communication had to be made overland. It was only after much trouble that Consul Foote succeeded in quieting the tribe and restoring communication with the coast. He died not long afterwards, as a result of the anxiety and fatigue he had suffered.

Readers will observe, by the way, that this bitter hostility arose from the Makololo confounding the missionaries with other white men of an unscrupulous nature, regarding their motives as one and the same. This was a common tendency among the natives, and was a great source of vexation to the Mission. As a simple instance, it may be mentioned that, in 1879, a number of men, who had been employed transplanting a new boiler for the *Ilala* across the Murchison cataracts, were attacked by a number of Yao belonging to a chief named Luonde. They were fired at and pursued, but all of them managed to swim across the Shiré except two, one of whom was drowned, and the other was bitten through the waist by a hippopotamus. On the matter being investigated by Dr Laws, it was discovered that some time before two of Luonde's wives had been carried off by one of the servants of an English hunter, and that the attack on the Mission subjects was a piece of retaliation. The hunter had no connection whatever with the Mission, but being a white man, Luonde considered that he and the missionaries were one.

About the time of the Makololo attacks, trials and losses also came through a war between the Portuguese and the Machinjiri tribe in the lower Shiré. Like the Makololo, the latter, in their

excitement, attacked all white men indiscriminately. They besieged Mopea with an army of two thousand, and had it not been for the heroic action of Mr Fred Moir, who formed a small relief corps of fifteen white men and ninety black, and marched to the relief of the place, they would have gone on to Kilimane, gradually increasing in number, and would probably have slain all white men there, and burned or sacked the town. As it was, much property belonging to the Mission and Lakes Company, including several thousand yards of calico, clothes, provisions, books, and other articles, was stolen or wantonly destroyed owing to the war. Among other things, a large supply of school materials, and portions of Scripture in the native language, were thrown into the river. The missionaries suffered from insufficient and unsuitable supplies of food, while the journey to the coast was rendered unsafe, those white men who ventured down the river at the time having several hairbreadth escapes. In 1889 also, there was fighting on the Shiré, at Mponda's, near Cape Maclear, in which some of the Ngoni tribes were engaged. This again led to a temporary closure of communication and prevention of traffic to the coast. Shortly afterwards there was a war between the Portuguese and the Makololo. In fact, a book might be filled with such occurrences, which were great hindrances to transit on the rivers, and were disastrous to missionary progress. Again and again, on account of such events, the missionaries could not procure goods and provisions. Beads and calico, the currency of the country, became exhausted. Expected supplies did not reach the lake, and expeditions had to be sent in various directions in search of food.

At last, when the British Government, through the Church's memorials, appointed a Consul in 1883, there was more hope of peace and safety in Nyasaland; and when the Berlin Compact was signed in 1885, it appeared as if all danger to life and property in Africa was at an end. The fourteen Powers who signed the Compact agreed, in the sixth Article, to protect and favour religious, scientific, or charitable agencies in Central Africa; and Christian missionaries, scientists, and explorers, with their followers and property, were to be the objects of especial protection. All this was most excellent, but it could not be carried out, as subsequent events proved; for there were new and startling dangers that now arrived from outside, through the hostilities

of Arab raiders, dangers which gravely affected not only the Livingstonia Mission, but also the Established Church Mission to the south-east and the trading stations of the Lakes Company.

These dangers came in a determined attempt on the part of the Arabs and their subordinates to increase the slave-trade, with all its horrors and desolating influences. About 1885 the power of the Arabs began to revive. A great slave-trading confederacy seemed to arise, either having its origin at Zanzibar, or receiving encouragement from that quarter. Later on, in 1887, the Arabs descended in full force upon Nyasaland, and managed to obtain a firm footing in the Konde country to the north-west of the lake, not far from Karonga, one of the stations of the Lakes Company.

The Konde country, thus invaded by these merciless slavers, was one of exceptional beauty and fertility, watered by perennial rivers, and producing the richest and most varied crops in all Central Africa. It was thickly populated with an industrious and intelligent people, who possessed large herds of cattle, and lived in well-constructed houses, and who, by their own abilities and resources, were on the high road to civilisation. Through it ran the Stevenson Road, the possession of which was of the greatest importance, both to the Mission and the Lakes Company, the Karonga Trading Station being on the entrance to this road from the lake.

The Arab dealers, of whom the most notorious were Mlozi, Msalema, and Kopa-kopa, having seized this valuable country, began to oppress the people with their usual brutality. Soon they found an excuse for slavery and bloodshed. The circumstances of the outbreak seem to have been these. A slave had escaped from Mlozi's village at Mpata, and had sought refuge with Liambiro, a Konde chief. Those to whom the slave belonged demanded his return. On the conditions not being satisfactory, a plot was laid, and Liambiro was shot in the back. The man who shot him, Mlozi's blacksmith, was immediately speared by the Konde people, and many Arab women were massacred. The Arabs, whose evident desire had been to find an excuse for seizing the people, then began a campaign of devastation and butchery, burning the villages, seizing hundreds of the inhabitants, massacring many others, and laying waste the

country from Mpata down to the lake shore. The fear-stricken natives fled for shelter wherever it could be found, and those who could not escape were brutally treated. Mlozi then proclaimed himself Sultan of the Konde country, and offered as the only terms on which the people might return to their homes that they should submit to the Arab yoke and become his slaves. Further, he announced that the missionaries and others would only be allowed to remain in the country on condition that they paid him a large sum as ruling chief.

At the end of 1887 this state of matters reached a crisis, the story of which is interesting, and reminds one of some of the thrilling scenes which took place in the Indian Mutiny. The Arabs began to congregate in large numbers near Karonga, where Mr L. Monteith Fotheringham, the Company's Agent, was all alone, and in a position of great peril from their continued threats. It had been intimated to him that he must confine himself to the Station or its immediate grounds, otherwise he would be shot. On 5th October he sent men with all haste to Mweniwanda's, urging Rev. Mr Bain, one of the Livingstonia missionaries there, to come down at once to his help. Mr Bain and Dr Cross immediately held a consultation, and it was resolved that Mr Bain should go. He had been at hard out-door work all day, yet he wrote as follows to Dr Laws: "The same night I left Mweniwanda's at ten p.m., and next evening was at Mpata just after sunset, having marched steadily with only a few short rests. We got through the pass at Mpata with much difficulty from the darkness, and bivouacked for the night opposite Mlozi's village, with the Rukuru between us, to wait till the moon should rise. At twelve p.m. I was roused by a number of men coming towards me stealthily on tiptoe with poised spears. They asked who I was. I said the "Mzungu" (white man). They said, "you lie." I told them to come and see. I had come from Mweniwanda's to be with them in their trouble. The poor fellows came, every one of them, and shook me warmly by the hand, and told me that the Arabs had wantonly killed Liambiro, their kinsman and chief. I said my heart was sore for them, but that one man could do nothing for them; that as soon as I got to Mwakasungura's or Karonga's where Monteith was, then we would try to do all we could for them short of fighting. They bade me a sorrowful farewell; and as the moon was up, I left and reached

Monteith's before dawn, having passed an encampment or village of sleeping Arabs." In fact, he passed only a few feet from sentinels who were slumbering by their watch fires, and who, if awake, might have quickly despatched him. This forced march probably saved Mr Fotheringham's life, for he was broken down with fatigue and constant watching against danger.

Mr Bain now took refuge along with Mr Fotheringham, and a starved, frightened band of fugitives, at the Company's Station at Karonga. Days of great anxiety followed. They endeavoured to bring about peace by friendly conference with the Arabs, requesting at least that the people immediately surrounding the Station, and in no way concerned in the recent retaliation, should be left unmolested. But it was all in vain. The Arabs demanded tribute of women, cows, and goats. There was death in the air, but these two white men were nothing daunted. Surrounded as they were by savage multitudes of armed Arabs and their followers, they set to work to erect a rude brick fort, or stockade, to protect themselves and the people. The Livingstonia missionaries and the Lakes Company had resolved never to fight except in case of utter necessity, when by so doing they could save their own lives and those of the natives. Conciliation, patient endurance, and forbearance to the utmost were absolute rules with them, as they had been with the illustrious Livingstone. But now, for the first time in the history of the Mission, these men had come into *forcible* collision with slave-dealers. They were face to face with armed men thirsting for their blood.

The position of the two besieged men grew more dangerous every day. On October 29th, Mlozi sent messengers demanding that all work in defence of the Station should cease; and so, in order to avoid giving the slightest provocation, they abstained from digging a moat and taking other precautions as they had intended. How matters would have gone with them it would have been hard to tell, had they not been reinforced on November 4th by Consul O'Neill of Mozambique, and three others,* who had heard of their critical position and had opportunely come to their help from the other end of the Lake, and also two days later by Mr John L. Nicoll from Tanganyika and a number of his men. Further attempts to bring about peace were then made. Everything was

* Rev. L. Scott, of Manchester; Dr Tomory, of the London Missionary Society, and Mr Alfred Sharpe (now H.M. Deputy Commissioner).

done by Consul O'Neill that could possibly be done to prevent hostilities, but all in vain. Realising the serious state of matters, the party at once took effective measures to secure safety for themselves and the ever-increasing band of refugees, by forming a trench filled with thorns, appointing regular European sentries, and extending the fortifications. On 23rd November Mr Nicoll was also dispatched to the north end of the Lake to secure the friendly services of the Wamwanga, who were kinsmen of the Konde.

At dawn, on the 24th November, the life and death struggle began. The Arabs, with about five hundred guns, commenced a furious fire upon the fort from under cover, and kept it up constantly for five days and nights. Every night they pushed their stockades nearer and higher, necessitating the heightening of the defences with boxes and bales, and the digging of deep trenches inside, and deep pits in the sands for the women and children. But with an amount of courage worthy of the world's heroes, these six white men, with less than fifty armed natives, did not flinch, though "facing fearful odds": they gallantly stood the siege and kept the slave ruffians at bay, reminding us of those who held so bravely the Residency at Lucknow. More than once, after lying down for a short sleep, they would rise and remove the sand which had been driven on to them, even into their pockets, by bullets striking the ground close to where they lay. At length, through the timely arrival of Mr Nicoll and the Wamwanga allies, over five thousand in number, the brave defenders managed to drive the Arabs off. It is most remarkable that, amidst all this danger, whilst their tents were riddled with bullets, they remained unscathed, preserved, shall we not say, by a merciful Providence? "I wish to state," says Dr Tomory, "that in my opinion, had it not been for the extraordinary influence of the Rev. Mr Bain of the Free Church Mission and Mr Fotheringham of the African Lakes Company over the natives, we should never have escaped from Karonga alive."*

But their troubles were not over. They found it necessary, as their allies desired to return home, to abandon Karonga, and so retired further up the Lake to the encampment of the Konde, on the Nsessi River, where they were joined by Dr Kerr Cross, who had fled from Mweniwanda. The whole party became very dispirited, owing to the absence of the *Ilala*, which had been de-

* Scottish Geographical Magazine, June 1888, p. 307.

spatched five weeks before for reinforcements. Mr Fotheringham offered to travel overland through the Arab villages to Bandawé, while Consul O'Neill rigged up a canoe with mast and sail to run to Likoma—anything to let their position be known. Things were in this state when the steamer arrived on 9th December, bringing Consul Hawes, Mr John Moir, and others, who were relieved to find the little body of Europeans safe. With the assistance of the natives who had relieved the siege, the united party now resolved to punish the Arab leader, Mlozi, and so, on 23rd December, they attacked and partly burned his stockaded village, which lay twelve miles inland, and was surrounded by a treble wall of trees and mud, with every spike crowned with a human skull. But Mr Moir and Mr Sharpe were wounded, and want of ammunition compelled the party to retire. As the rainy season had now commenced in all its severity, further operations were impossible. So, on 5th January, the north end of the Lake was abandoned, Mr Bain, Dr Cross, and others retiring to Mweniwanda's, where they fortified themselves within a stockade, and the rest going south to make further preparations and secure stronger European reinforcements.

Shortly after this, Mr Buchanan, the Acting Consul, tried to make peace with the Arabs, but failed. While on his way south again, along with Rev. W. P. Johnson, of the Universities' Mission, he paid a visit to Makanjira, the powerful slave chief on the east-coast of the Lake, in order to secure his friendly co-operation. But here an incident happened to these two men which showed only too plainly that the Arabs everywhere were of one mind. A huge horde of natives and mongrel Arabs, irritated at the opposition of the "English," rushed upon them and tore their clothes to pieces, leaving them standing naked. Their attendants, on seeing that danger was imminent, swam off to the steamer, one of them, who had his hands tied behind him, being drowned. It was suggested that the two white men should be sacrificed at the tomb of the late chief, or killed in some way; and their murder would certainly have taken place if one of the Arabs present had not interfered. They were, however, kept in durance all night and managed to escape after paying a ransom consisting of 200 yards of calico and several drums of paint and oils. The calico was probably wanted for the purchase of slaves, and the paint for some of the daus which ferried these poor wretches across the Lake to

Makanjira's village. "If this," wrote Dr Laws, "is calmly swallowed by the liberty loving British nation, it has surely changed much during recent years."*

The Arabs were determined to close the route to the interior and to have slaves and plunder at any cost. But the Lakes Corporation and the Missionary Societies were determined to prevent this lamentable evil. And so, a second and large expedition, headed by Mr Frederick Moir, went north, in March 1888, to the Karonga district to drive off the Arabs. This expedition called in Dr Kerr Cross to their help as a measure of safety. All alone he had been holding on bravely in his Mission work, though he knew his life was in peril, and would have held on still. But duty called him to accompany this expedition, to attend as a non-combatant to any who might be wounded. The attack upon the Arabs took place on 10th April, but resulted in failure. It was found that every stockade had been strengthened, while great pits with spikes had been dug, and thorns strewn around. After an engagement of two hours, Msalema's village was set on fire; but, unfortunately, Mr Fred Moir received a severe wound, which compelled him to be carried off the field. It was fortunate that Dr Kerr Cross was present, as about forty of the expedition were wounded. For several days afterwards the strain upon the party was severe, all of them becoming worn out with watching day and night.

A third expedition started from the south in the *Ilala* at the end of May, consisting of twenty white men, headed by Captain Lugard, † the well-known African traveller. Dr Cross again accompanied this expedition to act as surgeon. Mr Sharpe also marched north with one hundred and ninety Tonga. At Karonga all the parties met, and several powerful chiefs came to their help. For two miles the sand was covered with the huts of friendly people. The attack on the Arabs was made at dawn on 16th June; but the story is again one of defeat and disappointment. It may be best told in the graphic words of Dr Cross:

"22nd June.—For the last few days I have been so busy with our wounded that no opportunity has presented itself of writing

* Makanjira afterwards ordered the massacre of Captain Maguire and other British officers, with the result that he was severely punished and driven from the country by the British Commissioner.

† Now Colonel Lugard, C.B.

you. Alas! I have only to record disaster. 'Attack repulsed—prepare to remove wounded,' was the message sent me after the fight had lasted for some three hours. We had moved on 16th June, and by four o'clock in the morning every company was in its position, lying in trenches around Kopa-Kopa's village. I remained at a large tree—the Doctor's tree—in charge of the baggage and ambulance goods, on a gentle eminence, about 1000 yards from the village. The attack, I knew, was to be made shortly after five. Just as the sun began to redden the east, at 5.25, a wild hurrah was raised, and immediately three hundred guns poured their volleys into the village. I can never forget the sensations that seized me that morning. Our men with a rush got up to the stockade and took it; but, alas! they could not get inside. Instead of meeting a wooden stockade, as they had anticipated, they found a mud wall three feet thick, and towering for some feet above their heads, with only small loopholes of some inches in diameter through. I climbed a tree on my right and got a view of the death-struggle, which continued for upwards of three hours, when the brave little band was compelled to fall back. The captain was shot through both arms, with a bullet wound in his chest. It was with heavy hearts that we gave up the struggle; but no time was to be lost, as the Arabs were at our heels."

How long was all this to go on? How long were the 5000 to 7000 helpless creatures around Karonga to be left to the guns of enraged Arabs? The Lakes Company, notwithstanding their rifles and men, could not drive out these inhuman slavers, who seemed to be as firmly rooted in the country as the mountains, and who showed no more indication of removal than the latter did of being melted by sunshine or overturned by storms. It was an important question, What were the missionaries and others now to do? They could not withdraw from a soil enriched by British energy and British lives. After much anxious consideration, they determined to force the question of affairs on those in authority. Our home Government was accordingly appealed to by all the missionary and benevolent societies interested to take immediate and strenuous action. But, alas! it refused to interfere in any direct way, inasmuch as the country was not British, and it could not exercise authority in it. Technically, this was correct; but the lives of Scottish missionaries and others were in danger.

Besides, the cause was one of civilisation against barbarism, of freedom against slavery—a cause, too, in which the natives were on the side of the Mission. The plain issue was whether Central Africa was to be overrun by barbarous Arabs and Mahommedans, or was to be saved to Christianity and civilisation.

The Earl of Harrowby raised a discussion on the whole question in the House of Lords on July 6th. But Lord Salisbury's concluding words gave little hope of any direct help: "All the Government could do," he said, "on the sea coast, all they could do diplomatically within the sphere of political effort in this country they would do; but the Government were certain they would only injure instead of promote their great civilising and missionary efforts if they were to convert them into a cause of war, the most exhausting, the most terrible, the least remunerative in any sense—war with the countless savages who filled those territories. They must leave the dispersal of this terrible army of wickedness to the gradual advance of civilisation and Christianity, which in these countries though slow, seemed now to be sure." While we give Government all credit for its sympathy and good intentions, the fact remains that no one cared as did the Church of Christ.

Some indirect steps were, however, taken in defence of the Missions and Trading Company. Through the Consul-General at Zanzibar, the Sultan was moved to exercise his power in the case of those Arabs who had attacked Karonga. He sequestered their property at Kilwa, until they should return and explain their conduct. Then, on the 10th August, he sent a special envoy, Ali Bin Suroor, to the spot to check the war, and to warn all Arabs around Nyasa and Tanganyika against continuing hostilities towards the missionaries and settlers there. His letter to these vile offenders is interesting:

"I have heard news of what has been done by you and others. It is very shameful to have done this at Nyasa. I send you this letter of mine to let you know that the English have been our friends from time immemorial. We like each other. But when I heard what was done to them by you my anger rose against you; and I know very well that the English people living at Nyasa are not at all inclined to do anything bad to you. These missionaries are religious people, who do not like any disturbances, and they live there to do what is good to themselves and others; and it is

very cruel of you that you should have spoiled their places; and whatever has been done badly to them is just the same as done to us . . . Go to them speedily and beg their pardon and request their forgiveness. Take care that you do not do such a thing to them again. If you do such a thing again it will be very bad for you . . . and I will stop everyone sending you goods and other necessaries. Let this be known to you.—Written by order, by his slave.—ABDUL AZIZE.”

But this envoy's mission virtually failed. The Arab leaders received him with every mark of respect, kissing his dress, and paying homage to him—and even kissing the Sultan's letter—but they would not clear out. Mlozi, especially, refused to budge, and there could be no permanent peace so long as he remained in power.

And so slavery and warfare continued to go on at the north end of the Lake. Peril and death were all around. Men and women lived in hourly fear of seizure or murder by these red-handed Arabs. Thousands of people fled to the camp at Karonga, where the presence of the missionaries and the white men gave them a sense of security. From all parts they hurried there, with all their cattle and belongings, and erected villages for themselves under the shelter of these “Englishmen.” Often they had to wait for a suitable opportunity, in order to escape Arab attacks. Usually they fled at midnight. Poor, naked, lean creatures they were, on account of the oppression they had borne, but right glad were they to be beside these Christian men. The Arabs, however, kept a sharp look-out for any friendly to the Mission or Lakes Company, and showed them little mercy. They lay in the woods around, and whenever they saw natives fleeing to the white man's camp, or creeping out from it to gather leaves, or dig for roots, or attend to their gardens, they at once fired upon them and captured their women. Dr Cross extracted many Arab bullets from the bodies of these poor creatures.

It is noteworthy that Karonga, the station around which the fierce war was raging, was principally a *trading* one. The fact is that the war was really one between the Arabs and the African Lakes Company. The missionaries, whom these Mahommedan rascals rather respected, were only involved indirectly. The Mission houses and property at Mweniwanda remained safe on the whole during this unsettled time, although the Arabs

could have destroyed them again and again, had they been inclined.

It became evident to the British Government that something would have to be done, as the conflict had now continued for about two years; and so, in the spring of 1889, Sir H. H. Johnston was sent to Karonga by the Foreign Office to negotiate the cessation of the war. He carried with him the most authoritative letters from the Sultan of Zanzibar to the Arabs on Lake Nyasa, especially to Jumbe of Kota-Kota, the Sultan's ostensible *wali* or representative. As the Arabs at Karonga were very distrustful, he arranged to meet them in a forest half-way between their nearest stockade and Karonga, stipulating that both parties should only be accompanied by a small escort. The meeting duly took place, and the terms of a treaty were read out to the Arabs. They willingly accepted it, as they had been so hemmed in within their stockades by Mr Fotheringham, that they were almost starving and very thankful to agree to any terms. In fact by this time they were so thoroughly dispirited that, even if Sir H. H. Johnston had not come, they would have been obliged to clear out within a few months. So, owing more to Mr Fotheringham's work perhaps than anything else, the treaty was forthwith signed. Peace was proclaimed on 22nd October, and the same day the British flag was hoisted with all due honours.

It was a welcome deliverance from anxiety and peril. The road between the two Lakes had been practically blocked during the war, and the missionaries had suffered a good deal, having been sometimes without food and other necessaries and driven to great straits. We need not wonder that Mr Bain died through the terrible strain, that Dr Cross returned home invalided, and that Dr Laws became dangerously ill in the beginning of 1890, being indeed nigh unto death. But in the cessation of all hostilities, God had mercy on us and on Africa.

The writer has described the Arab war and its accompanying perils. Next year Nyasaland became a British Protectorate. It has been said that from that time the Mission entered upon a period of better security. This is undoubtedly true of the regions adjoining the Lake, where life became almost as much respected as in Britain, and a great deal safer indeed at Bandawé than in Whitechapel. But still the missionaries were far from safe,

especially in outlying districts. Two such instances may here be mentioned which occurred as late as 1895.

One refers to Chikusi or Gomani, the young and ill-advised chief of the southern Ngoni. At first, this wanton disturber began to frown upon the Livlezi Mission. Then, instigated by his young and reckless counsellors, he showed his hostility in an open way. He issued an order that only *one* missionary could remain at the Station; and later on he mustered his army to exterminate the white man from his dominion. He threatened the mission party for several days, assuring them that their heads would shortly be severed, and kept them in such suspense that they despatched messengers to Fort Johnston for help. Through the officer in charge there, this troublesome chief was warned of the result of his actions, and was persuaded to remain quiet for a time. His animosity, however, culminated in his attacking the British Protectorate in 1896, and in his subsequent defeat and death.

The other instance we cull from the records of the Mwenzo Station, on the Nyasa-Tanganyika plateau, where the fort was at first bravely held by Rev. Alexander Dewar and his wife. When these two were journeying thither from Karonga, and had reached Chitipa, near Mweniwanda's, they found the whole district in a ferment, owing to the approach of a formidable army of Wemba savages, who had been instigated by the Arabs to blockade the Stevenson Road, and prevent the missionaries from interfering with the slave-trade. Many of Mr Dewar's carriers on hearing the news deserted, while the remainder absolutely refused to proceed any further. He and his wife had a trying and painful time for two and a half days, the villagers being almost frantic—brandishing and throwing their spears, shrieking wildly, and appealing most piteously to the spirits of their departed chiefs. Mr Dewar endeavoured to comfort them by telling them of the one true God who alone could hear and deliver them. At last, on hearing that the Wemba had retreated, they pushed on, but on arriving at Zoche, found it in flames, the camp fires still smoking, while three fresh skulls horribly mutilated were fixed on poles planted right across the road, the bodies having been thrown into the stream close by to poison it for the white men. Continuing their journey, they passed broken pots suspended on poles—a sign of utter contempt for white people—while at one point they

came on a barricade with trails of gunpowder. They managed to reach the Station in safety, but were kept in great anxiety for a long time owing to repeated rumours of an impending Wemba attack on them. Their house was to be plundered and burned, and Mrs Dewar carried off, while Mr Dewar was to have his eyes gouged out. Had the attack been attempted, there would have been no hope except in a hurried flight to one of the trading stations, either Fife or Kawa. But most fortunately, the Wemba were deterred, on hearing of the capture and execution of the Arab leader, Mlozi, the instigator of the whole crusade, by the British Commissioner, and in a short time changed their attitude to the Mission, leaving Mr and Mrs Dewar to breathe freely once more.

The writer has referred to wars and rumours of wars. But a greater danger still that beset the missionaries was the African fever, the country near the sea coast, and even as high up as two thousand feet above the sea, being a veritable breeding ground for it. Arab savagery could be repelled, but this could not be so easily overcome. Let a man get a chill, whether arising from cold winds, tramps through wet grass, sudden check of perspiration, or injudicious bathing, and he will speedily find himself in the grip of malarial fever. The black-water type has been found to be extremely dangerous.

This disease has dotted British Central Africa with graves, and darkened its history with sad memories. It has invalidated many a faithful missionary, and cut off others in the prime of their life. Over and over again this has happened, until now the death-roll of the Livingstonia Mission is not a short one. Dr Laws is still working on, but he has had many severe attacks of fever, the one in 1890 being almost fatal, and he has seen over a score of the Mission staff fall by his side. Filled with whole-hearted devotion to Africa, they have been cut off altogether, in the midst of malaria and solitude, and lie buried beneath Africa's soil.

It is a matter for thankfulness that as each of these noble-minded men has fallen, another has been ready to "take the colours," and has stepped eagerly to the front. It is like the old story of the conflict between two Scottish clans. As the claymores of the enemy fell heavily upon Hector's brethren, one after another of them fell. But ever the cry arose, "Another for Hector!" and always another rushed forward to fill the blank.

So, in the Livingstonia Mission, wherever there has been one vacancy, there have been two to fill it. Another for Christ, and yet another has stepped forward. The call has never been heard in vain, and the front line has never been broken.

The danger from fever was greater in earlier years, owing to the uncomfortable houses in which the missionaries were compelled to live. They had to content themselves with erections which did little more than protect them from the sun and the rain. The clay floors were very unhealthy, while the want of fireplaces rendered the houses damp during the rainy season, and more or less unfit for living in. This was shown by all leather belts, boots, and similar articles becoming mouldy in a day or two. It was the same with clothes: wherever a part had been moistened with perspiration, there mildew was sure to be found. The thatch roofs, too, were nests of malaria. Even after months of dry weather they were found to be wet, rotting and rotten in the deeper layers. Apart from the question of health, this was not a satisfactory state of matters. If there is one thing more important than another, it is that missionaries should be able to give their whole heart and soul to their work. But how can they be expected to do this, if they are not made at least moderately comfortable in their houses? When they sacrifice their home relations, willingly venture into places of barbarism, and settle down perhaps in some malarious region, it is essential for the successful carrying out of their labours that they should have healthy, comfortable dwelling-houses.

This discomfort, however, has of late years been considerably lessened. In 1891 the Livingstonia Committee, guided by the advice of Mr Thomas Binnie, of Glasgow, and Dr Elmslie, who was at home on furlough, drafted instructions for the erection of healthier houses, suitable for a Central African climate. Later on, in 1893, while Dr Laws was on furlough, the Committee gave more attention still to this subject—all the more necessary now when women missionaries were to be sent out. Since then many excellent improvements have been made. Indeed, no expense has been spared to secure the lives and comparative comfort of the heroic men and women who constitute our missionary band in these dangerous regions.

In other respects, also, the danger from fever is now not so great as it was in the early days of the Mission. Greater know-

ledge has now been secured on the subject. It is now known that there is a great range of country, from 2000 to 5000 feet above sea-level, including the Ngoni plateau, immediately to the west of the lake, where Europeans can live in tolerable comfort. Above that again, there are highlands, 7000 to 9000 feet high, where flowers of our own country grow, and the climate, so far from producing fever, can hardly be considered tropical. Every Livingstonia missionary, if at all possible, now gets a change of residence from the low level of the lake to these higher plateaus at one period or other every year; and furlough is granted at least every five years. These and other precautions have done much of late years to ward off the dangerous effects of the climate. The British Government has also taken up the matter now, in answer to a request from all quarters, missionary and commercial, as well as from the British Medical Association, and is making careful scientific investigation on the spot by means of experts, with the view of devising practical measures of prevention.

Much might be written on the sufferings of the missionaries through famine. In early days, especially, they were often in want of proper food. As a rule, no flesh food could be got stronger than fowls or goats. "The place is growing rapidly," wrote Dr Stewart in 1877, "the men are working hard, and a variety of activity altogether out of proportion to the age of the place is going on daily; but within the present month I have noticed more debility among the force than I care to see, and I attribute this to the want of sufficient and better food. I have therefore taken the bull by the horns, and ordered up from Algoa Bay a ton of flour, and about half a ton of salt beef. No man is to die for want of these things at least." This was excellent, but it was some months before these supplies arrived. Besides, such a step could not always be taken, owing to expense and difficulty of transit.

Unsuitable food is bad enough, but sore famine is worse. The Mission party have often been in the midst of such, and suffered along with the natives. "Give us this day our daily bread" has often had a significance for them that it has never had in Scotland. Mr Dewar had scarcely managed to plant the Mwenzo Station when famine overspread the district, and he was compelled to make a ten days' march into German territory in search of food for his men. Many of the natives died of starvation, whilst others

had to subsist on wild roots. Similarly, Mr A. C. Murray tells of a wide-spread famine in 1894, during which many natives succumbed. He was unable to secure much food, but what he did secure, consisting largely of the coarse bran of maize, he distributed to the starving people. On such occasions, when face to face with famine, disease, and death, the missionaries felt their utter dependence on the God of Heaven for even the barest necessities of life.

The dangers arising in Africa from wild beasts are well known. Lions, leopards, hyenas, and other savage animals prowl about even in the day time, often killing many people, injuring others, and destroying cattle. Everyone has heard of Dr Livingstone's famous encounter with a lion, which bit through his arm-bone. Similarly, his followers around Lake Nyasa have had many narrow escapes. While Dr Laws and Dr Elmslie were searching for a suitable site for the Training Institution, they were awakened one night by a lion tearing open their tent, and it was only through great presence of mind that they managed to drive off this daring king of the forest. Such attacks are exceedingly common in some districts. In 1895 the Vice-Consul at Deep Bay sent three men who had been severely lacerated by lions to Dr Laws for treatment. One of these, along with a woman and a boy, had been attacked by a family of lions. The boy escaped, and the man, with his back against a tree, kept the lions at bay, but was frightfully wounded. He managed to climb the tree, and from his position saw the woman eaten. He was four days in the tree before he ventured down and crawled to Deep Bay. Leopards are even more dangerous, and generally lurk on branches of trees overhanging a game walk. In 1895 Mr A. C. Murray had to be invalided home, owing to having been wounded by one of these beasts.

From what has already been said in this chapter, it will be seen that few people at home realize all that missionary life in such regions involves. We know that there are many missionary fields where no great sacrifices are required. There are many places where the work advances easily, where no dangers are heard of, where the dark spectres we have described are never seen. To speak of all missions as if they were subject to the same conditions would be incorrect, as if all the world had but one climate or one race. But we do say that there are missions, especially pioneer

ones, where very real and painful sacrifices are required. And this one, in the heart of the African continent, may well stand among the foremost in this respect, judging at least from its earlier history.

Have our readers ever followed the history of a missionary to these and similar parts? Let them consider what it means. Here is a Christian man interested in the spread of the Gospel. He weighs the relative claims of Christian work at home and in degraded lands, and resolves to devote his strength, his abilities, his young manhood to the latter field. He does not, perhaps, receive many expressions of sympathy or interest, but is told candidly by some that his enthusiasm is misplaced. He is even looked upon by a few with contemptuous pity. But he obeys Christ's call to the plenteous harvest of heathendom. In the prime of his days he leaves—it may be for ever—all that is dear to him at home. He gives up comfort and ease, enlightened human fellowship and brotherly relations, the charm of current literature, and the delights of civilisation—all as precious to him as to any human being. He does so under the profound conviction of duty to Christ—that Christ who has said, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," "He that forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be My disciple." He goes voluntarily into exile to a barbarous country to spend his years—and the best of his years—amid wild and often ungrateful people. He might have stayed at home, with friends on every hand, and become the honoured minister of a rich congregation, where many of God's children would wait on him for the Bread of Life and lighten his work. But instead he chooses to go where he will be deprived of all such comforts. He crosses the ocean, penetrates into the heart of heathenism, and settles down many days' journey from the nearest white man. Here he does much of the hard physical work at the Station, acquiring and reducing to writing more than one neighbouring language, and working day after day at a high pressure, in the face of enormous difficulties and dangers.

Little do some people—and good Christian people, too—think of the misrepresentations, the bitter trials and agonies, the fevered body and wearied soul which such a messenger of the Gospel has sometimes to endure. He is not a man that spends his years in Elysian comforts, as many an arm-chair critic at home does, but

oftentimes, like the first Apostle of the Gentiles, "in weariness and painfulness." He does not dwell year by year in a land of light and liberty, but in realms of horrid barbarism and revolting superstitions, amid spectacles of shame and misery.

And worst of all, perhaps, are the heartsore disappointments that fall upon him. He finds the natives so indifferent and apathetic, and after many weary months he can tell of no great work accomplished. He feels as if he were climbing a steep hill and always falling back. Sometimes in days of darkness he becomes disheartened and overwhelmed, and this, along with the almost unbearable heat, and the want of proper food, enervates his frame and saps his strength.

He pulls himself together again, perhaps, as only a hero can do, and sets out to visit his nearest brother missionary, eighty miles away, who is lying ill for want of medicine. He has to tramp all the way through great tracts of damp forest, but he gladly submits to the discomfort. When returning, he finds the rivers rapid and swollen. Rain pours down upon him for days, during which time he walks in a soaked and miserable condition. He reaches "home"—if it can be called home—but is much worse than when he left. Acute fever has got him in its grip, and after a week of restless tossing, he passes away to the land of rest. A brief reference to the fact is published in one or two of our daily papers, but most people take no notice of it, and few care anything at all about it—another instance of Henry Taylor's words—

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

All this is no fanciful picture. It has been enacted in various parts of Africa, even in the Livingstonia Mission. If the patience, faith, sacrifices, and sufferings of our Livingstonia missionaries were fully made known, they would be found to equal, if not to surpass anything yet written in African missionary chronicles.

No doubt there have been missionaries of whom these things cannot be said. Let us not seek to hide the fact. The names of some cannot be mentioned without deep regret, for they have lived anything but a noble life, and sunk into unhonoured graves. But such instances are strange, as they are sad. Let us not judge the ninety and nine by the one that leaves the fold. There are sincere, faithful souls, who are striving in foreign parts for the good of men, and of whom the world is not worthy. Would that

men and women could realise the value of an honest missionary! What a type of noble manhood he is! Instead of ignorantly heaping ridicule upon this Divine work, they would then feel glad that in addition to war-drums and battle-cries, in the presence of the slave-driver's lash, and amid the selfishness of unsanctified commerce, there is in many a dark place of the earth at least one calm, unselfish, chivalrous man, who is teaching a nobler life, denouncing evil customs, protesting against vile laws, and fighting without bloodshed for the oppressed and down-trodden people. We know that a few travellers have said hard things against missionaries, but if that hero of travel, Mr H. M. Stanley, confessed to having "ill-understood them many and many a time," very probably there are many more in the same category.

Verily, men who thus take their lives in their hands for the good of their fellow-men, and whose work is a record of tears and life's blood spent for that great object, are the true heroes of the world. They are imitators of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. They are followers of the most magnificent and perfect standard of human life.

CHAPTER XVII

OUR CLAIM TO NYASALAND

IN sketching the history of a Central African Mission, it is necessary that something should be said about Britain's influence in these parts, and the assistance she has given to our missionaries. At present Britain possesses about two and a half millions of square miles in Africa, including the region immediately to the west of Lake Nyasa, where our Livingstonia missionaries are labouring. Her possession of this region, connecting her Protectorate on the Upper Nile with her Empire south of the Zambesi, is unquestionably due to the existence of British missionaries there, without whom the whole of it would have fallen to Portugal or Germany.

Not long after the settlement of our missionaries at Bandawé Britain strengthened her footing in the district, principally in answer to the repeated requests of the missionary bodies interested. The deputation of missionary and commercial agents which visited the Foreign Office in February 1885, immediately after the Berlin Conference, had as its object not merely the abolishing of slavery in the Shiré-Nyasa-Tanganyika region, but also the declaration of that whole district as British in the line of what Lord Derby was asked to concede so early as 1875; and not merely by personal visits at the Foreign Office, but by joint memorials from all the churches and societies interested, Her Majesty's Government was again and again requested to take action in the matter. British protection and administration were not objected to by the natives—they were even desired by them, because of the respect which they had for the "English."

But before 1885 was far advanced, it was evident that stronger measures would have to be taken, and as speedily as possible, if British interests in Nyasaland were to be safeguarded. For all Europe had by this time come to realise the existence of Africa, measuring about 5000 miles in length, and nearly as much in breadth, and having an area of about 12,000,000 square miles.

Ever since the three months' sitting of the Berlin Conference, at which representatives from about twenty nations were present, this huge Continent had become specially interesting to all civilized countries. Its millions of naked, barbarous human beings, continually fighting among themselves, and being murdered by prowling Arabs, claimed their attention. Its grain also, its ivory, gold, and slaves had an extraordinary interest; and it is not surprising that the most powerful European Governments were anxious for a share of this remarkable land, with such vast possibilities of future gain hidden within it. Portugal, France, and Germany, in their scramble for new and fertile territory, all began to lay claim, in some way, to East Central Africa, Nyasaland included. "Thoughts of this period," says Stanley, "from 1885 to 1890, remind me of the way my black fellows used to rush with gleaming knives for slaughtered game during our travels." In fact, the whole affair would have been somewhat amusing if it had not been for the serious aspect of it.

Portugal, especially, used all her power to secure Nyasaland, being desirous, among other things, of a new opening for her trade, which was in a deplorable state at Kilimane and on the Zambesi. For several years she had pursued an aggressive policy on the Shiré. As early as 1882 the Governor of Mozambique had attempted to advance Portuguese limits to a distance of about sixty miles up the Shiré Valley, although Her Majesty's Foreign Office had insisted for years before that Portuguese rule did not extend beyond the mouth of the Shiré; and the Governor would have asserted this new position by force of arms, and advanced it further, if it had not been for the timely interference of the Lakes Company and the missionaries. Later on the Portuguese made various ineffectual attempts at annexation. Just before the death of Mponda in 1886, they sent up to him to say that the country was to be put under Portuguese authority, that he would be allowed to rule his own territory, subject to Portuguese control, and that no resistance need be offered, as they were coming with thirty ships to enforce their rule. It was evident that Portugal intended at the first suitable opportunity to place the whole Shiré region under the Portuguese flag.

Of all the nations, however, anxious for African territory, Britain had certainly the greatest right to Nyasaland. In fact, it was in a special sense the *protégé* of Britain, a kind of Scotland in Africa,

bound to this country not only by traditions of Livingstone, but also by long years of noble effort and lavish expenditure; and it was but right that Britain, with her strong arm and pitiful heart, should look after her own.

Strenuous efforts were therefore made at this time to prevent Portugal or any other country stepping in. In February 1886, a conference was held in the offices of the African Lakes Company, Glasgow, at which Consul O'Neill of Mozambique, Dr Laws, and all parties interested in the Shiré and Nyasa districts were represented. As a result, a petition was forwarded to Lord Rosebery, then Foreign Minister, requesting him to take measures to obtain from the Portuguese Government commercial and frontier arrangements for Nyasaland similar to those incorporated in the lapsed Congo Treaty, which would leave the British community there in undisturbed possession. Public meetings were also held in various cities, and repeated representations made to Government on the matter. Then, in the end of the year, a two days' conference was held in London, calling once more upon Her Majesty's Government to consider the matter and lay claim at once to the Nyasa territory, gifted to Britain by David Livingstone and occupied by his followers. Again, in February 1887, large meetings, under the united auspices of the three Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, the Lakes Company, and the Scottish Geographical Society, were held in Edinburgh and Glasgow with the same end in view.

But in 1887, about the time of the Arab war at the north end of the Lake, there began a period of serious international turmoil in connection with the matter. The writer need not refer to this, except briefly as bearing on the Livingstonia Mission and British influence in Nyasaland.

The Portuguese Government was the first to openly interfere with the *status quo* by gravely increasing the difficulties in the way of British authority at the Lake, turning out to be an assailant as dangerous as the Arab man-stealer and more insidious. It put into execution its oft repeated threat to inflict a commercial tariff of such a kind as would make British existence there an impossibility. It virtually closed the mouth of the great Zambesi river, the only waterway into Nyasaland, declaring it to be under Portuguese control, and forbidding the use of it to all vessels unless these were owned and manned by Portuguese. Its author-

ities actually seized the stern-wheel steamer, the *James Stevenson*, belonging to the Lakes Company; and although it was afterwards released, in consequence of the intervention of Her Majesty's Government, it was intimated that within four months the vessel would have to be transferred to Portuguese owners.

This was unreasonable, for, according to a tariff, fixed at Mozambique in 1877 by the Lisbon Government, the freedom of the Zambesi—or Luabo, as the Portuguese call it—and the Shiré had been granted to Europeans on the payment of a small transit duty of three per cent. *ad valorem*; and from that time, British goods for missionary and commercial purposes had been taken up the country on these terms, and British vessels had steamed up the rivers without any opposition. It was owing, indeed, to this satisfactory tariff arrangement, and with the approval of the Portuguese Government, that the African Lakes Company had been formed in 1878. The promoters of the Company had every reason to expect that there would be no prohibition of transit in the future, and that the Mozambique tariff would be permanent. But now this amicable arrangement was to come to an end, and all missionary and commercial labours along with it. A prohibitive tariff of ten per cent. was to be imposed, and the territories of the Zambesi were to be exploited for the exclusive advantage of Portugal, instead of being open to the whole world, as hitherto. The lives and welfare of the Scottish missionaries, which depended largely on the unrestricted entrance of supplies from the coast, seemed to be of little consequence.

On communication being opened up with Portugal, it was found not only that she considered the Zambesi a Portuguese river, over which she had complete freedom of action, but that she claimed, by right of prior discovery, the whole of Nyasaland, as far north as Kota-Kota on the west of the Lake and the Rovuma River on the east. This was a decided blow to the Livingstonia Mission, and it came, alas! at a time when the missionaries were in deep water with the storms of Arab persecution. It was no pleasant thing to be beset behind and before—to be attacked on the one side by Arab desperadoes, whose depopulating inroads were the curse of Central Africa, and to be assailed on the other side, more insidiously but not less dangerously, by the Portuguese authorities, who were anxious to reap the fruits of Scottish missionary and commercial labours.

The claim of Portugal was objected to for several reasons. In the first place, it was known that the sovereignty of the Portuguese would not prove an unmixed blessing. Many of their settlements in Africa had had a corrupt and contaminating influence, being largely made up of convicts. The very worst results had followed from the introduction of such settlers near the coast, and the presence of such men among tribes under the influence of British missions would be a deplorable event. The Portuguese were believed to have an indirect sympathy with slavery—as Livingstone and our own missionaries had observed—and they might continue to uphold this species of villainy. They would introduce strong drink to the ruin of the country; they would oppress the natives to their own selfish ends; they would throw the door wide open to Papal emissaries and their attendant evils; and they would effectually put a stop to British commerce and Protestant missionary enterprise, as they were already trying to do. Without doubt, if the future of Nyasaland depended, as it certainly did, on the civilising and Christianising capacity of the European nation that took it in hand, then Portugal had proved her utter unfitness for the task; and it was in the interests of Africa and of mankind at large that an effectual *caveat* should be entered against the claims of this decaying little State to carry into these regions the paralysing and degrading influence which she had exercised in the Zambesi delta.

In particular, however, the claim was unjust, and no more to be regarded than the famous Papal brief of four hundred years ago, which partitioned the new world between Portugal and Spain, for all unbiassed authorities were agreed that Britain had the only reasonable right to the territory. The case for Portugal may be briefly stated. About four centuries ago the Portuguese had taken possession of part of the eastern coast. They had founded the colony of Mozambique as early as 1497, and had settled down at a few isolated points, being assisted largely by the Canares or half-caste natives of Goa, in India. They had also explored the Zambesi for about four hundred miles, founding Sena, Tete, Zumbo, and other trading stations on its banks. Now and again, too, in these palmy days, Portuguese “conquistadores” and ivory traders had wandered from the Zambesi to barter amidst neighbouring tribes, penetrating westward into the region of the Batoka, and northwards to the Maravi country and the watershed of Lake

Nyasa, where they discovered the gold deposits of Misale, which they worked for about a hundred years. In the seventeenth century, a Portuguese named Jasper Bocarro, is stated to have carried samples of Zambesi silver overland from Tete to Malindi, a Portuguese town to the north of Mombasa—being thus the first European who crossed the upper Shiré river. At the end of the eighteenth century, Dr Lacerda, a distinguished Portuguese scientist from Coimbra University, is said to have headed an expedition of seventy-five white Portuguese and journeyed from Tete to Kazembe's country, adjoining Lake Mweru, accompanied by two Goanese named Pereira, who had previously been there on a gold-hunting expedition. Later on, other Portuguese travellers are said to have visited Kazembe's country and rambled over much of South Central Africa, but like their predecessors, except Dr Lacerda, none of them possessed any scientific qualifications, or left behind them any political influence.

But all the same, whatever may have happened centuries ago, the jurisdiction of Portugal was now mainly limited to the coast. Up the river, and especially away inland, she exercised no sway—a fact which was fully confirmed by an exhaustive examination made by Professor Batalha Reis on behalf of the Portuguese Government. Nyasaland, in particular, was entirely beyond her limits, as she could show neither occupation nor political supremacy there on which to found her claim. In 1863, when Bishop Tozer was robbed at Morambala, near the confluence of the Zambesi and Shiré, and applied to the Governor of Sena for redress, the latter replied that Morambala was outside Portuguese jurisdiction. Even as late as 1884 Portugal had her fiscal frontier at Chimwara, near the mouth of the Shiré, where goods in transit were verified as being for the interior. Moreover, by the Congo Treaty of 1884, she formally, and without reluctance, admitted that she had no valid claim to Nyasaland, and was ready to arrange that her claim should not pass beyond the confluence of the Ruo and Shiré rivers. Although this treaty was never ratified, owing to a mistake in regard to the Congo, and, technically speaking, was not in force, it was a tangible record of the views of the two Governments, and was morally and diplomatically binding upon Portugal.

On the other hand, the case for Britain was based upon the right of discovery, right of occupation, right of administration, and

right of treaty. Thirty years before this, Dr Livingstone, on his second expedition, had explored the Zambesi by appointment of the British Government, being commissioned to open it up as a waterway to the interior. He was the bearer of a despatch from the Earl of Clarendon to Sekeletu (who at that time was considered the paramount chief on the Zambesi) saying, "This is, as all men know, God's pathway; and you will, we trust, do all that you can to keep it a free pathway for all nations, and let no one be molested when travelling on the river." At this time the Shiré tributary was unknown to the Portuguese except in its lower parts; but, along with Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., he made three successive trips on this river, tracing it to its source and bringing to light the magnificent inland sea of Lake Nyasa*; and he also searched the whole district on foot, discovering Lake Shirwa and many other geographical features. In fact, he spent about five years at this time, amid extraordinary difficulties, in a persistent exploration of the Zambesi, the Shiré Valley, and Lake Nyasa. Subsequently, on his third expedition, he travelled westward beyond the great Luangwa River, discovering Lake Tanganyika, Lake Mweru, the Luapula River, and Lake Bangweolo. Most of the district, indeed, which Portugal was now claiming, was discovered and thrown open by this distinguished Scotch Missionary. "The country," he said, "is now open; do not let it be shut again."

With this great waterway opened up, Britain then engaged through her missionaries to respond to God's call, and bring Christianity and peace to the down-trodden land. England and Scotland, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, missionaries and traders united in the noble effort. They wrought hard to improve the condition of the people, and were now working harder still—working at high pressure—not only on the shores of Lake Nyasa, but on its islands also, and on the uplands to the west and east. The Scotch Churches had now fifty representatives in actual occupation of the land, the English Universities' Mission some eighteen representatives, and the Lakes Company over twenty-five; while Messrs Buchanan Brothers had many workers at Zomba, where

* It has been asserted that the servants of a Portuguese subject pointed out the Lake to Livingstone; but this has been abundantly disproved by a letter from Sir John Kirk himself in the *Times* of January 7th, 1890, in which he shows that "there is not the smallest foundation of truth in the statement."

the British Consulate was situated. The chiefs were being instructed in methods of civilisation, schools were spread over the country, the various languages were being reduced to writing, commerce was steadily developing, the tribes were beginning to see the unprofitableness of selling their sons and daughters, and the name of Christ was being written on the hearts of thousands who once lived in ignorance and savagery. The missionary societies, commercial companies, and others interested, had spent about half a million sterling in this work, and had sacrificed many lives in carrying it on.

Such was Britain's claim. The writer has no desire to cast unjust aspersions upon the Portuguese, or to misrepresent their motives, as was often done in the British press during this acute time. Nevertheless, the reader will see that Portugal, with no apparent missionary or benevolent interest, was now attempting to drive Britain from these fertile regions, opened by Dr Livingstone, and possessed by these British missionaries and merchants for so many years! And it was not a matter affecting the Livingstone Mission only: the Blantyre Mission of the Established Church in the Shiré district, the English Universities' Mission in East Nyasa, and the commercial companies were alike sufferers.

This was a matter, therefore, that required strict and immediate settlement in the interests of missionary and commercial progress. It would not do to walk out of Nyasaland because Portugal was anxious to walk in. "It will be better," wrote Horace Waller, "if we put our backs to the door-post, and insist that, inasmuch as it has taken nearly thirty years to force open this door into savagedom, without demur or protest on the part of Portugal, it is not going to be closed now. By everything that is British, it cannot be, and, by all the interests present and to come—which are British—it must not be."* It would certainly have been a scandal and an undying disgrace to the countrymen of Livingstone if they had allowed the fruits of his labours to be wasted and destroyed without lifting a finger or uttering a word to save them.

Efforts were made without delay to lay the matter before the public, and influence the British Government. These efforts were made by all the Churches and societies interested—the three

* "Title-Deeds to Nyasaland," by Horace Waller, F.R.G.S., p. 37.



MOUNT WALLER FROM THE WEST.



Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, the Universities' Mission, the Lakes Company, and Messrs Buchanan and Company of Mount Zomba. They did not plead so much for a British Protectorate, or that the country should be annexed, as that they should be freed from Portuguese interference, and left alone to do their own work. They made it known that they did not object to Government taking any action that it thought best, so long as the proprietary rights of the Missions were recognised, and the freedom to carry on work were guaranteed to the Missions as well as to the Lakes Company, through whom the Missions received supplies; and if such guarantees were given as would secure the free navigation of the Zambesi and its affluents, with not more than a three per cent. tariff, the protection of the natives against the introduction of intoxicating liquors, and the suppression of the slave-trade.

In a memorial to Government in 1888, in connection with the Arab war, this whole matter was referred to. Government was especially asked to "secure free or favourable transit as speedily as possible for British goods in British vessels from the coast into the interior," and to "declare Nyasaland, from the Ruo river northwards, a sphere of British influence." Representatives from the Churches and societies interested also held a most important and influential conference at Westminster, on 24th April 1888, with members of both Houses of Parliament. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Aberdeen took part. Then, three days afterwards, the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, received at a confidential interview the representatives of the three Missions and of the Societies interested. As Foreign Secretary, he promised that an unimpeded waterway would be opened up as soon as possible, and that Portugal would not be allowed to interfere with Nyasaland. He was alive to the dangers that would otherwise result, and was anxious to act for the highest interests and the good of all parties concerned. A conference on the matter was also held in Manchester on 18th May, under the auspices of the Geographical Society there, at which resolutions were passed, urging upon the Government the necessity of taking immediate action. Dr Greenwood, Principal of Owen's College, presided, and was supported by Bishop Smithies, Professor Lindsay, Rev. Horace Waller, Dr Cust, Rev L. Scott, and many others interested in Nyasaland.

In the House of Commons distinct and definite assurances were repeatedly given by Sir James Ferguson to the effect that the Government did not recognise the unlimited claims of Portugal to the Zambesi river or to Nyasa territory. In the House of Lords, too, on July 6th, Lord Salisbury said, "The conduct of Portugal cannot be spoken of without considerable blame. It is claimed that Portugal has the right to all that zone stretching from Mozambique on the Indian Ocean to Angola on the Atlantic, but the claim can only be made by some extraordinary doctrine of constructive acquisition. I believe it rests on a decree of Pope Alexander VI., of saintly memory ; but how far that can be admitted as an international ground I will not discuss. France and Germany have admitted the claim of Portugal, subject to any rights other Powers may have ; this country has not. But upon this claim Portugal builds a further claim—that the Zambesi is hers also. But there is territory beyond, which is not Portuguese, and with which we have some connection ; and we have also interests of an undefined, though very interesting, character with respect to those splendid movements of British energy and enthusiasm shown on Lake Nyasa ; and the Government has informed Portugal that we are unable to admit this claim to the possession of the Zambesi." These and other pledges from Government gave much hope to all concerned, especially as it was at this time that the Lakes Company were threatened by armed Arabs around Karonga, and its brave little party of agents, who had ordered up ammunition from Natal and Zanzibar, could not get it up the river to defend their lives and property.

But Portugal continued to insist on her claim, and thus difficulties and complications arose. The Portuguese Government presented folios of traditions claiming the honour of discovering Lake Nyasa. It brought to light dubious titles to Central Africa, gleaned out of ancient maps and books of travel ; and it went back four hundred years to the adventures of Vasco de Gama and other long-forgotten exploits—all of which were mere archæological arguments, proving that there was a time when Portugal knew something of the geography of the inland regions, but had forgotten it until Livingstone and his successors revealed it anew to the world. It was out of reason to revert to conditions that problematically existed in a former age, and ignore all that had

happened since. The fact of essential importance was that Nyasaland was not under the effective government or occupation of Portugal, and that if any part of Central Africa ever was so, which was very doubtful, that occupation had ceased during an interval of more than two centuries. All that time the Portuguese authorities had made no offer to establish even the semblance of an effective government, or to commence the restoration of their alleged dominion.

Yet, with a persistence so great as to be hardly described, Portugal protested that she was in the right, although there was little doubt that Portuguese officials had never seen Nyasaland until two or three years before this question arose; and, in spite of remonstrances from Britain, she continued to retard British progress and civilisation around the Lake. Several months passed away; and although the Government had repeatedly pledged themselves to help the missionaries, the Zambesi still continued to be closed as tight as ever, and negotiations seemed to be no further advanced. Britain was halting, while Portugal was advancing with unusual energy. The Mozambique authorities despatched Lieutenant Cardoso, in the end of 1888, with a mixed multitude of Inhambane natives and others to the southern end of Lake Nyasa, to take immediate possession by founding a Portuguese colony there; and a "religious mission," consisting of Jesuit priests, was appointed to co-operate. All this led to continued remonstrances on the part of missionaries, traders, and other friends. "Nothing can possibly be more murderously wicked," wrote Horace Waller in his usual energetic manner, "than to raise up the hearts and hopes of these unfortunate tribes of Africa, only to dash every aspiration to pieces—to double their darkness by suddenly flashing a lamp and then putting it out. Why send your Livingstones, your Kirks, your Mackenzies? Why subscribe your tens of thousands to fortify your African Lakes Company and your splendid missions on lake and shore, and then, when the pinch comes—as come it always will—why mismanage in this way?"*

At the beginning of 1889, however, Her Majesty's Government took a step forward by appointing Sir H. H. Johnston to visit Lisbon, and by personal intercourse with the Portuguese authorities, endeavour to bring about some settlement of the matter. He

* "Some African Entanglements," p. 6.

spent about six weeks there, in conjunction with Sir George Petre, discussing the subject and drawing up a draft arrangement acceptable to the Portuguese Foreign Minister. This draft, however, was really a compromise, and did not exclude the Shiré Highlands from Portuguese rule. It might, perhaps, have been altered in that respect and made satisfactory; but the British Government was not inclined to bring the matter to an immediate conclusion, owing partly to the impossibility of reaching Nyasaland without first passing through Portuguese territory at Kilimane, and partly to financial difficulties in the way of administering such inland regions.

Matters in Africa, instead of improving during 1889, grew worse than ever. The Mission was not merely troubled with Portuguese aggression and with ruthless interference of its traffic on the waterway, but supplies and correspondence were hindered and obstructed. Letters, both private and official, were either confiscated or kept back at Kilimane. Missionary property was detained on the river. A piece of high-handed aggression also took place, a Portuguese expedition under Major Serpa Pinto, consisting of nine hundred soldiers, most of them Zulus and convicts, being moved forward from Kilimane towards Lake Nyasa. According to explanations given by the Portuguese Foreign Minister, this imposing expedition was only a scientific one, and intended for the Upper Zambesi and the Luangwa River; but instead, it entered the Shiré, and proceeded northwards to the Makololo region, with the secret object of annexing the headquarters of the whole country, viz., the healthy uplands of Mandala, Blantyre, and Zomba, including the road made by James Stewart, C.E., at the cost of the Free and Established Churches. It was a crisis. The Church could not plunge the country into war to gain its point: it rather looked anxiously for a conciliatory outcome. But if diplomatic correspondence were to fail, what was to be done?

During this vexatious time, correspondence continued to go on between a large joint-committee of the three Presbyteries in Edinburgh and Her Majesty's Government. Lord Salisbury gave further assurance that he would settle the matter favourably, but nothing practical seemed to be done. Additional strenuous efforts were therefore made by the missionary and other bodies. A large public meeting was held in Edinburgh on February 25th, 1889,

when it was unanimously agreed to appoint a deputation "to wait upon Lord Salisbury and lay before him the views of the meeting." This deputation, consisting of representatives from all the bodies concerned, was called to London on April 12th, on a few hours' notice. Dr George Smith, the principal spokesman, laid before the Premier very plainly the state of feeling in Scotland, and assured him that no compromise with Portugal was possible, and that the existing state of things was much to be preferred to any recognition of Portuguese supremacy, however slight. Three days after this interview another public meeting was held in Glasgow, presided over by the Lord Provost, Sir James King, Bart., at which there was strong speaking on the subject. Large public meetings were also held in other cities to the same effect; and then, on 17th May, another deputation was received by Lord Salisbury, backed up by a contingent of some of the most earnest and thoughtful of the Scotch Peers, as well as a goodly number of Scotch Members of Parliament. A memorial was presented, signed by upwards of eleven thousand ministers and elders, urging the Government to take steps to secure a satisfactory settlement of the question. In reply, Lord Salisbury practically stated that nothing could be done. The obstruction on the Zambesi, caused by high tariff dues and prohibitory regulations, must remain so long as Portugal, who held the sea-board, chose to have it so; while in regard to Portuguese annexation in Nyasaland, all fears of such a thing, he believed, were groundless. "I should as soon expect to be told," he said, "that there is a danger that Portugal will sail into Table Bay and annex Capetown. There is no danger of any such thing." This was a strange response in view of the fact that Major Serpa Pinto's warlike expedition was at this time *en route* to Lake Nyasa with the intention of annexing the country. As Lord Salisbury discovered afterwards, the missionaries were right.

The outlook was very dark. But, fortunately, it was about this time—the spring of 1889—that an important discovery was made known to the world, which completely altered the whole political aspect of the matter, and led the Government to a speedy decision. The greatest difficulty had been the fact that Nyasaland could only be advantageously approached from the outer world by Kilimane and the Kwakwa River, thus necessitating a preliminary journey through Portuguese territory before reaching the Zambesi,

and giving Portugal the opportunity, which it had so well used, of inflicting heavy custom duties and placing serious hindrances in the way of British immigration. Her Majesty's Government had repeatedly asserted the freedom of the Zambesi as an international highway and Britain's right in some way to Nyasaland, but had been hampered in the formation of any decisive policy by this apparently insuperable difficulty. Fortunately, however, at this time Mr Daniel J. Rankin, who had been exploring the Zambesi delta under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, discovered the Chinde mouth, and found that it had a short and safe bar, with, at least, seventeen feet of water at high tide. This navigability of the Chinde River was a discovery of the greatest political importance, as it threw the inland regions wide open to Britain without the necessity of touching Portuguese soil.

This new circumstance, together with promises of financial and other help made by the British South Africa Company, which was at this time in process of formation, dispelled all anxieties. Her Majesty's Government now felt justified in forming Nyasaland and all the adjoining regions of Central Africa north of the Zambesi into a British sphere of influence. Sir H. H. Johnston was accordingly sent out in the summer of 1889 to Nyasaland to take measures to secure the country north of the Ruo from Portuguese aggression by concluding treaties of friendship with the native chiefs. He crossed the bar of the Chinde without difficulty in H.M.S. *Stork*, to the surprise of the Portuguese officials at Mozambique and the unbounded astonishment of the natives, who had never seen so large a vessel enter before. On proceeding up the Shiré, he found Serpa Pinto's formidable expedition encamped near the Ruo with the intention of entering the Makololo territory and seizing South Nyasaland; but pushing on before it, he managed to conclude treaties with all the Makololo and Yao chiefs in favour of Britain; and then proceeded to the north end of the Lake.

The Portuguese, however, determined to conquer. In the absence of Sir H. H. Johnston at the north end, Serpa Pinto's Lieutenant, named Coutinho, suddenly crossed the Ruo at the head of four thousand men armed with Gatling guns, seized Chiromo, which he strongly fortified, and marched up both sides of the Shiré, driving the Makololo before him, and destroying

many of their villages—and all this under the pretext of preparing maps and making a survey for a Shiré railway! His forces advanced as far as Katunga (Port-Blantyre), violently hauling down the British flags, and were about to occupy Blantyre, when Lord Salisbury saw the necessity of taking strict action. He was convinced that the time had come when his measures for the protection of British rights in Nyasaland must take a more effective shape than that of diplomatic negotiation at Lisbon, or the interchange of long dispatches with the Portuguese Foreign Minister. Now that an appeal to force had been made by Portugal, only one course remained open. He dispatched an Ultimatum on January 11th, 1890, demanding the recall of the Portuguese forces, officials, and expeditions of any kind whatsoever from the banks of the Shiré river beyond the confluence of the Ruo. This immediately put a stop to all further aggression, and compelled the Portuguese to withdraw to their own territory.

In spite of Portuguese pretensions, treaties in favour of Britain were concluded throughout all Nyasaland and away on the Nyasa-Tanganyika Plateau, some of the tribes welcoming British protection with expressions of the warmest friendship and enthusiasm—thanks to the benevolent and Christian work of our missionaries. With the energetic assistance of Mr Alfred Sharpe, and shortly afterwards of Mr Joseph Thomson, treaties were also made with all the powerful native chiefs on the Central Zambesi and Luangwa River, and in the regions adjoining Lake Mweru. Before much of 1890 had passed away, a sphere of British influence was established from the Ruo River, all over the Shiré Highlands and Nyasaland, and up to Lake Tanganyika and the Congo Free State, ever afterwards to be organised administratively as “British Central Africa.” This excellent result was undoubtedly due to the representations to Government so persistently made in public and private by the missionary and other bodies interested.

As might be expected, the result spoilt a pretty plan of the Papacy. It turned out that Cardinal Lavigerie, the founder of the “White Fathers,” who had made themselves so prominent at Uganda, had made arrangements with the King of Portugal to occupy the new “Portuguese Provinces of the Shiré and Nyasa.” As early as July 1889 a most imposing function had been held at Algiers, when, in the presence of over one hundred ecclesiastics,

and amid a crowd of the laity, with gorgeous processions and magnificent music (in which the Portuguese National Hymn was prominent), six missionaries were consecrated for Nyasaland. Cardinal Lavigerie, who performed the act of consecration, referred to the splendid work of those devout sons of the Church, Lieutenant Cardoso and Serpa Pinto. This was significant, and we all understand what it would have meant. Romish missionaries armed with powers partly from Rome and partly from Lisbon would have flooded the country, and interfered most intolerably with the Protestant work there, making sedulous and systematic efforts to seduce the converts, as they had done in Uganda and other parts. It is strange that, with all wide Africa before them, they should have adopted such unworthy tactics. It cannot be called magnanimous, but it proves that the Romish Church was not sleeping while Africa was opening up.

It still remained to make definite arrangements with the Portuguese regarding the exact delimitation of the country, the use of the rivers, and other matters. These arrangements could not be made at once, and were hindered by the long-delayed settlement of an Anglo-Portuguese Convention. But in May 1891, a final agreement was arrived at. We have not space to make any extracts from the treaty, but Nyasaland was therein declared British, and the missionary and commercial stations were made independent of Portugal for ever. Free navigation was secured for British vessels on the Zambesi and Shiré rivers while the former was also thrown open as an international highway to vessels of every flag.

Not long after this amicable settlement with Portugal, there were difficulties which arose with Germany, which claimed to develop her East African settlements from Uganda to the Rovuma River, with the rights of colonisation to Tanganyika and the northern shores of Lake Nyasa. So far as the Livingstonia Mission was concerned, the chief difficulty was regarding the territory in the north of Nyasaland, lying between the two Lakes and crossed by the Stevenson Road. There seemed to be a great probability of Germany taking possession both of this fine Plateau and of the beautiful Konde country at the extreme north of the Lake. On learning this, the Assembly of 1890, in its Deliverance on Foreign Missions, deprecated any attempt to hand over this region, so long in British possession, and marked with the graves

of those who had fallen in opening it up, and they directed the Committee to memorialise Government on the matter. Livingstone had discovered and pointed out this neck of land as part of the great highway to Central Africa. Our missionaries had explored it, had found favour with the people, had constructed the road at immense cost and peril, and were busy carrying the Gospel along it. It was but right, therefore, that this whole region should be preserved from other hands, and given over to British enterprise.

Negotiations were at this time being carried on at Berlin with the view of harmonising the rival claims of the two countries to various disputed territories in Africa, and representations were accordingly made to the British Government by all parties concerned. The Free Church Foreign Mission Committee entered into correspondence with Lord Salisbury and Sir H. Percy Anderson. Public action was likewise taken; but the result, made known in July 1890, was a disappointment to the Mission, for the Songwe River was made the delimiting line, and thus only part of the Konde district was placed within the British sphere. The healthy part at the extreme north of the Lake, in which lay the Kararamuka Mission Station, was sacrificed to Germany. The Foreign Mission Committee strenuously endeavoured to have the matter altered, but without success. Dr Stewart of Lovedale, who happened to be home on furlough at the time, waited on the African Department at the Foreign Office, and submitted a memorandum asking a satisfactory rectification of the boundary line. Later on Dr Kerr Cross and Mr Monteith-Fotheringham did the same. But the Foreign Office declared it impossible to re-open the question, and so the matter ended.

The general result obtained, however, both with Portugal and Germany, in the delimitation of spheres of influence was satisfactory and gratifying. It placed the Missions on a better footing, producing a feeling of security in their work, and it put an end to a situation which had become perfectly untenable in the Lake regions of Central Africa. A stretch of country, of about 500,000 square miles, which extended up to the river Songwe, and included the rich table-land between the two Lakes, and the district of Lake Bangweolo, where Livingstone died, was now declared to be British territory—bounded on the east by German and Portuguese

possessions, on the north by the Congo Free State and German East Africa, and on the west by the Portuguese Province of Angola. The small eastern portion of this immense territory was made a Protectorate, to be administered directly by the Imperial Government, while the rest was handed over to the British South Africa Company.

CHAPTER XVIII

EVANGELISTIC AND OTHER WORK

THE writer has sketched the marvellous extension of the Mission, from Bandawé, as a centre, into wild Ngoniland and other far-off regions, and shown its Divine influence on slavery, war, superstition, and other evils rampant in the country. But it must be remembered that during all this time, while the missionaries were planting Stations on every hand and opposing Africa's evils, they were also doing a noble work of a more direct kind—preaching the Gospel in all its living power, healing the sick, imparting a Christian education, and leading the people into civilisation. The rapid progress made in this fourfold work since 1881, when they removed to Bandawé, is nothing short of miraculous, proving how faithfully and heroically they have wrought day after day for the good of Central Africa, “becoming all things to all men, that they might by all means save some.” A glance at the work accomplished since that date will convince the reader of this.

EVANGELISTIC

As stated in a previous chapter, the Evangelistic Department was the principal one. It was, of course, conducted to a much wider extent at Bandawé than at Cape Maclear, owing to the large number of populous villages in the immediate neighbourhood. The missionaries not only held regular services at the Bandawé Station, but carried the Gospel tidings into these surrounding villages. The work was by no means easy, for the whole district was enveloped in a moral and spiritual midnight, in which debasing superstition and other evil powers reigned supreme; so that their preaching was constantly hindered, their lives were often imperilled, and their way was blocked by difficulties almost insuperable. But they laboured patiently and persistently amid the darkness, trusting in the supreme power of heaven, and

being as sure of the final result as they were of the earth beneath and the stars overhead.

As an instance of what was regularly done around Bandawé as soon as the missionaries had removed to that place, we quote a few lines from a letter of Dr Hannington's, written in 1881. "The Sabbath School is held at seven o'clock morning. The regular service is held about half-past nine in the open air. There was a large number present. No doubt, curiosity brought many of them; still, some word may have found lodgment in their hearts, and it shows us that there are in our vicinity many souls for whom we must labour and pray. In the afternoon no fewer than eight meetings were held in the surrounding district. The members of the Mission Staff go in different directions, each accompanied by one or more of the natives who have been longest in connection with the Mission. I accompanied Dr Laws. We walked out into the country for about three quarters of an hour; then, near to one of the villages, we took our seat in the shade of a tree, while the natives gathered from two or three of the nearest villages, till there would be between seventy and eighty. Some verses of a hymn were sung, prayer offered, and a short address given; then the meeting was closed by singing, followed by the Lord's Prayer, in which all engaged. We next went to another village at some distance, and there a similar meeting was held, at which about one hundred and fifty were present. From that we proceeded to a third village, where also there was a very good meeting. Mr Sutherland, William Koyi, Mr M'Callum, and Albert were out in other directions. In the evening we had a very refreshing service in English, when Dr Laws spoke from the verse, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill to men.'"

After much arduous labour of this kind, there were unmistakable signs that the Gospel was making itself felt. As it wrought triumphant changes among Goths and Huns, Celts and Slavonians, and wherever it has been established, so it regenerated some of the most depraved on the shores of Nyasa, transformed their character, vivified their hearts with a divine life, and emancipated them from the thralldom of heathenism. On July 17th, 1882, the second convert, Mvula, was baptised, and, five months afterwards, other three made a similar public confession of their faith in Christ. It was a few months later that Professor Henry

Drummond visited Bandawé, and had the happiness of sitting down at the Lord's Table with these dark-skinned children of Nyasa. "I cherish no more sacred memory of my life," he says, "than that of a Communion Service in the little Bandawé church, when the sacramental cup was handed to me by the bare black arm of a native communicant—a communicant whose life, tested afterwards in many an hour of trial with me on the Tanganyika Plateau, gave him perhaps a better right to be there than any of us."* Thus the work advanced year after year, silently and surely, until, ten years after the missionaries had settled at Bandawé, there were over one hundred communicants, and nearly two hundred candidates for baptism.

The missionaries received much valuable assistance from the converts, who themselves became ardent evangelists, and did all in their power to spread the Gospel. They were not as efficient, of course, as might be desired, knowing only the mere rudiments of Christianity, and being inferior in literary acquirements to any schoolboy of nine or ten at home; but they had a firm hold of Christ, and were able to read the New Testament with more or less fluency. To give them further instruction and guidance, a "preachers' class" was commenced at Bandawé in 1890. It met every Friday, and was taught at first by Dr Laws, who took up the lesson to be used by these native preachers on the following Sabbath, explaining it fully and writing notes on the blackboard for them to copy into their note-books. This was a most important and beneficial means of training, as they showed great readiness in seizing upon the leading points of any Gospel story, and could vividly repeat it, while they also became imbued with the earnest spirit of the white missionary, drinking in his noble aspirations and his wonderful plans for the evangelisation of Nyasaland, and obtaining a zeal that no persecution could smother, and a courage that defied all opposition. Then, early on Sabbath morning, before the heat of the day began, and the people had left their homes, these native Christians scattered themselves over the neighbourhood, visiting villages many miles distant, and calling on all to give ear to the message of God. In this way many services were held every Sabbath, apart from those on the Station itself, and a wide circle of people was reached. It was a glorious work worthy of imitation at home! Here, for instance, is what

* "Tropical Africa," p. 48.

Mrs Fred Moir says regarding it: "We stayed at Bandawé from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, and were much pleased to spend Sunday at the Mission. They are all very hard workers, and spare themselves in no way so that the work may prosper. At nine o'clock there is a large service at the Station, *and at the same time forty native evangelists are out holding meetings in different villages. They all preach on the same text, which Dr Laws explains to them the Friday before.*"* Let the reader realise this remarkable fact, that from one Station alone no less than forty men—all of them natives—should go out in that dark heathen land, Sabbath after Sabbath, to make known the Gospel to their fellow-countrymen. Surely such a work cannot be spoken of as anything less than extraordinary! It has of late years been wonderfully developed under the care of Dr Laws, who has founded a large and well-equipped Institution at Livingstonia, for the purpose of training native Christians to become evangelists to their own countrymen.

In addition to such arduous work at the various Stations, the missionaries often made, and still make, evangelistic tours throughout the country, lasting for several days, reminding us of the circuits made by Jesus in Galilee, when He visited "all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people." In November 1894, for instance, Messrs M'Alpine and Scott made an interesting tour among the Tonga villages, taking with them a harmonium and a magic lantern, and meeting with a cordial welcome everywhere. The tour only extended over six days, but at least two thousand people attended the nine services which were held. In a remarkable little pamphlet, entitled "Camping among the Ngoni," the late lamented Dr Steele describes a ten days' evangelistic tour which he made, accompanied by a native evangelist. During this time he visited nineteen villages, held twenty meetings, dispensed medicine to three hundred and twenty patients, and exhibited the magic lantern several times. In all, he preached the Gospel to about two thousand and six hundred people who had never heard of the name of Jesus. These are but instances of what is repeatedly done still by our Livingstonia missionaries.

Space forbids the writer referring more fully to the marvellous

* "A Lady's Letters from Central Africa." Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons.

work of preaching, instructing, and training, which was carried on year after year, with amazing enthusiasm and great expenditure of labour, in spite of slave-raids, political troubles, war, and death. It was not in vain, however, any more than the sun shines or the dew falls without a blessing. As in wild Ngoniland, where the glorious effects of the Gospel have already been recorded, so was it at Bandawé and the other Stations. For fourteen years there was a gradual ingathering of fruit, increasing slowly year after year; then, in 1895, there came a time of remarkable blessing, when men and women, sick of their gross heathenism, flocked in hundreds to the services, until no building was large enough to accommodate them. It was like a great wind shaking an orchard. As it rushes through the branches, the fruit, which has been slowly and imperceptibly ripening, falls suddenly to the ground. The owner, perhaps, has seen it hanging on the trees for a long time; but he has noticed little change as the days went by, and he never dreamed that the mellow autumn was so near. Suddenly, however, the wind comes, and with it an unexpected fall of fruit. So was it at Bandawé. The seed-time of spring passed almost suddenly and unexpectedly into the magnificence of autumn. The blessing of Heaven descended so richly and abundantly that there was really not room to receive it. Hundreds of people crowded *eagerly* to the services, giving unusual reverence and attention to the Word preached. They generally assembled about an hour before the appointed time, and gathered till the small schoolhouse—the only available church—was crammed to the door, with an additional throng outside on the verandah.

How great was the awakening may be seen from the fact that within one year the attendance at the *Catechumens'* Class rose from fifty-two to over two hundred, and at the *Hearers'* Class from sixty-two to about six hundred, while at the Sabbath services it rose to over one thousand. "It is not idle curiosity which brings out these crowds," wrote Mr M'Alpine, "but an eager desire on the part of most to know the Gospel of God's salvation. Great numbers of men and women come to talk about God's work and 'following Jesus.' And I have had as many such visitors as two hundred and fifty in one week. Their simple stories of heart-longing are very touching, and we firmly believe that very many have got to see and know Him who promises, 'They that seek

shall find.' Nor is this a new thing that takes the fancy of the young simply. Old men and women come, and in a subdued, tremulous tone confess their 'past,' and end by saying that they wish now to leave all these things and seek God. Neither is there a parading of religion at church on Sabbath, disassociated from good conduct at home during the week. The abominable dances, so common a year ago, are entirely abandoned in this neighbourhood; and the thundering tomtoms, that used to break many a good night's rest for us, now lie splitting and rotting in the open."

It was a most remarkable manifestation of the Spirit's power. Conviction of sin passed into repentance and faith, followed by confession of Christ before men, and all this so rapidly that the missionaries were unable to attend to the vast amount of work. Matters, indeed, reached such a state at Bandawé that it was found necessary to ordain elders and deacons, thus completing the organisation of a Christian church. Twelve earnest, God-fearing men were chosen, who had rendered invaluable help in the past, and had taken a lively interest in the preaching of the Gospel to their fellows. It was a red-letter day in the history of the Mission—Good Friday, 1895—when they were ordained, and the service was a crowded and most impressive one. On the following Sabbath an immense number of people turned out to the services. "On going along to the school at nine o'clock in the morning," says Mr M'Alpine, "I found the building packed, the verandah full, and the people still trooping in at the gate. We had to adjourn to the shade of a large 'mkuti' tree across the way. It was a very touching and inspiring sight to face so many—old grey-haired men and little boys, mothers with their babies strapped on their backs, young men and women, a mixed multitude, chiefs, freemen, and slaves, twelve hundred at least. The text for the day seemed peculiarly suited for the occasion—the angel's message, to the sepulchre, 'Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified.'"

Matters went on so successfully that a building, which Mr M'Alpine had previously pled for, capable of holding five hundred, was found to be totally inadequate, and in May 1896, the native Christians were compelled to face the building of a new church, to seat about fourteen hundred. But they gladly promised both money and labour—Mr M'Alpine receiving as many as three hundred

curious "promissory notes," in addition to verbal offers of help. They also forwarded a petition to the Mission Council,* and thence to the Committee in Scotland, asking their assistance. With such a large building, the missionaries will be able to preach the Gospel with more comfort to themselves and more advantage to their hearers.

Since this remarkable awakening, the work has gone on, year after year with triumphant success, not only at Bandawé but in north, south, and west of Nyasaland, wherever the flag of the Gospel has been planted. Several churches are now fully organised, with native Kirk-Sessions. Whole tribes, who lived in the past only for warfare and plunder, have become anxious to learn about the Saviour. Fierce warriors, who once roamed like savages over the country, spilling their brothers' blood, are settling down to peaceful lives, working honestly for their daily bread, and willing to spend a month's wages to buy a copy of the Bible. Old men and women, with only the bark cloth to cover them, attend the services side by side with the young, the contrasting faces telling a history of changed days. Devil worship, the obscene dance, the poison ordeal, the drunken feasts, and the many corrupt customs of heathen life have given place to the worship of God. "I have just got back from Ekwendeni," wrote Dr Laws in May 1899, "where there was a remarkable gathering of natives for the sacramental feast of tabernacles. For the first time in all my life, I saw a communion flagon filled with water set beside the baptismal fonts, and required to replenish the fonts getting empty through the numbers baptised. One evening, if not oftener, our companions started Dr Elmslie and myself on recollections of former days, and both he and I seemed as men that dreamed, in seeing what great things the Lord hath wrought." Surely all this is the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes!

As yet, no doubt, the Mission has hardly touched the fringe of heathenism. Thick darkness, almost impenetrable, still overshadows the land. There are millions upon millions who have not even heard of a God or a Saviour. But, with so many signs of success, there is no room for despair. Through the dark mist we can see a cloudless future, resplendent with blue skies and golden light. We can see Christianity, infrangible as sunshine,

* This Council, which was formed in 1886, is the local representative of the Committee at home.

and far more glorious in its effects, illumining the land. We can see the tangled river-courses and the high table-lands irradiated with the Sun of Righteousness, and even the far-off hills "bathed in floods of living fire." We can see tribes born in a day, spears and clubs cast away for the Bible, and the Saviour of men enthroned in Nyasaland. We can see the time coming when there will be no spot so remote, no forest so dark, and no den so deep that heathenism will find a refuge. May God hasten that supernal day!

EDUCATIONAL

In this department, also, there was a wonderful development after the missionaries removed to Bandawé. No effort, indeed, was spared to make it a success, as the value of such work, especially among children, was apparent. In Africa, as elsewhere, childhood is the most propitious period of life during which to ingraft the truths of Christ. It is best to put the seal to the wax while it is soft, to go to the fountain-head and guide the current of the stream, to lay hold upon the young tendrils and train them as they ought to go. There is not much hope if children are left alone till time and example have hardened them into heathenism, for it is difficult to get the dye out of the cloth when once it has been in the wool. But there is strong hope when once the hearts of the children are softened with Christian truth. Even though it should apparently be extinguished for a while by the superstitions of the land, the barbarous customs, and the abounding temptations to evil, it is never altogether lost or destroyed.

The work was thus a very hopeful one. But it had peculiar difficulties which could only be overcome by patience and perseverance. At first, for want of proper buildings, schools could only be carried on in the open air beneath the shade of some giant tree. This was no small hindrance to effective teaching, for if rain fell, the children had to be dispersed—and it does rain heavily in Nyasaland during the rainy season, sometimes more rain falling in six months than in two years in Scotland. At Bandawé, no girls were permitted to attend school at first. According to custom, most of them were already betrothed or married, and those to whom they were thus bound objected to them mixing with the boys in case the betrothal arrangements should be upset. It was only when the people came to have confidence in the working of

the Mission that they allowed the girls to attend school. There were other difficulties, too, which constantly hampered the work—such as the lack of proper educational material for the use of teachers, the impossibility of keeping roll-books owing to the habit which the natives had of continually changing their names, and, above all, the irregular attendance of the scholars. There was no difficulty at first in getting over two thousand scholars, but it was an arduous task to get even fifty of these to attend regularly. Many came for a day or two, and then no more was seen of them.

All these, however, were difficulties which were incident to the work in its early stages, but vanished by and by. In every great undertaking, trial, perplexity, and hardship have to come before triumph, as the young sapling must pass through chilling winters and endure tempestuous weather before it becomes a full grown oak.

The schools were generally opened with the singing of a hymn, followed by prayer. Reading, writing, and other elementary subjects were, of course, taught, the scholars using Primers corresponding to the Board School standards of our own country. But much of the time—often the best of it—was allotted to religious instruction. Every effort, indeed, was made to store the minds of the pupils with Bible truths—the Ten Commandments and other passages of Scripture being committed to memory, and the Life of Christ being unfolded. This instruction in Biblical truth has always been, and still is, a prominent part of school work, for the missionaries are convinced that education, apart from religious instruction, is only disappointing in its results. The command, “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you,” has an emphasis in educational work among the heathen.

Now and again some of the adults—even bearded men—ventured into the schools, especially when the Gospel became “popular” in a district, willingly receiving instruction along with the children, bending over their task, folding their arms, and standing or sitting at the word of command like the smallest child. Many a big strong warrior, who had washed his spear in blood, squatted down among children of five and six years of age, spelling out of the same little reading-book, and repeating such sentences as “The dog bit the monkey,” “The dog ate our porridge.”

Even women, with babies on their backs, became anxious to learn. As a rule, however, these older people were so sunk in rank heathenism that it was almost impossible to impress them. It was much easier to educate the children, who were free from the prejudices and evil customs of their parents.

At most of the Stations there were "boarders," who generally turned out the most satisfactory pupils. They were, of course, dependent upon the Mission for support, and for everything in life. "We provide each boy with a loin cloth," wrote a Bandawé missionary, "a dress, a blanket, a plate, and all his school books. They sew and wash their own dresses, keep their dormitory clean, and the walks of the Station in order. They have three meals a day of native porridge, with flesh or fish, bananas, beans, or maize. A woman cooks for them all, and a senior teacher is generally appointed captain. They are not allowed from the Station after dark, neither do they attend evil native dances or festivities; they have morning and evening worship, and attend all the church services. When one of them begins to receive pay, he at once begins to pay a fraction of it for his food." By living in the mission-house, these children were kept from superstitious and evil associations, and placed under good influence and guidance. Apart from what they learned in the school, they had a perpetual sermon in the consistency and grace of the missionaries. The subtle germ of Christ's truth was wafted to them on the secret atmosphere of Christian lives, like seed borne into hidden glades and forest depths which no sower's hand can reach. We are not surprised that they carried a Christian influence with them to their homes during the school recess. Nor do we wonder that by and by there arose from them a harvest of Christian teachers.

Few people at home can realise the vast progress made in the educational department. One instance of it may be noted. We referred in a previous chapter to the demand for payment which many parents made on sending their children to school to "do the work of the book," regarding this as a great favour conferred on the white men. But this old idea is now rapidly dying, through the force of public opinion, and, instead, it has become the fashion to learn at all costs. Instruction is valued above money, and the desire for literature is remarkable. The children not only flock to school now without payment, at the earnest

desire of their parents, but eagerly spend money on books, pencils, and slates, while large numbers of old people—some of them “fighting men”—are exchanging their spears for books and learning to read at home. The teachers began by lending books, but, as a rule, they can now sell them at their proper value, so great is the “book fever.” Hundreds of Bibles, New Testaments, Gospels, hymn-books, and school-books are thus scattered every year among the villages of Nyasaland, the precursors of a rich harvest in the future. “In this Station alone,” writes Donald Fraser from Ekwendeni, “quite a thousand volumes have been sold in the past eight months.”

The progress may be better seen, however, from a numerical standpoint. Year after year there has been a remarkable increase, until now the amount of regular, successful work carried on is amazing. The following tabular view will give the reader some idea of this:—

Year.	Schools.	Scholars.	Year.	Schools.	Scholars.
1881	2	147	1895	51	4,501
1885	6	558	1896	71	7,641
1889	21	2,422	1898	108	10,838
1893	40	3,230	1900	123	16,000

Who can calculate the result of Christian education among so many thousands of Nyasa children? Who can say how great are the potentialities involved? As at home we never know what a single child, in rags and pitiful misery, may rise to, so, in dark Nyasaland, some of these scholars may have in them the fragile beginnings of a mighty end. Taught first in these schools, and afterwards in the great Training Institution at Livingstonia, they may develop a strength of Christian character and a power for good that has never been surpassed in any country. They may not only become Christian historians, scientists, civilisers, or governors, but they may live to turn the multitudinous tribes of Central Africa to righteousness, and “shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.”

INDUSTRIAL

Leaving the educational department, let us take a glance at the industrial, which is of an exceedingly interesting nature. It has proved, in the first place, to be one of the best means of removing the indolence or absolute laziness of the natives. This indolence, partly due to climate and partly to generations of hereditary influence, is a most formidable barrier to the acceptance of the Gospel; and no missionary sermons or teaching of precepts can remove it effectively without industrial training. Such admonitions and recommendations as, Do this, Be diligent, Be cleanly, Be consistent in your life, are unintelligible to the Central African unless accompanied by example. Secondly, it trains both eye and hand to forethought, care, accuracy, and precision, and develops habits of thrift, patience, and perseverance.

The instruction given has always been of a varied nature. Carpentry, brick-making, building, agriculture, printing, tailoring, telegraphy, as well as the native industries of mat-making and basket-making, have all been taught in a technical way. "It was interesting, indirect, missionary work," wrote one of the missionaries, "to superintend upwards of one hundred savage men and women making bricks, firing them, and laying them to your satisfaction. One learns great lessons as well as teaches them, when one lays hold of the brick-mould and the clay, and lets the naked savage see how you want it done." By and by the natives of Bandawé attained such proficiency in brick-making that this trade was undertaken by native contractors, who supplied an abundance of bricks to the Mission and to outside parties. A growing trade in brick-making is now springing up amongst the natives in many parts of Nyasaland.

Building was another useful industry. Instead of houses made of "wattle and daub," the natives were taught to erect comfortable brick houses, which could not be weakened by white ants or destroyed by stormy weather. The Mission workers, especially, made considerable improvements on their dwellings. "By far the best house in the neighbourhood," wrote the Bandawé carpenter in 1895, "is that of our brick contractor, who recently built for himself a nice cottage, partly of brick and partly of "wattle and daub," containing five rooms, nice broad verandahs,



OPEN-AIR SCHOOL OF MEN.



BRICK-MAKING.

fireplaces, good wooden doors, glazed windows, and cook-house attached—a house, in short, that any person might be pleased to occupy. While blessing us in the preaching and teaching of His truth, God has also blessed us in this other department of His work, and to Him be praise and glory.” Of late years, especially, there has been a substitution throughout Nyasaland of well-built brick houses replacing the damp, dark erections of pioneer days.

In the earlier years the Livingstonia missionaries practised their “prentice hands” at printing. But before long a proper printing establishment became a necessity, owing to the enormous progress in school work and the large number of languages in Nyasaland. For the want of such a thing, all printing of consequence had to be done either at home or at Lovedale. Dr Laws’ Nyanja New Testament, for instance, and his Nyanja Dictionary had to be printed in this country. But to save trouble and expense, it became necessary to do the printing and bookbinding in Nyasaland. In April 1889, Mr William Thomson, printer missionary, was accordingly sent out to Bandawé, along with a printing press and nucleus of a printing-plant. He speedily gathered round him a band of Christian natives, whom he trained to be expert printers. They even made most of the material used in binding, such as glue and boards, the former by boiling down “hippo hide,” and the latter by pasting together the leaves of old magazines and scraps of calico. The labour and perseverance manifested did not fail. This Livingstonia Mission Press grew year by year in power and influence. A simple list of the books which have issued from it would surprise many people. Various parts of the Bible, Catechisms, grammars, dictionaries, primers, hymn-books, lesson-sheets, and innumerable works of Christian literature in various languages have been published in quick succession. Orders have been executed, too, for outside parties, as a help towards making the work self-supporting. Large orders have at times been undertaken for the Moravian, Berlin, and London Missions adjoining Nyasaland, for the Civil Administration, and for the Lakes Corporation. The work done has been of excellent character, and has several times been highly commended by Her Majesty’s Commissioner.

The printing establishment has been enlarged of late years. In 1894, several additional founts of type, including Greek and

Hebrew, were sent out, as well as a ruling machine and a book-binder's cutting machine. In October 1895, Mr Thomson and his staff removed to the Training Institution at Livingstonia, where they set up a new apparatus, including a double-demy cylinder machine, whose heavy castings had to be dragged up the cliffs on wooden sledges. Since then hundreds of sheets of pure literature have been issued from the press daily, and have been eagerly purchased by the natives. Among other productions, the *Aurora*, a journal of missionary news and Christian work, on the model of the Lovedale *Christian Express*, appeared in February 1897. The journal is the successor, both in its name and its object, of a manuscript magazine commenced as early as 1877 for the use of the Livingstonia and Blantyre Missions, only two numbers of which, however, were issued owing to the irregular communication and other hindrances.

Space forbids the writer describing the large amount of agricultural and other work carried on; but from what has been said the reader can imagine the enormous change that has come over Bandawé and the other Mission districts through the industrial teaching of the Livingstonia missionaries. "The work that the Free Church Mission has done here," wrote Sir H. H. Johnston from Bandawé as early as 1890, "is really remarkable. There are dwelling-houses which would be thought comfortable in England, and which, with their low, thatched, small-paned, bow windows, climbing roses, and gardens with neat flower-beds, might be old-fashioned farm-houses transplanted entire, with all their surroundings, from our own country. There are a workshop and a printing press, which is perpetually at work. There are brakes of pine-apples, which Dr Laws was the first to introduce into this country, orchards of oranges and limes, and tidy plantations of local vegetables. Altogether, Bandawé, with its little colony of five Europeans, its large school of native children, its dependent villages of friendly natives, and its general air of brisk industry and cheerful comfort, is one of the most creditable and agreeable results of British missionary enterprise which ever gladdened the eyes of a traveller weary with the monotonous savagery of African wilds. There one feels in touch with Europe. This little colony is provided with an admirable library, slowly amassed by Dr Laws. There are all the latest books, reviews, magazines, and newspapers which are likely to

prove of general interest, or which deal with special subjects, such as philosophy, engineering, or farming. Dr Laws is a doctor of medicine and a practised surgeon. This man, with his fifteen years of whole-hearted devotion to Nyasaland, and his energy in doing good, which has made him learn to make bricks himself in order that he may teach others; which has led him to become a practical engineer, carpenter, joiner, printer, photographer, farrier, boat-builder, and druggist, so that he might instruct his once savage pupils in these arts and trades; which has made him study medicine and surgery to heal the bodies, and sufficient theology to instruct the minds, of these Africans, about whom he never speaks with silly sentiment and gush, but whose faults, failings, and capabilities he appraises with calm common-sense—Dr Laws, with these qualities of truly Christian self-devotion, should justly be regarded as the greatest man who has yet appeared in Nyasaland.”

Without doubt the present civilisation of Nyasaland is largely due to missionary labour. Men and women, trained by the Mission in industrial arts of various kinds, are now scattered over the country from Mwenzo to the mouth of the Zambesi, carrying knowledge and civilisation with them. They may be found in large numbers acting as boat-captains, storekeepers, and foremen under the African Lakes Corporation and other commercial companies, as well as workers in the many coffee estates of the Shiré Highlands, as clerks, interpreters, and confidential servants in the Civil Administration, and as cooks, domestic servants, nurses, and ambulance and medical assistants—all of them devoted to the suppression of Africa's evils and the introduction of a Christian civilisation. Many of them were untutored savages a few years ago, and nothing delighted them more than to get on the war-path with the slave-raider, but now they have learned better things at the feet of Christ, and are working daily for an honest livelihood. Verily, from the point of civilisation as well as evangelisation, nations are being born in a day in Central Africa, owing, we may truly say, to the Livingstonia expeditions organised in 1875 and 1876. We need not wonder at the words of Joseph Thomson, the African explorer, when speaking of Nyasaland. “I can honestly state,” he said, “that for the first time in all my wide African travels, I here found a

spot where the advent of the white man may be described as an unmitigated blessing to the natives."*

MEDICAL

Much of the missionaries' time was taken up with medical work, which extended so rapidly that they had to exert their utmost energies to overtake it. Thousands of patients came every year to the Mission Stations, some of them walking more than fifty miles, while thousands more were treated in their own villages or during missionary journeys.

"Let me take you," says Dr Prentice, "to one of the medical Mission Stations and show you how the work goes on. At a certain hour—sometimes early in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon—the dispensary is open when the doctor is at home. Before the patients are received they will have attended the worship in the school, and then they gather on the verandah at the dispensary door. You will see men, women, and children, who have come, or have been carried, from the surrounding villages. They are there with ugly ulcers, malignant tumours, fractured bones, inflamed eyes, blind, deaf, and cripple. Sometimes they are brought in the last stages of disease, and may die at the doctor's door, and, oftener years ago than now, men and women, almost dead, from having drunk the terrible poison ordeal, are laid down for treatment, and in such cases great promptitude on the doctor's part is required to save their life. Mothers bring their infants suffering from fits and other ailments, and thinking they have been bewitched, for among some of the tribes the belief is common that no disease has a rational cause, but is produced by evil men by means of charms. The doctor spends hours in making up and giving suitable medicine to each case, and in giving instructions as to treatment. Each one relieved goes away happy, thinking well of the doctor, and through him knowing something of the deep meaning of Christ, who is the great physician. Not unfrequently men and women and children are carried to the doctor, having been torn by lions and leopards, which are continually prowling about."

This beneficent work was not always confined to the medical

* From paper at Royal Geographical Society's meeting, November 28th, 1892.

men : it had sometimes to be undertaken, from sheer necessity, by the artisan missionaries and others. One case in point may be mentioned. In 1890, the army of Mtwaro, chief of the northern Ngoni, attacked a large village, taking many people prisoners and slaughtering others. They had ten of their own number killed and several wounded. "On their return home," says Mr P. M'Callum, "I was called to see two men with gunshot wounds. One I could not do much for. The other had been left by the way to die, but after a time he managed to follow, and arrived home in a bad state. His arm was almost shot off below the elbow, and he had been six days without having it washed or dressed in any way. Mortification was so strong, it was plain that the man's only chance of life was to have the arm amputated ; so, there being no one else to do it, I took it in hand, and am happy to say the wound healed quickly, and he is now quite well, poor fellow ! He was very grateful, and could not say enough of the difference between the mercy of the white man and that of the Ngoni." Such an instance shows how some of our missionaries, with perhaps no medical training worth speaking of, have to do a doctor's as well as an evangelist's work, and how well they rise to the occasion !

The people everywhere, like those at Cape Maclear, manifested extraordinary astonishment at first at the effect of chloroform. They had never seen anything like it before. One of the first cases at Bandawé was the amputation of a hand, the operation being performed by Dr Laws, assisted by Dr Peden of the Blantyre Mission, who happened to be on a visit to the Lake at the time. Two chiefs, who were present, could hardly express their unbounded amazement when they saw the effect produced. The natives have really no fear of chloroform, never refuse it when told it is necessary, and quickly pass under its influence. With Europeans present to assist, the missionaries have no anxiety in its administration.

The cases which come before the medical missionaries are of the most varied kind, from "jigger" ulcers to diseases of a serious nature, which, if left to native devices, would result in loss of limb or life. One year Rev. Andrew Murray of Mvera had several cases of leprosy and two lunatics. One of these latter had sat for four years, bound to a tree, with a huge slave-yoke on his neck, while the other had his legs tied together with ropes. As

an instance of how much falls upon one man, independent of his preaching and teaching, we may give the following analysis of 2322 cases (933 surgical and 1389 medical) treated by Dr Henry, in 1890, at the Livlezi Station :—

MEDICAL

Fever,	351	Epilepsy,	8
Catarrh and Bronchitis,	232	Dropsy,	3
Rheumatism,	164	Paralysis,	2
Heart Affections,	45	Pleurisy,	1
Dysentery,	41	Phthisis,	1
Neurotic Affections,	23	Child-birth,	1
Indigestion,	18	Abdominal Complaints,	499

SURGICAL

Ulcers and Abscesses,	398	Bruises,	7
Skin Diseases,	255	Swollen Joints,	7
Eye Cases,	118	Oedema,	6
Wounds,	63	Sprains,	4
Ear Cases,	34	Leprosy,	2
Teeth Cases,	12	Bites by Leopards,	2
Burns,	8	Various,	17

The work has not been confined to the dispensaries at the various Stations, but thousands of people have been and still are treated during missionary journeys. There are few methods so interesting and attractive as this itinerant medical mission work. It is the nearest possible approach to Christ's own ministry. No doubt, grave forms of disease, or those in which a major operation is necessary, cannot be satisfactorily treated during itineration ; but however little the missionaries can do, it is often highly appreciated, and their kindly invitation to the patient to come to the Mission Station inspires confidence, and is often taken advantage of. So that, with all its drawbacks, such medical work is in numberless instances a means of incalculable benefit. It has been largely carried on in the Livingstonia Mission. In fact, there is none of its medical agents but has at times made large circuits throughout Nyasaland, healing the sick, and proclaiming the old, old story of a Saviour's love.

From what we have said the reader can realise the immense influence wielded by this medical department. It has always been,

and still is, one of the most powerful and effective agencies in connection with the Mission, overthrowing the empiricism and deceitful incantations of the native doctors, disarming prejudice, gaining the confidence of the natives, opening their hearts to the saving truth of Christianity, and overcoming barriers otherwise insuperable. It was only when Mtwaro, one of the Ngoni chiefs, heard of Dr Elmslie's medical work that he allowed him to visit his subjects. Having an affection in his knee-joint, which had baffled his own "medicine men," he sent for Dr Elmslie; and thus began that remarkable work which led in a few years to a flourishing native church. Innumerable other instances might be given. Sometimes, for example, a useful slave, unable to work through illness, has been restored to health by our missionaries, with the result that his master has thenceforward looked favourably upon the Mission and given heed to the other aspects of its work. Or, some poor woman, who would be left to the wild beasts if she failed in the time of "nature's sorrow," has been delivered from death by proper medical treatment, and has ever afterwards been a friend to the missionary. Even little children, relieved from pain and saved from lingering illness, have always remembered the missionary's kindness and hung upon his words. In such ways the medical work is a power for good, influencing the people quietly and surely. It is like the miracles in the early church, which helped largely in the spread of Christianity at a time which did not favour it and against many resistances.

It must not be imagined that all this medical work has gone on smoothly. On the other hand, there have been many difficulties, perplexities, and disappointments, such as the irregular attendance of the patients, their carelessness in carrying out instructions, their excessive confidence in the white man's power, and their frequent ingratitude for healing received. The missionaries have specially felt the want of a good, substantial cottage hospital at each centre—some convenient place where patients could be operated upon, and spoken to about Christ, the only available substitute at most of the Stations being a "wattle and daub" hut or any spare corner in the Mission premises.

Notwithstanding innumerable difficulties, there has been a remarkable development of the medical work, until now about thirty thousand patients are treated every year. The following tabular view of cases in 1898 may be interesting:—

STATIONS.	MEN.		WOMEN.		CHILDREN.		TOTAL.	
	Medi- cal.	Surgi- cal.	Medi- cal.	Surgi- cal.	Medi- cal.	Surgi- cal.	Medical.	Surgical.
Institution .	2687	6525	707	1646	943	806	4337	8977
Karonga .	1651	1425	871	1387	1212	1943	3734	4755
Bandawé * .	953	409	1436	585	1295	768	3684	1762
Total .	5291	8359	3014	3618	3450	3517	11,755	15,494

Figures like these show that the Livingstonia Mission is now one of the most remarkable medical missions in the world.

It should be remembered also that the skill and sympathy of the missionaries have been bestowed upon others than the natives. During the Arab War at the north end of the Lake, from 1887 to 1889, a Livingstonia missionary willingly acted as surgeon to both sides, friend and foe alike. "This is to tell you," wrote Captain Lugard to the Arabs, "that if there are any men of yours who are wounded we will take care of them, and try and heal their wounds, and they shall be free to return to you whenever they wish. The doctor, as you know, has many medicines and instruments, and may perhaps save their lives if they trust themselves to us. We are anxious to save life, and do not fight against wounded men. Bring them with a white flag as far as the village, and leave them there under the tree. If you trust us, it will be well. To save life and help the wounded is good in the sight of God."

Not only so, but treatment has been willingly given to Europeans and others, for the Livingstonia Mission, stretching as it does along the great highway to the interior, comes in contact with many classes of people. Medical help has been bestowed upon members of all the six neighbouring missions; upon Europeans belonging to the Lakes Corporation, H.B.M. gunboats on the Lake, and the British Administration; and also upon travellers visiting Nyasa, merchants and planters, and, in fact, upon all the sick and fevered, whether white or black. This has been specially so of late years, when so many outside people have entered the country; and, if space permitted, we might quote the grateful testimony of not a few

* For part of the year only. For the whole year statistics would show about nine thousand medical and two thousand surgical cases at Bandawé.

who have ventured there and found in the Mission a healing balm. The words of Rev. C. B. Eyre, of the Universities' Mission, may suffice. Writing to Professor Lindsay, he says :—

“I cannot close these remarks without expressing my deep sense of the debt of gratitude the Universities' Mission owes to Dr and Mrs Laws and other members of the Livingstonia Mission, who have for so many years received and ministered to the members of the Universities' Mission who have from time to time been unexpectedly and unceremoniously landed, in a more or less collapsed state, at their doors. The Rev W. P. Johnson, in the early days ; Rev Mr Swinney, later, who died at Bandawé in Dr Laws' house ; the present Bishop of Likoma, Dr Hine ; and many others up to the present time have experienced, with myself, the unwearied help and kindness which is such a marked characteristic of this Mission—a help and kindness not only extended to fellow-workers, but to the many Europeans who have found, and do find, relief and comfort in their sickness and their extremity.”

LITERARY

We may well wonder how, in addition to the multitudinous labours of preaching, teaching, and healing, the missionaries should find time to study the various languages around Nyasa, and to translate the Bible and other books into them. Yet they have done so, to a most surprising extent, although working in a trying climate, amid war alarms, personal perils, and political confusion. In fact, translation has had to go on along with the development of the evangelistic and educational parts of the Mission, for almost every new Station has meant a new language to learn and translate. The missionaries have had to make themselves acquainted with at least eight languages all of which are spoken within the Mission area. These are :—

1. NYANJA, the language spoken at Cape Maclear, the first settlement, and known all around the Lake, and as far south as the Lower Zambesi. It is the most important language in Nyasaland.
2. TONGA, spoken by the tribe of the same name living on the Lake shore around Bandawé.
3. WANDA, spoken by the people at Mweniwanda's on the

Stevenson Road, where Mr Bain and others laboured successfully until driven away by the Arab War.

4. KONDÉ, spoken by the numerous tribe around the north end of the Lake, with dialectical differences.
 5. NGONI, the language of the large hill tribe to the north-west of Bandawé. It is a dialect of Zulu.
 6. TUMBUKA, spoken by a numerous and varied tribe living to the north of the Ngoni, and subject to them—a language with many dialects.
 7. YAO, the language of the people on the east of the Lake and in some isolated villages on the west. It is the language of the Blantyre and Universities' Missions.
 8. SWAHELI, the *Lingua Franca* of the East African Coast, a language carried far inland by Zanzibar traders.
- SHISHYA, HENGA, POKA, NAMWANGA, and WEMBA may also be included, as our Livingstonia Missionaries have now commenced work, directly or indirectly, among these tribes.

Of all these vernacular languages spoken within the Mission district, several have been reduced to writing, and books prepared and printed in them. In this connection the world of philology owes a great deal to our Livingstonia missionaries. Dr Laws, the most zealous of all in this important department of work, had translated the whole New Testament into *Nyanja* before his first visit home in 1884. This was no small undertaking: it was something to show for nine years' work. Does the reader understand the labour implied in it? If any man were ordered to write out the whole New Testament in his own language, amidst all his other work and in face of numberless interruptions, he would soon be discouraged in the task. But the missionary has to write the New Testament in a strange, barbarous language, recopying the material several times before it becomes of permanent value.

Nearly two and a half millions of people were able to read this *Nyanja* New Testament as soon as they could read anything. Since then God has abundantly blessed this translation for the advancement of His Church and Kingdom in dark Nyasaland.

As the *Nyanja* language has many dialects, an effort is now being made to prepare a common *Nyanja* Bible based upon the

most useful form of the language, and suitable to all the missions in British Central Africa where Nyanja tribes are found. Dr Laws' translation is a pioneer work, as well done as the knowledge and the circumstances of the time permitted; but the extension of mission work all over the country now requires a revision and a translation into a common version suitable to all districts. This means arduous labour by Dr Laws and other missionaries in Central Africa. Many questions of orthography and grammar require to be dealt with, and a general understanding must be come to as to the best Nyanja equivalents of Scriptural or theological terms. It is a work, however, full of interest and utility, and we hope will be carried through in due time.

Dr Laws has also prepared dictionaries of the *Nyanja*, *Tonga*, and *Kondé* languages, as well as many primers, school-books, and other productions in them. Mr Bain, who died in 1889, made a special study of the *Kondé* language, spoken at the north end of the Lake, and translated Mark's Gospel and several hymns into it. He also translated into *Wanda* the miracles and parables of Christ, the Book of Jonah, Mark's Gospel, and other works. It is greatly to be regretted that he did not commit to paper much more of the information he possessed about these and other languages. Besides knowing *Kondé* and *Wanda*, he was well acquainted also with *Nyanja*, *Tonga*, and *Swaheli*, in the last of which he used to make himself known to the Arabs who frequented Mweniwanda's. Dr Henry of Livlezi, who died in 1893, was an accomplished linguist. He translated Genesis and the "Pilgrim's Progress" into *Nyanja*, and published an excellent grammar of that language. Dr Elmslie has translated into *Ngoni* the Sermon on the Mount, Mark's Gospel, the Parables, the Decalogue, hymns, and other works, as well as written a grammar and other books on the structure of the *Nongi* language. He has, moreover, studied the *Tumbuka* language, reduced it to writing, and written some valuable contributions on it. Even some of the artizan evangelists and teachers, such as Mr M'Minn, have laboured at translation during moments snatched from their ordinary work.

The great philological value of these literary contributions of Dr Laws and his staff of workers is evident from a report presented to Her Majesty's Government by the British Commissioner. "High praise," he says, "must be given to the missionaries of British

Central Africa for the extent and value of their linguistic studies. . . . In a way, the Livingstonia Mission stands first as regards the value of its contributions to our knowledge of African languages."* They have thus benefited science by their labours, while at the same time working for higher ends.

WORK AMONG WOMEN

So far, the writer has described the progress made in the various departments. But there is another aspect of the matter that must not be overlooked, viz., the advance made, especially of late years, in practical mission work among the women. This is a very important aspect. We are apt to forget that about half the human race is composed of women, and that these wield a mighty influence on social and individual life. If we remember the influence exerted by Emmelia and Macrina on Basil, by Anthusa on Chrysostom, by Nonna on Gregory Nazianzen, by the mothers of Jerome and Ambrose upon them, and by Monica on Augustine, we shall see the necessity of reaching the hearts of women. In fact, if this kind of work were neglected, there would be no Christian women to become wives. Christian young men would be tempted to marry heathen ones, and this would subject them to an evil influence, which might drag them down to their old level, and prove a snare to their Christianity.

In the earlier years of the Mission this important work could not be satisfactorily attended to, owing to the want of trained female teachers. Yet something was attempted, principally of an industrial nature. Shortly after the settlement of the Mission at Cape Maclear, some women came to live at the Station; and when Dr Stewart and his staff were on their way to the Lake, in 1876, they took some women and girls on board the *Ilala* at the Upper Shiré, as these also were anxious to live in the Mission Settlement. Others followed afterwards, and Mr Gunn, with the help of the Lovedale evangelists, formed them all into a sewing class. This was quite a novelty, as there had always been—and still is to a great extent—a prejudice in the native mind against women practising sewing. Cloth was such a rarity that the people thought it could only be manipulated by the "lords of creation."

Three years later—in 1879—the first white woman arrived in

* Report presented to both Houses of Parliament, August 1894.

the person of Mrs Laws, who at once showed herself a most zealous teacher. She was followed the same year by Miss Waterston, L.M., from Lovedale. Both these ladies continued the work already begun; and a few months afterwards, when Miss Waterston returned to Lovedale, Mrs Laws undertook the entire work herself. She was so successful that, in 1880, the members of her class managed to sew the following articles in about eight months:—

85 Dresses (Children's).	17 Handkerchiefs.
78 Dresses (Women's).	12 Towels.
23 Sheets.	1 Jacket (Man's).
21 Shirts.	69 Other Articles.

being a total of 306, or about 40 a month.

Next year, when the missionaries removed to Bandawé, the same kind of work was commenced there, and at almost all the Stations subsequently planted. In Ngoniland a women's school was begun by Mrs Elmslie, with an attendance of two or three, and in a few years increased to about twenty. The interest, diligence, and attention of these women opened the missionaries' eyes to the splendid field that lay before them. At Livlezi, Mrs Dr Henry devoted all her time to work among the women. She carried on an excellent sewing class, so that, as early as 1890, there were sixty girls who attended church at this distant outpost in dresses sewed by themselves. "At first they had some difficulty," she wrote, "in getting into our way of holding the needle and seam. They would persist in sitting in a double posture, sewing with their arms resting on their knees. After threading the needle, they twisted the two ends together into a cord, and sewed with it double. The reason of this was, I think, their primitive mode of sewing. They make needles of a fine strong straw, and their thread is minute thin shreds, which they get from the stem of certain shrubs. This thread requires twisting to stay in the eye of the needle. With my present class these difficulties have all been overcome.

"Every day during one week I had to scold the younger girls for losing needles, until I found out that one of the girls, on the pretext of looking at the others' seams at folding-time, slipped out the needles, carried them home, and buried them in the ground. Many such difficulties are met with among this poor, down-trodden

people. There is no discrimination amongst them. They will tell you a lie without thinking. This girl would just do it for the mere wicked pleasure she would have in hearing the little ones scolded. In this respect the work is peculiarly difficult. One day you feel, after striving a long time with it, that you have mastered a certain bad habit, when perhaps on the morrow you have to fight against the same wrong harder than ever. However, the work of trying to improve them is being done; and if I often fail to see the good I desire to do, I still hope and pray for the day when I shall see it."

Thus the women of Nyasaland were not only ignorant of women's work, but required to be taught how to act generally. They were not only wonderfully deficient in such elementary things as washing and conducting household work, but many of them were uncleanly, lazy, disobedient, deceitful and untruthful. "As servants in a house," wrote Dr Laws, "there is at first great difficulty in getting girls to comprehend what cleanliness means. In their eyes it is the height of folly to wash *white* sheets and tablecloths; while, if their hands are dirty or wet, the nearest doorpost is the towel they are most likely to choose for the purpose of wiping them. Any post or block of wood is what they use at their own homes, and so they are inclined to do the same in the houses of Europeans. In laying a table there is a similar trouble and a similar training for the girl. At her home the house is round, the baskets are all round, a straight line and a right angle being things unknown to her or her parents before her. Day after day, therefore, she will lay the cloth with the folds anything but parallel with the edge of the table. Plates, knives, and forks are set down in a corresponding manner, and it is only after lessons often repeated, and much annoyance, that she begins to see how things ought to be done and tries to do them. In the kitchen matters are in a similar condition."

In spite of all efforts for the spiritual and temporal good of the women, eight years of the Mission passed away without any women converts to sit down at the Lord's table. The wives of the missionaries had done their utmost, working as busily among the girls and women as their husbands did among the men; but they could not cope with the necessities of the case. Dr Elmslie, writing in 1893, stated that in this matter the Mission had reached "a critical stage," and that a determined effort would require to be

made at once upon the heathenism of the women. No policy, it was felt, could be worse than to neglect them. However much might be done amongst the men, what mattered it so long as the women were steeped in superstition and without hope, going about half clad, and smeared with paint and grease, and living in polygamous slavery? Why, then, should not devoted women missionaries be sent to overtake this urgent work? This was the question that arose at this time, and was answered in the right way by the Committee at home.

As a commencement in the proper direction, Miss Lizzie A. Stewart, of Aberdeen, a trained teacher, was sent out to assist the missionaries' wives. She settled for some time at Ekwendeni, in Ngoniland, where she took charge of the girls' schools, and wrought specially for the good of her own sex. Ultimately she removed to the new Institution at Livingstonia, where she was followed in 1897 by two trained nurses, Miss Jackson and Miss M'Callum. Others have also been sent out since.

The women, we are happy to state, have at last been impressed and are flocking to church. Their persistent apathy is now broken; they are becoming restless under their thralldom, and are longing for better things. They are listening eagerly to the teaching of the Bible, and are anxious to take up their cross and follow Christ. This means a severe wrench, especially in the case of old women long accustomed to the abominations of heathenism.

From the noble work already achieved by these women missionaries, it is becoming plainer every day that Nyasaland has need of many other good, sensible, devoted women to help forward the Kingdom of Christ—women like Ann Judson and Mary Moffat. To men belongs the task of opening the way for the Gospel, making straight in the desert a highway for God, striking vigorous blows at the citadel of heathendom, superintending the various agencies, planting 'the standard of the Gospel, and accomplishing other deeds of strength and wisdom. But to women belongs the quiet, patient labour in the homes of the natives, striving to win the hearts of the wives and mothers, and to gain the love of the children. Let women hear the tender call of Christ to the foreign field!

Before concluding this chapter, the writer may answer one question that naturally arises. On hearing of all this great work

accomplished by our Livingstonia missionaries, and the enormous change in the religious ideas of the people, the reader may be inclined to ask whether these converts remain true to the Christian religion and conduct themselves in a Christian manner. Does the Gospel of Christ influence their lives? Has it raised them in the scale of civilisation and made them better men and women? The testimony from the missionaries and from unbiassed travellers who have visited the country, is emphatically yes. No doubt there is much that is disappointing in the lives of some of them. They are not all that we, who are more enlightened, could desire. But when we remember the previous years of darkness, unbroken by a single ray of moral teaching, the enormous vice and degradation surrounding them, the many evil examples they meet with, and the ridicule, persecution, and temptation they have to encounter, the wonder is that so few have been led to declension and fallen again into their old heathen practices. It is no easy matter to be a Christian in such a land. Men who have been brought up in a savage state, accustomed to draw their spear at every insult, require a large amount of the grace of God before they can submit with meekness to the malice and taunts of their wicked neighbours. But it may be said that, with the exception of one now and then, the vast body of the converts has always remained faithful to Christ. Many of them, indeed, have manifested remarkable Christian lives, and have witnessed nobly for their Master, under threats of persecution and death.

Professor Henry Drummond, who visited Nyasa in 1883, gives us a traveller's testimony as to the value of the work done in the Mission during the earlier years. As he intended making a long and lonely tour on the Tanganyika Plateau, he asked Dr Laws to furnish him with a native attendant. He got one, James Brown Mvula, an ordinary native from the Mission. But here is his testimony of this convert, given after close observation during many days and nights of hardship:—"Every night on our march, no matter how far we had gone, no matter how tired we were, James gathered the little company who could understand his language, and poured out his heart to God. I have heard many prayers that have moved me, but I never heard anything more touching than the prayers of James. He never closed without praying for the whole world, as it was known to his simple heart. It consisted of five places. He asked God to bless Cape Maclear,

Blantyre, Bandawé, Tanganyika, and his native village. I have no time to tell you more about James, but I will say this of him, simply as a traveller—we know that travellers have said unkind and unjust things about missionaries—during all the time we wandered together through those forests, although he had control of everything that I had, although he could have taken many things day by day without my knowing it at the time, I never knew him take a bead belonging to me. I never found him out in one single thing that I could have called a mistake, much less a sin.”*

So has it been with the great mass of converts down to the present time: their lives have been witnesses to the wonderful change made by the Gospel of Christ. If space permitted, the writer might quote largely on this matter. He would only say here that there are now thousands in Nyasaland who have made a profession of Christianity, and are keeping the faith in the strength of Christ. Once sunk in terrible evils, too great to be mentioned, they have now become new creatures. And the truth of this can be tested, not merely by the statements of our missionaries, but by the evidence of impartial travellers.

It is the same everywhere. From Nyasaland to the New Hebrides, from Greenland to Patagonia, people have alike confessed Christ's power in their hearts. Demon-worshippers and cannibals, polytheistic and pantheistic tribes, have all felt His resistless sway. Wherever and whenever His Gospel of imperishable truth has been proclaimed, there has followed the same unvarying result—as He said Himself, “I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.”

What do the opponents of foreign missions make of these facts? Surely it is in ignorance, culpable ignorance, that any man levels against such work the shafts of ridicule and opposition. To fling sarcasm at missionary societies, or at missionary speeches, is an easy thing; but is it just? Will it stand the test? Sydney Smith was once a conspicuous mocker of the Serampore missionaries, sneering at Carey as a “consecrated cobbler,” but he came to see the error of his thoughts, and the “absurdity,” as he called it, of such attacks. Robert Louis Stevenson was at first prejudiced against missions, but in his later years he commended everybody to examine the good which they did in Samoa

* From Address at Mildmay Conference, 1894.

and elsewhere. "Those who have deblattered against missions," he said, "have only one thing to do—to come and see them on the spot." Charles Darwin once disbelieved in their power to work any radical change, but he too altered his mind, and ever afterwards spoke warmly of the results of missionary labour. "The missionary's teaching," he said, "is like an enchanter's wand." When will opponents of foreign missions be like-minded and confess their error?



DAYBREAK IN LIVINGSTONIA.

Frontispiece.

GIRLS AT LIVINGSTONIA INSTITUTION.

CHAPTER XIX

THE INSTITUTION

PERHAPS the most important outcome of Dr Laws' visit home in 1892-94 was the definite resolution on the part of the Committee to gradually build and equip a Training Institution on the higher uplands to the west of the Lake, like Lovedale and Blythswood among the Kafirs of the south—an Institution which would be a centre for education, industry, and civilisation, as well as for evangelistic work, and would provide for the development of the Mission as an organic whole. Such a thing was now necessary in the work of the Mission, and was strongly urged by Dr Laws in the Assembly of 1892.

First of all, an Institution was the only means by which native evangelists could be properly trained. We all look forward hopefully to the time when European missionaries will be no longer required, but Central Africa will be evangelised by its own sons and daughters, with a self-supporting and self-governing Church. Several generations may pass away before this can be accomplished; but we look for it in due time, for without it there can be no ultimate success. Indeed, if a mission fails in this matter, the failure is radical and fatal. Bishop Smythies of Nyasa has said that in general an educated African, on account of his lack of self-consciousness, is a readier speaker and a better preacher than an Englishman. Whether this be so or not, no Englishman—or Scotsman either—however great an adept in language and knowledge, can ever hope to reach the hearts of the people so efficiently as a native accustomed to their habits of thought and speech, nor can he do it so economically. With his white skin, he may draw attention and command respect, but he is known as an alien, and in some respects his influence for good suffers accordingly. If the natives around Nyasa are to be evangelised, and turned from the horrors of heathenism to the acceptance of Christ; if they are to be taught Christian duties and helped into

a better social, moral, and spiritual life; if they are to be guided onward until they become a Christian community, permeated by the laws of Christ, these things can only be done satisfactorily by native evangelists and teachers, male and female, trained by the missionaries.

Hence, as Dr Laws indicated in the Assembly, there was great necessity for an Institution, to which promising pupils from the various stations might go for training. In the past a missionary had to get assistance from older stations, or train native helpers for himself as best he could. But now the missionary in charge of each district would select pupils who showed promise of future usefulness in Christian work, and send them for training to the Institution; while the qualified teachers at the Institution would do their utmost to develop in these pupils a thorough Christian character, giving them a Christian education and fitting them for helping the missionary on their return to their homes. What can be better than this for the evangelisation of the great Continent? It is a plan which not only ensures the production of properly trained men, but by so doing relieves the missionary in charge of each station from the labour of training them himself—a labour for which he has neither time nor appliances—thus leaving him free to do the work of an evangelist and superintend his outposts more thoroughly.

It is not generally known that this was the far-reaching plan which Mackay of Uganda longed to put into execution. He held that here and there, throughout Africa, strong Institutions of the kind just described should be established. The opinion of such a great African missionary, the “St Paul of Uganda,” respected for his apostolic life and clearness of judgment, is of some value. “Instead,” he wrote, “of vainly struggling to perpetuate the method of feebly-manned stations, each holding only precarious existence, and never able at best to exert more than a *local* influence, let us select a few particularly healthy sites, on each of which we shall raise an Institution for imparting a thorough education, even to only a few. . . . Each Institution must be a model or normal school, no one being admitted on the staff who has not been trained to teach. The pupils to receive not an elementary, but as high an education as is in the power of their teachers to impart, only with the proviso that every pupil is to become a teacher himself. . . . From these centres, each

with a large staff of teachers, the students will go forth to labour among their countrymen. . . . Lovedale and Blythwood, in South Africa, I would mention as types already successful in no ordinary degree."*

There was also another, although perhaps subordinate necessity for such an Institution in Nyasaland, owing to the political changes which had occurred. Nyasaland had come under the influence of British power, and now formed part of a British Protectorate. This meant future progress on certain lines which always accompany British rule. The English language, for instance, was now destined to become the ruling tongue in the country, as it had become in South Africa. Large numbers of Europeans were to enter the Protectorate for commercial and artisan purposes. In fact, the whole condition of the country was about to change. All this pointed to the necessity of education beyond what had been, or could be, undertaken at the ordinary Mission stations. The native Christians would require to be prepared to fill their places worthily under the changed conditions. The ordinary education given to them when the missionaries first went among them would have to be greatly extended and adapted to the march of civilisation and commerce.

It was agreed to go forward at once, and so Dr Laws was authorised to make arrangements for its commencement. He had already become acquainted with the best Training Institutions of this kind in South Africa and America, and had just organised one for the United Presbyterian Church in Old Calabar. Accordingly, on his return to Lake Nyasa in 1894, he set about choosing a site—somewhere on the uplands to the west of the Lake. This was not a thing that could be done in a day or even a month, as various important matters had to be taken into consideration. Among other things, the site required to be within easy access of the Lake, while it was also necessary that there should be a sufficient quantity of water and wood in the neighbourhood, and that the district should, above all, be a healthy

* *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, January 1890. This was the last communication sent for publication to his Committee at home, and thus contains his latest views. See chapter xvi. of his *Life*, p. 445, *et seq.* Mackay applied to join the Livingstonia Mission in 1875, but owing to some error or oversight his application was not accepted, and when an opening occurred for him it was too late to remedy the mistake.

one. But no effort was spared in the matter. In an interesting report which Dr Laws sent home, and which contained many important geographical and descriptive notes, he gave an account of the preliminary search in which he was accompanied by his colleague Dr Elmslie, and which resulted in fixing temporarily on a place watered by a little stream called Kondowé.

This place, which has an abundance of wood and of water power, is near the top of a mountain known by the natives as Mount Chombe, but generally called Mount Waller, after the well-known editor of Livingstone's Last Journals. This mountain is a remarkable work of nature. It is flat on the top, and rises from the Lake shore at Florence Bay to a height of 2900 feet above the Lake, or 4300 above sea-level—about the same height as Ben Nevis. Seen from the north-east, it presents a very striking picture, as it has several parallel ranges of almost perpendicular sandstone cliffs running along its sides, thus giving it a terraced appearance, while the rocks which jut out from the highest precipice form an all but perfect silhouette of a woman, looking out across the Lake to the other side—a fit picture of Western Nyasa looking in vain for the return of her children once dragged away into bitter slavery. At the foot of the mountain is one of the ferries where they were carried across in those cruel days of old, until the land was left almost desolate. About four miles north-west of Mount Waller is a fine island-looking plateau, and here Dr Laws resolved to make an observing station, with a view to testing the locality during the rainy season. No place along the Stevenson Road or south of it seemed to be so suitable as this one, sometimes called Kondowé after its little stream.

Along with Mrs Laws, Mr William Murray, and a number of Tonga workers, he settled down at this place in November 1894, at the beginning of the rainy season. "Those living in the neighbourhood of the Manchewe and Kazichi Falls are nearest to us," wrote Dr Laws. "The attacks of their enemies have driven the people into these natural fastnesses; but it is a pitiable sight to see people living in houses perched on ledges on the cliffs of the rocks, or inhabiting the natural caves among these; and to see little children playing about on the edges of precipices one hundred or two hundred feet deep makes a person give an involuntary shudder lest they should fall over. . . . From Mr A. J. Swann, the resident magistrate at Deep Bay, we have

received very great and kind assistance in the beginning of our work."

On the night of 6th January 1895, the new house, which had almost been completed, was levelled to the ground by a tornado. But, in spite of all discouragements, work went on with a great swing. From morning to night men busied themselves hoeing roads, cultivating the land, making bricks, and drawing trees from the mountain. A workshop, a store, and other buildings were erected, these being, of course, mostly of a temporary nature, in view of large, solid, well-equipped stone buildings in the future. The place was improved by the addition of several valuable meteorological instruments, the gift of Lord Overtoun, such as barograph and thermograph, as well as by many economical and medicinal plants supplied by Professor Bayley Balfour, of the Royal Botanic Gardens, and by other persons interested. Large gardens and an excellent farm were laid out by Mr Malcolm Moffat, the agriculturist to the Mission, a grandson of the great South African Missionary.

Dr Laws' residence in the place only confirmed him the more in his choice of it; and so, in May 1895, it was definitely fixed upon as the site of the new Institution. The land in the neighbourhood was the property of the British South Africa Company; but, following the precedent set by the British East Africa Company in the case of Kibwezi, the Directors granted the Mission a large tract of land, subject only to overlordship as to minerals, in order that the Institution might be a fit centre of civilisation in the direction of Uganda and Cairo. In 1898 the advantages of the place were increased by the reception of the telegraph wire at Florence Bay on the way from Blantyre to Tanganyika; and as Dr Laws had already got some of the native converts trained in telegraphy, as well as in the English education required for such work, the Institution was at once brought into close connection with the outside world. On the 10th of January 1899, a message sent by Dr Laws from Florence Bay reached Edinburgh in two hours—a most marvellous improvement on the days when the first mail from Scotland to Nyasa took thirteen months on the way! There is now a telegraph loop line from the Institution down to Florence Bay—a distance of five miles—and also a telephone wire running on the same poles, so that this new Lovedale is now not only in easy communication with the

Lake shore and steamers calling there, but is placed abreast of the highest advantages of the West.

No sooner were temporary buildings ready and classes commenced than scores pled for admission; but, owing to want of room, it was found absolutely necessary to shut the door on many. Even at the present day, with enlarged accommodation, there is not sufficient room for all who would willingly enter. But, as it is, the number admitted is not small. According to the latest report, "Besides pupils coming from their homes near by, there are two hundred and seven boy and fifty-one girl boarders. There are fifty-one apprentices in the different departments, and counting the families of the married students and the cooks in the boarding department, daily rations have to be provided for three hundred and twenty-two persons, to the amount of a quarter of a ton daily." The pupils come from all parts, their homes being spread over three hundred miles of country, including many tribes. All the peoples along the western shore of Nyasa and upwards towards the shores of Tanganyika are more or less represented.

On account of the diversity of tongues it is not easy to conduct the work with perfect satisfaction. Nyanja, Tonga, Henga, Ngoni, Kondé, and other languages, possessing striking points of difference, are freely spoken, constituting the place a very Babel. Some of the vernacular services, in fact, enjoy a veritable gift of tongues, and the worshippers, like the people on the day of Pentecost, may well exclaim, "How hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?" With a view to thoroughly effective teaching, the missionaries are trying to adopt the Nyanja as a common ground, or *lingua franca*, enriched by such words as may be adopted from the other languages. Fortunately for this result, the African is a born linguist. "One does not need extraordinary penetration," writes Rev. James Henderson, "to see that the strife of tongues which will soon be raging all over the country has already begun here, and that something, how much it is hard to say, is being done towards the evolution of that composite language, which, like as our own English did with the slower pace of earlier days, will spring out of the many tongues of the various tribes when the common British rule and good internal communication have begun to fuse them into unity."

The education given is of a varied nature, suited to the desires and needs of the pupils, but intended in every case to worthily

equip them for the work of evangelising British Central Africa. The following summary of the programme, which is being steadily pushed forward towards completion, will give the reader some idea of the instruction provided :—

1. *Educational*: This consists of an Elementary School (Standard I.), a Junior School (Standards II., III. and IV.), a Normal Department (Standards V., VI. and ex-VI., with special subjects), and an Evening School for adult workers on the Station. The Elementary School does not consist of children drawn from other stations, but is a local one, and is worked as a model village school, forming the practising one for the Normal Department.

2. *Theological*: Intended to meet the needs of both pastors and evangelists. Those training for *pastors* undertake the regular Normal course first, so as to be able to keep in touch with the work of teachers in school and take an intelligent and sympathetic interest in educational matters. Those training for *evangelists* are specially selected on account of their good, steady, reliable character, and their Christian earnestness in the extension of Christ's kingdom, and use the Bible, black-board, note-book, diagrams, and pictures as the means of study—the aim being to know the Bible rather than to know about it.

3. *Industrial*: The pupils of the Elementary School are taught the native industries of basket and mat-making. Those more advanced receive instruction in any of the following :—agriculture, carpentry, building, printing, bookbinding, iron work, storekeeping, and telegraphy. Such instruction develops the powers of the pupils, and leads to habits of thrifty, patient, diligent, and persevering industry. Some become apprentices to one or other of these trades, so as in the future to earn their daily bread in an honourable, Christian manner.

4. *Medical*: This consists mainly of elementary medical knowledge and training under the medical missionaries and trained nurses, with the use of a small hospital for serious cases.

In addition to this varied programme intended for boys, there is an excellent one for girls, consisting of educational and industrial training, the latter including household work, sewing, washing, and baking.

It is matter for gratitude that the pupils have an earnest desire to learn. Many of them show a great and steady thirst for know-

ledge, such as can scarcely be surpassed in the colleges of our own country. They seem to regard as a favour the communication of fresh information to them, or the correction of any false impressions or inaccuracies they may have. "The pupils," says Mr Henderson, "can scarcely be satisfied. Were the writer to allow it, his room would be filled night by night with a crowd of eager opening minds, each bringing some new question or difficulty to be solved. This eagerness, too, comes not of the novelty of the situation: it has been going on since the schools were first opened." Such a spirit of zeal augurs well for the future of the country.

There is a Preachers' Class held every Friday evening, attended by most of the older members of the Institution, and conducted with a view to helping them in aggressive Christian effort. Notes of a discourse are written down on a blackboard, and oral instruction is given. "At the close of the class," says Dr Laws, "volunteers are called for to go to preach at the different villages, beginning with the more distant. They go to these two and two. No pay is given for this evangelistic work, but a few beads are usually given to enable them to buy food at the distant villages. To reach these, the preachers have to leave on Saturday forenoon, descend some 2900 feet to the Lake shore, and walk from five to ten miles along rough, broken paths to their destinations. They return on Monday in time for afternoon school." For those looking forward to becoming evangelists and pastors, this class is of great value, and the practical work arising from it fits them to endure the hardness in store for them in the future.

The character and tone of the Institution may be gathered from an interesting letter by Donald Fraser, who visited it in 1897, travelling on foot from his own hill Station at Ekwendeni. "Some weeks ago," he says, "I went to visit Livingstonia. Nearly one hundred people accompanied me, some of them going to see their friends who are at the Institution, others to seek work there. The journey was long and tiresome, for the grass on either side of the ten-inch path grew very high and thick. Almost all through the last day's march we could see in front of us the high plateau on which Livingstonia is built. But what a multitude of hills and ravines had first to be crossed! Nature has certainly guarded the Institution from the visits of the disinterested. When, however, you have reached the plateau your courage is amply rewarded, for

the situation is magnificent. Before you, but nearly 3000 feet below, stretch the great waters of Nyasa, and from the opposite shore the Livingstone Mountains rise sheer to the height of 7000 feet. . . .

“Of course, I did not expect to find Lovedale here, for Livingstonia is not yet three years old, while Lovedale is more than fifty. Yet the progress that has been made in that short time is quite remarkable. . . . The schools had the deepest interest for me, for there the boys and girls who are to be our teachers and evangelists are being trained. I found Miss Stewart teaching in a stuffy corridor, and Mr Henderson among the distractions of plastering. But what has been accomplished in the face of these pioneering difficulties compels faith in the possibilities of the Institution. Day by day the girls are being trained to habits of cleanliness and regularity. Some of them are making progress in education ; but more important than that is the training in domestic duties, and the forming of a pure and stable character. . . . The boys’ school is beginning to discover the capabilities of a Central African. Some of the pupils who were sent from Ngoniland two years ago are to-day further advanced than our senior teachers. Already Dr Laws and Mr Henderson have visions of a theological class for the training of a native ministry. Towards that great day, when we shall be able to ordain our first minister, we look forward with an eager faith.

“But the feature that struck me most was the pains that are taken to produce sincere and ripe character. There is no pandering to African pride or indolence. Hard work is the rule of the day, and everyone has to take his turn at manual labour. The ordained missionary will sometimes be seen on the brick-field, and the native teacher sweeping the roads. There is certainly no lack of religious services. Every day and all day Christ is presented to the people. The early morning opens with the sound of praise, and again, after the mid-day rest, the workers meet to hear God’s Word read and expounded. On Sabbaths the scholars scatter to the neighbouring villages to preach ; some of them start on Saturday, going an entire day’s journey on foot. In this way sometimes not less than forty-four village services are held on one day. . . . Everything is so new and stirring, I wish I could help people to appreciate what I see.”

It must be remembered that the present Institution buildings

are only *temporary*. In fact, when the work was commenced at the place, a choice had to be made between two plans of procedure—either to wait till proper, permanent buildings had been erected, before admitting pupils, or be content with mere temporary buildings affording very inadequate accommodation but at the same time allowing the work of teaching to be commenced at once and thus saving years of delay in the service to be rendered to the other Stations. The latter plan was adopted as best helping the Mission as a whole, although entailing more inconvenience on the staff.

Now, however, preparations are being made by Dr Laws for permanent erections of a solid, extensive, and well-equipped nature. A ground plan for the Station has been prepared, providing for the extension as may be required. It will not be easy work, if we remember the circumstances in which labour is carried on in Central Africa. At home, a builder can procure bricks ready-made from the brick-field, or stones from the quarry, and the carpenter can secure his planks and boards from the wood-merchant, but at Lake Nyasa the raw materials in the shape of clay, rock, and forest trees are the only supplies available. This means much arduous and protracted labour, but the perseverance and skill of Dr Laws are equal to it.

The permanent buildings are being taken up in the following order as most necessary and economic. First, dwelling houses for the staff, as their good health is essential to efficiency for work. Then, workshop accommodation for the industrial departments, homes for the boys and girls, hospital, educational buildings, and church.

An abundance of good, pure water is essential for the future health of the community of the Institution. This can be had from the mountains behind, but requires to be brought across a valley in a steel pipe to the highest point on the Station. The cost of bringing in such a water supply has been estimated at £4000, and this most important requisite for future public health has been provided through the generosity of Lord Overtoun.

The food supply for such an immense Institution is a serious item. Already, a quarter of a ton is required for the daily ration, and in the past much of this has had to be procured from Kota-Kota and Bandawé, as well as from places nearer at hand. But arrangements are being made to have all necessary supplies

provided locally. Land in the vicinity is being gradually brought under cultivation, bullocks have been trained for work, and the plough is taking the place of the native hoe. The want of proper grinding apparatus has only permitted of wheat meal being made in the past, but the gift of a roller flour mill by a friend in America, and the rest of the requisite milling plant by other friends, makes it possible now to have good, wholesome, home-grown wheaten bread in the near future. "A threshing mill for the barn," says Dr Laws, "several carts, and various implements for farming are still required. The old adage that an army can only march on its stomach is equally true of the Livingstonia Institution, and hence the necessity for fully equipping the agricultural department."

In the neighbourhood there is abundant water power, and the Livingstonia Committee has resolved to facilitate the erection of buildings by utilising this for machinery. A turbine, circular-saw, band-saw, planing and grooving machines have already been sent out for this purpose. So much did the Mission staff feel the necessity of these, that they personally met most of the cost of them.

This water power will also provide a means of generating electricity for lighting the Station, and supplying power to the permanent workshops. At present kerosene oil is used for lighting, but at Livingstonia it costs as many shillings per gallon as it costs pence in Edinburgh, and consequently only what is absolutely necessary is used. "When pupils," says Dr Laws, "are seen standing outside the windows with their books while the evening school is being conducted, that they may read by the light coming from the interior, the desire to provide light for study and work cannot be repressed. Careful consideration has shown that electricity is the most economical method of doing so."

This electric installation will involve a very considerable initial cost, but it will prove most economical in the long run owing to the fact that power will thus be transmitted to the different workshops and to the farm homestead. "A dynamo for generating electricity," says Dr Laws, "will be required at the waterfall, a motor for threshing and flour mills at the homestead, another motor for the printing office, and one or two more for the machinery in the carpentry and blacksmith departments."

In the medical department, the need of hospital accommoda-

tion is being increasingly felt, but a few subscriptions towards a fully equipped building have already been promised.

From the description which we have given in this chapter, brief and imperfect though it is, the reader will understand the incalculable value of such an Institution in Central Africa. The University of Edinburgh is surmounted by a dome, which the liberality of a citizen enabled it to rear, with the image of a youth grasping firmly a large torch, and holding it up as a guide to himself and others. Such is this Institution, shedding the radiance of Heaven over Afric's benighted millions. The sending out of even half of the pupils as pastors or teachers, specially trained, means marvellous light, progress, and hope for Nyasaland. It means the conversion of thousands within the next few years from gross superstition to faith in Christ, the turning of them into useful, God-fearing, and law-abiding people, and, in short, the complete transformation of the country. It is not too much to say that by means of the native converts, trained in this Institution, all the untouched areas in the present Livingstonia field will be evangelised, and native teachers settled in them, within the next twenty-five years—before the Jubilee of the Mission. This is no dream, but a sober vision of the future, dependent only for its fulfilment on the adequate support of people at home, and the continuance of that divine favour which has never failed in the past.

CHAPTER XX

CONCLUSION

IT was in May 1875, that the first band of seven Livingstonia missionaries left home and country for the sake of Christ. They left in obedience to God's call, and with faith in His divine power. They entered upon an unknown and untried path, with the map of Central Africa as yet unfilled. They reached their sphere of labour only after a long and toilsome journey of five months, and settled down among a people who never before had heard of the true God, and who were distracted with slavery and internal troubles. They began work under circumstances the most unpromising, knowing only a few of the native words, and having to struggle daily with a darkness and ignorance that had been unbroken through all the centuries. They toiled, watched, and prayed without ceasing, amid the hopes of many friends of Africa, but amid the doubts and derisions of others. Since then, what hath God wrought in the Livingstonia Mission! There is no longer a vestige of doubt as to the wisdom in planting it; and what a history of success there is for the encouragement of the Church at home!

The interest taken in the Mission at the outset has been constantly continued. Men have always been forthcoming who declared themselves willing and ready to take their lives in their hands as missionaries in this dark interior, the chief difficulty being not so much to find men as to find the means of support for them. Those who ventured out in the earlier years, and have borne the burden and heat of the day, have been remarkable for their valour, their skill, and their effectiveness; and the same may be said of the present band. In the names of Dr Stewart, Mr Bain, Mr James Stewart, Dr Henry, Dr Elmslie, and many others, as well as of that missionary hero, Dr Laws, we find men who, from their self-sacrifice, their devoted Christian character,

and their efforts for the good of Africa, deserve to be ranked alongside of David Livingstone.

Year after year, as shown in these pages, there has been an increasing success. In fact, with the exception perhaps of Uganda, no mission to the dark races of mankind has been so rapidly successful, whether spiritually or otherwise. For long years the cry was, "Watchman, what of the night?" and in faith the messengers of Christ on the shores of Nyasa replied, "The morning cometh." We are already past the dawn, and the light is now clear and bright. In many a country, less uncivilised and savage, faithful men have sown the seed of the Gospel for many years without seeing any good results, always resting their hope upon God and trusting Him for the harvest. But in Nyasaland our missionaries have year by year seen Christianity extending under their eyes, at first slowly, but latterly in a rapid and triumphant manner, like the morning sunlight, which first tips the mountain peaks and then visibly widens until much of the landscape is bathed in floods of splendour. That splendour is now being seen in these once mysterious regions. The dense, impenetrable darkness which has overshadowed the country through untold ages is now receding. The ignorance, the superstitions, the nameless atrocities that once abounded in many a kraal are disappearing, having given way to the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus. The tribes that thirsted for war are becoming peaceful, and the weaker ones are no longer oppressed. The horrid traffic in human flesh and blood has been supplanted by honourable commerce and the arts of civilised life. Great awakenings have taken place since that historic time when the first Mission band sailed up the Shiré. Hymns are now being sung to Jesus and fervent prayers offered to Him in many a village that was once the home of cruelty and superstition. Bibles are being read and treasured by thousands who never heard of a Saviour till the white messengers went. Services for the worship of the only living and true God are being held by native preachers, and sacramental gatherings of such a remarkable nature are taking place that to find a parallel to them we must go back to Pentecost or to the historical revivals of Scotland. The great inland sea, of which David Livingstone spoke so much, is being girded round with Christian settlements, and the country is being taken possession of for Christ.

“Lo, the curtain now is lifting
 From thy mountains and thy lakes :
 O'er thy peopled valleys gleaming,
 Now for thee the daybeam wakes—
 Land of darkness !
 O'er thy hills the morning breaks.”

If it be remembered that when the Mission party first went to the Lake in 1875, there were no schools, no scholars, and no written language, we see that the present results are very great indeed, “surpassing fable and yet true,” and they may well dispel all doubts as to the good of Foreign Missions. Voltaire said that in twenty years Christianity would be no more: his single hand would destroy the edifice which it had taken twelve apostles to rear. But what an answer is this to his proud, boasting statement! “Whoso is wise,” says the Psalmist, “and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”

We may indeed be thankful that the Gospel has borne such marvellous fruit in these dark regions. No doubt, from a human standpoint, this advance is greatly due to the careful actions, liberal assistance, and broad missionary views of the Committee in Glasgow, who take the whole financial and administrative management of the Mission, with the help and concurrence of the General Assembly. It is also due, in some measure, to the faithfulness of Dr Laws and the other missionaries, and especially to their medical and surgical skill, which have won the confidence and affection of the people. But from a Christian standpoint, the result must be attributed, with all humility and gratitude, to the blessing of God accompanying the work, without which everything would have been done in vain. “I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron; and I will give thee the treasures of darkness.”

The last order which David Livingstone gave to his followers was only to say “Good Morning” as they approached the hut where he lay dying. Lord Houghton interpreted the thought of the sick missionary at the time with the poet’s keen insight—

“He bade them, as they passed the hut,
 To give no warning
 Of their faithful presence, but
 ‘Good Morning.’”

DAYBREAK IN LIVINGSTONIA

To him, may be, through broken sleep,
 And pains abated,
 These words were into senses deep
 Translated.

Morning's o'er that weird Continent
 Now dimly breaking—
 Europe her sullen self-restraint
 Forsaking.”

After many years of arduous labour by our missionaries, we now see the fulfilment of this interpretation. We discern, without doubt, the first streaks of this African dawn. When it has come so quickly, and with such promises of brightness, we cannot but regret that the great and good man whose name is perpetuated in the Mission did not live to see it. Amid bitter suffering and deep disappointment he served this land of darkness and wept over its evils. He struggled on bravely through hopes deferred, and was cut off when the morning light was near. If he had but lived a few more years, he would have seen one great end of his labours fulfilled in the noble work of this Mission. Perhaps he had to learn, like his Divine Master, the meaning of self-sacrifice. “Except a corn of wheat die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.”

But, while deeply thankful for all that has been accomplished, let us remember that there is yet many a darkened spot in Nyasaland, with thousands upon thousands who listen to the truths of Revelation as to a useless tale, utterly careless about their future state, so long as they can satisfy their gross, sensual appetites; and there are still vast regions there into which no Gospel light has ever shone, with thousands, yea millions, belonging to different tribes, who are totally ignorant of the name of Christ. Outside Nyasaland there are vaster regions still, with untold millions of people, who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, unblessed by a single ray from Heaven, and of whom it may be truly said, “No man careth for their souls.” From Lake Nyasa a person may travel 1500 miles before reaching the west coast. He would meet, doubtless, with many strange sights, would come into contact with savage and peculiar tribes, and would pass through the haunts and homes of millions of people; but he might reach the sea-shore without seeing even one church spire, or meeting

with a single man, woman, or child who had heard of a Saviour. The regions beyond Nyasa, which so far have not been blessed with the presence of any missionary, are almost so immense as to pass our comprehension. It may be said with truth that by far the greater part of the Dark Continent has yet to be overtaken with even the first proclamation of a Saviour.

But Christians must not be disheartened by these facts. Let them remember the great and blessed change that has taken place of late years in the attitude of many towards Foreign Missions—how the spirit of people, like that of Paul, has been stirred within them, and is being stirred more and more. What an awakening since those days of chilling Moderatism, only about a century ago, when the venerable Dr John Erskine rebuked his brethren with the words, "Rax me that Bible!" What a change since Carey was ridiculed as a "miserable enthusiast," and assured by brethren in the ministry that, unless there came another Pentecost with its gift of tongues, the attempted evangelisation of heathen nations was absurd! What a significant advancement of late years in the attitude of some of our Churches! A century ago they had, undoubtedly, faith and love, but scarcely a thought for the great black heart of heathendom. For long they slept a death-like sleep, but they are at last awakening. As when spring comes, "the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds has come," so there are proofs that the soft breath of missionary interest is settling on our Churches. Let not Christians, therefore, be discouraged when they think of the vast tracts that are yet unredeemed.

They must rather go on in the name of Christ to this Christian work. "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." The work must go on extending until Central Africa is brought to the feet of Jesus, and every hill and valley is vocal with Christian songs of praise. The past has been marvellous, but the future lies in front. One who had seen even greater wonders than those achieved by our Livingstonia Mission, who for twenty-five years had laboured zealously for his Master, who had preached the Gospel over a great part of the known world, who had planted churches in Asia and Europe, who had been caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words, nevertheless realised the magnitude of the work still to be done, and forgetting the things which were behind, he

reached forward earnestly to the things that were before. Let us likewise not be content with past achievements, but press onward to still better and nobler things. All that has been done in our Livingstonia Mission, grand and marvellous though it is, is insignificant, compared with the immense possibilities and opportunities that lie before. God gives us no less a promise than that given to Joshua, "Every place that the sole of your foot treads upon, that will I give unto you."

May we not pray that soon, with God's help, and through the glad tidings of the Gospel, from these enslaved, fear-ruled, sin-polluted regions, there may arise an evangelised, freed, glorified country, with its swarthy races civilised, its plains cultivated, its lakes and rivers covered with ships, and the Gospel of Jesus everywhere known? Who will not pray for this end? Who will not plead for the day to come when every breeze that blows over Central Africa shall waft the name of Jesus, when the Gospel shall be precious to every native heart, and when every mother from the Zambesi to Tanganyika shall hush her babe to rest with the song of a Saviour's love? Then, indeed, Central Africa shall be redeemed. The Lord shall be unto her "an everlasting light, and the days of her mourning shall be ended." What a blessed consummation that would be!

But can we think of Foreign Missions, whether in Africa or elsewhere, without realising that their call upon us is indeed a solemn one, and that each of us is to some extent responsible in the matter? We may differ in Church connection or Church principles, we may be Presbyterians, Congregationalists, or Episcopalians, but we cannot question our missionary obligations. No uncertainty can prevail on that supreme point. With the New Testament as our teacher, all doubt regarding this matter is foreclosed at once. To deny our duty to evangelise heathendom would be equivalent to denying the very essentials of Christianity and undermining its very foundations. The early Christian Church knew this. It had no need for missionary societies: it regarded itself in the light of one great missionary organisation, whose members were as deeply called to extend the Kingdom of Christ in distant lands as to love the Lord with all their heart and their neighbours as themselves. When the Churches of Scotland or any other country cease to regard the blackness of heathendom, their very existence will be imperilled. Napoleon laid it down as a

military maxim that the army which remains in its intrenchments will ultimately be beaten. It is true likewise of Churches. To indulge ourselves, to be content with our own comfortable surroundings, to sit snugly in our own little Zion, while forgetful of the great black mass of fetichism reigning without, is simply to invite defeat. Unless we carry the banner of the Cross into other and darker countries, our Christian name will become an empty sound, and the deep despairing cry for help may arise from our own bosom.

Let the reader think solemnly of it! The condition of people in heathen lands appeals to us. The plaintive Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," rings as loudly to-day as it did nearly nineteen centuries ago. It is a cry coming from the needs of millions starving for the bread of life, and is literally incessant through winter's cold and summer's heat, from India, China, Africa, and the islands of the sea. If we had but ears to listen to its sad music, we would hear it day and night, borne to us on every wind. Think of it! Christ came nineteen centuries ago as the light of the world, and yet millions, who have the same life and death before them as we, and the same great eternity, are still in darkness as to a Saviour. They are being borne down by evils which are too great to name, and by woes whose magnitude none of us can ever understand; they have empty, aching, unsatisfied hearts, and are stricken with sin and sorrow; and their existence is wrapped in a black and terrible pall, relieved only by occasional lightnings that shoot from beyond. Their condition of misery appeals silently to the loving help of Christian hearts at home. Can we allow them to live and die without a revelation from Heaven, when we have it in our possession?

We have opportunities, possibilities, and powers which no preceding generation ever had. The early Christians, at their outset, numbered but "five hundred brethren." We are counted by millions, citizens of a mighty nation, having the powerful help of the press, and able to scatter the Bible in almost all the languages of the earth. We have remarkable helps which were altogether unknown before. Countries, thickly populated, that were once closed against strangers have now been thrown wide open; large districts, once thought to be desolate tracts of sand, have now been found to teem with human beings; and distances have now been shortened to such an extent that the natives of

far-off regions may be considered as our neighbours. Almost all the peoples and tribes of the world, even the most uncivilised and unenlightened of them, are now accessible and willing to hear of a Saviour. During the gradual advancement of past ages, God, who can make the winds His messengers, has been getting all things ready through the discoveries of science, the expansion of commercial enterprise, the wonders of the printing press, and the paramount influence of Christian nations. He has been preparing His plan of campaign, huge, magnificent, and marvellous. And now it is reaching its consummation, and we stand in the midst of unlimited opportunities. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields."

In such a crisis of the world's history, and with such a burden of responsibility, what should Christian Scotland not do? And, if it were to rise up in its might, what *could* it not do? If the Christian people of all countries were to begin in earnest to this divine work the stone cut out without hands would soon become a great mountain, filling the whole earth. The grain of mustard seed would become a great tree, amid the branches of which the fowls of the air would find shelter. The prayer which we now offer up, "Hallowed be Thy name! Thy kingdom come!" would no longer be possible, for God's name would be hallowed everywhere by the multitudinous tribes of the earth, and His kingdom be already come. The existing day of small things would give place to a millennium of peace and triumph and an eternity of glory. May that grand result be hastened!

APPENDIX

LIVINGSTONIA MISSIONARIES

PAST AND PRESENT

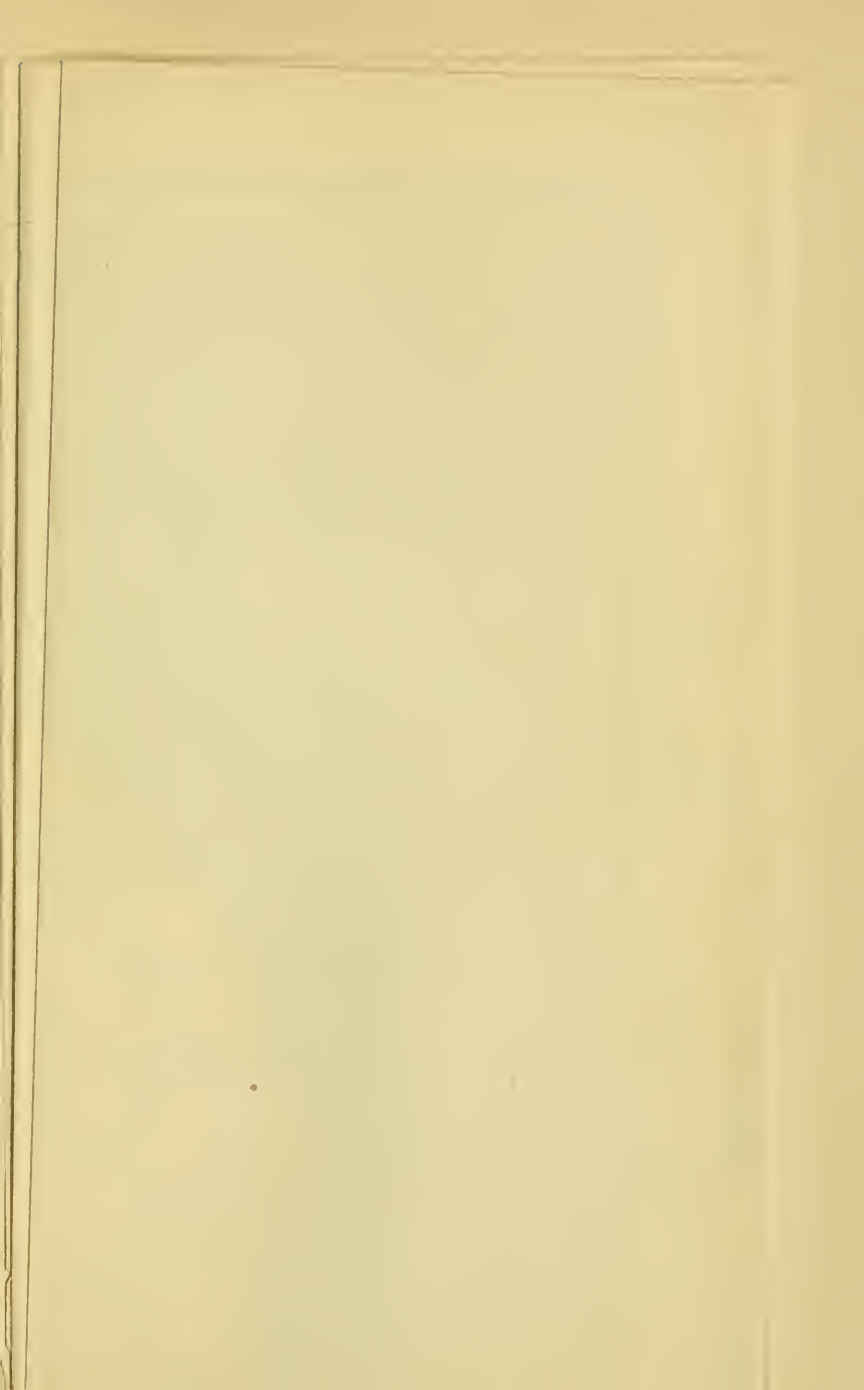
Deceased are in Italics

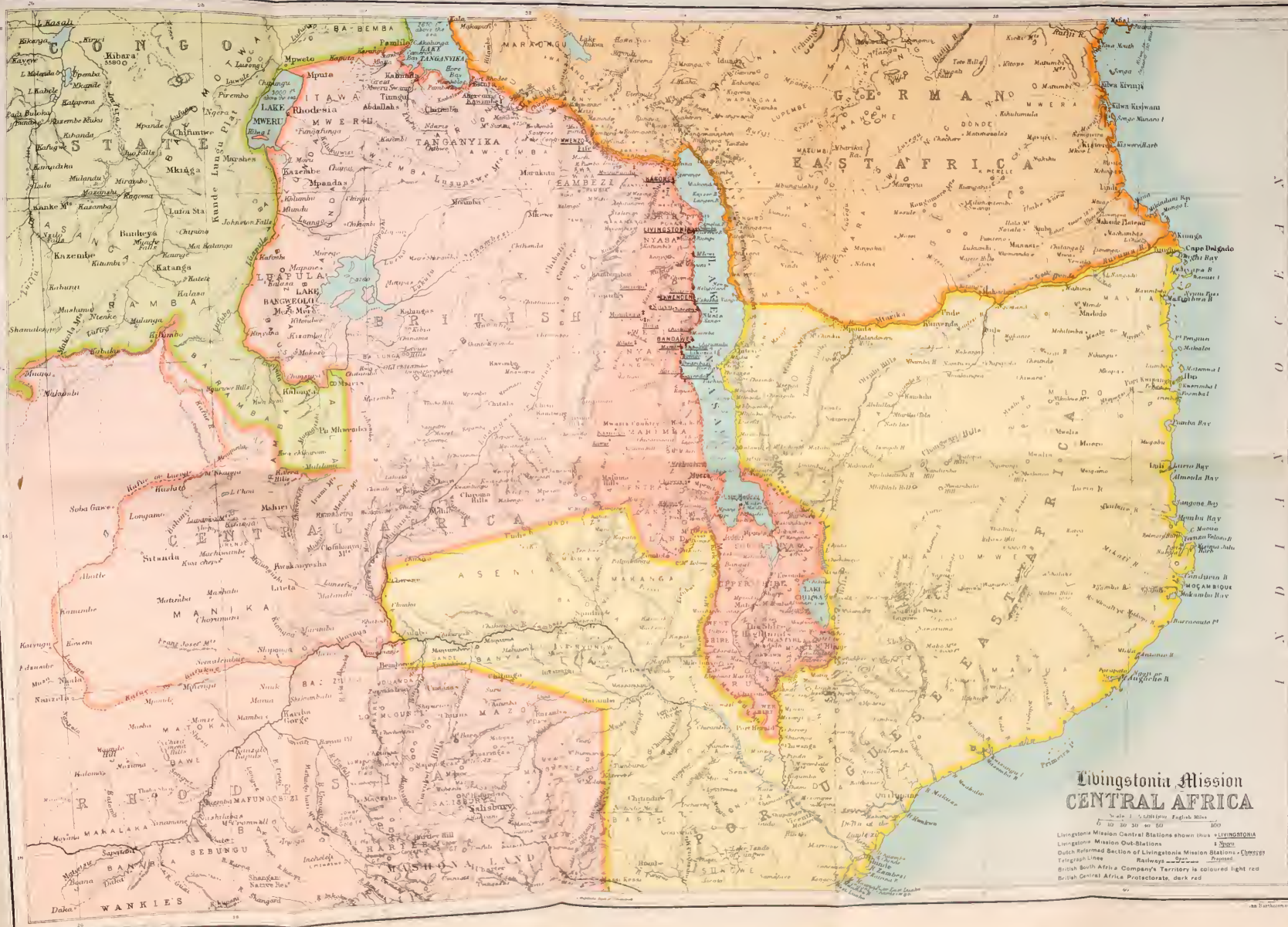
An asterisk marks present missionaries

Appointed.		Missionaries.	Remarks.
1875	1	*Rev. Robert Laws, M.A., M.D., D.D., F.R.G.S., and Hon. F.R.S.G.S. (Mrs Laws)	Livingstonia.
1875	2	<i>E. D. Young, R.N.</i>	Led first expedition. Died 1896.
1875	3	George Johnston, Carpenter	Resigned and graduated M.B., C.M.
1875	4	John M'Fadyen, Engineer	Resigned. Now M.B., C.M.
1875	5	Allan Simpson, Blacksmith	Joined A. L. Co., 1882.
1875	6	Alexander Riddell, Agriculturist	Resigned 1879. Minister in Australia.
1875	7	<i>William Baker, Seaman</i>	Returned 1877. Royal Navy Reserve.
1875	8	<i>Rev. William Black, M.B., C.M.</i>	Died, 1877.
1875	9	Thomas Crooks, Seaman	Recalled.
1875	10	<i>John Gunn, Agriculturist</i>	Died, 1880.
1876	11	<i>Robert S. Ross, Engineer</i>	Resigned, 1883.
1876	12	<i>Archibald C. Miller, Weaver</i>	Died, Zambezi.
1876	13	James Stewart, M.D., D.D., Hon. F.R.G.S., and F.R.S.G.S.	Returned to Lovedale, 1878.

Appointed.		Missionaries.	Remarks.
1876	14	<i>William Koyi,</i>	Died, 1886.
1876	15	<i>Shadrach Ngunana,</i>	Died, 1877.
1876	16	<i>A. Mapas Ntintili,</i>	Invalided, 1880. Died, 1897.
1876	17	Isaac Williams Wauchope,	Invalided, 1877. Now ordained pastor.
1877	18	<i>James Stewart, C.E., F.R.G.S.</i> . . .	Died, 1883.
1878	19	<i>George Benzie, Master of Ilala</i> . . .	Died, 1880.
1878	20	Robert Reid, Carpenter . . .	Invalided, 1881.
1878	21	J. A. Paterson, Engineer . . .	Resigned, 1881.
1878	22	William B. Reid, Seaman . . .	Resigned, 1881.
1879	23	Miss Waterston, M.D. . . .	Resigned, 1880. Now in Cape Town.
1880	24	<i>James Sutherland, Agriculturist</i> . . .	Died, 1885.
1880	25	George Fairley, Master of <i>Ilala</i> . . .	Invalided, 1882.
1880	26	William Harkess, Engineer of <i>Ilala</i> . . .	Joined A. L. Co., 1882.
1881	27	<i>R. Gowans, Master of Ilala</i> . . .	Died, 1883.
1881	28	John A. Smith, Teacher . . .	Blantyre Mission.
1881	29	*Peter M'Callum, Carpenter (Mrs M'Callum)	Bandawé.
1881	30	Rev. Robert Hannington, M.B., C.M.	Invalided, 1882. Now in Constantinople.
1881	31	Donald Munro, Builder . . .	Invalided, 1885.
1882	32	George Williams (Kafir from Lovedale)	Resigned, 1888.
1883	33	<i>Rev. J. Alexander Bain, M.A.</i> . . .	Died, 1889.
1883	34	William Scott, M.B., C.M. . . .	Invalided, 1886.
1884	35	<i>William O. M'Ewen, C.E.</i> . . .	Died, 1885.
1884	36	*Rev. Walter A. Elmslie, M.B., C.M., F.R.G.S. (Mrs Elmslie)	Ekwendeni, Ngoniland.
1885	37	Rev. D. Kerr Cross, M.B., C.M. (Mrs Kerr Cross)	Resigned, 1896. Now in the Administration Service.
		<i>Mrs Kerr Cross (the first)</i> . . .	Died, 1886.
1885	38	<i>George A. Rollo, Teacher</i> . . .	Died, Dec. 1885.
1886	39	<i>Hugh Macintosh, Carpenter</i> . . .	Died, Jan. 1887.
1886	40	<i>Maurice M'Intyre, Teacher</i> . . .	Died, 1890.
1886	41	John B. M'Currie, Teacher . . .	Resigned, 1887.
1886	42	Robert Gossip, Bookkeeper . . .	Invalided. Now under A. L. Co., Glasgow.
1887	43	<i>Rev. George Henry, M.A., M.B., C.M.</i> <i>Mrs Henry</i> . . .	Died, 1893. Died, 1892.
1887	44	Charles Stuart, Teacher . . .	Invalided, 1900.
1888	45	*William M'Kay Murray, Carpenter . . .	Livingstonia.
1889	46	*William Thomson, Printer (Mrs Thomson)	Livingstonia.
1890	47	<i>Rev. George Steele, M.B., C.M.</i> . . .	Died, 1895.
1890	48	<i>James H. Aitken, Teacher</i> . . .	Died, 1894.
1890	49	George Aitken (<i>Mrs Aitken</i>) . . .	Invalided, 1898.
1890	50	Rev. D. Fotheringham, M.B., C.M. . .	Resigned, 1893.

Appointed.		Missionaries.	Remarks.
1891	51	W. Govan Robertson, Teacher . . .	Resigned, 1896. Now of L. M. Society.
1891	52	Archibald C. Scott, Teacher . . .	Resigned, 1896. Port Elizabeth.
1891	53	Donald Macgregor, Agriculturist . . .	Invalided, 1894.
1891	54	W. Morrison	Recalled.
1892	55	*W. Duff Macgregor, Carpenter (Mrs Macgregor)	Livingstonia.
1892	56	Roderick Macdonald, Carpenter . . .	Invalided, 1894.
1892	57	*Rev. A. G. M'Alpine (Mrs M'Alpine)	Bandawé.
1893	58	*R. D. M'Minn, Printer	Livingstonia.
1893	59	*Rev. Alex. Dewar, F.R.G.S. (Mrs Dewar)	Karonga.
1894	60	*Miss Lizzie A. Stewart, Teacher . . .	Livingstonia.
1894	61	*Malcolm Moffat, Agriculturist . . .	Livingstonia.
1894	62	<i>Hugh Steven</i> , Carpenter	Died, 1895.
1894	63	*Rev. George Prentice, L.R.C.S. and P. Ed.	Kasungu, Mwasi's.
1895	64	*Rev. James Henderson, M.A. (Mrs Henderson)	Livingstonia.
1896	65	*Walter J. Henderson, Builder . . .	Livingstonia.
1896	66	*Rev. Donald Fraser	Ngoniland.
1896	67	Rev. J. C. Ramsay, L.R.C.S. and P. Ed.	Invalided, 1898.
1896	68	*John M. Henderson, Teacher . . .	Karonga.
1897	69	*Miss Margaret M'Callum, Nurse . . .	To be married, 1900.
1897	70	*Miss Maria Jackson, Nurse	To be married, 1900.
1897	71	<i>A. W. Roby-Fletcher, B.Sc., M.B., C.M.</i>	Died, 1898.
1898	72	Robert Scott, M.B., C.M.	Resigned, 1900.
1899	73	*John Macgregor, Carpenter	Livingstonia.
1899	74	*Frank A. Innes, M.A., M.B., Ch.B.	Karonga.
1900	75	*Miss M. J. Fleming, Nurse	Livingstonia.
1900	76	*Miss J. Martin, Nurse (honorary) . . .	Livingstonia.
1900	77	*James A. Chisholm, Medical (Mrs Chisholm)	Mwenzu.
1900	78	*William Sutherland, Builder	Livingstonia.
1900	79	*James Gauld, Builder	Livingstonia.
1900	80	*Ernest A. Boxer, Medical	Bandawé.





Livingstonia Mission CENTRAL AFRICA

Scale: 1:1,000,000 English Miles
 1:1,000,000 English Miles
 Livingstonia Mission Central Stations shown thus **LIVINGSTONIA**
 Livingstonia Mission Out-Stations **●**
 Dutch Reformed Section of Livingstonia Mission Stations **◆**
 Transport Lines **—** Railways **—** Roads **—**
 British South Africa Company's Territory is coloured light red
 British Central Africa Protectorate, dark red

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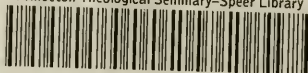
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